STRETCHERS

BY FREDERICK A. POTTLE

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

STRETCHERS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/stretchers0000fred

George L. Maltby, Jr.

Yale University - 1929

STRETCHERS

The Story of a Hospital Unit on the Western Front

BY FREDERICK A. POTTLE

New Haven · Yale University Press

LONDON · HUMPHREY MILFORD · OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

1929

COPYRIGHT 1929 BY YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In Memoriam

Otis S. Smithers, January 23, 1918
Harrison M. Ward, January 24, 1918
Victor R. Newhouse, October 9, 1918
Halord Bodden, December 9, 1918
John E. Martin, December 12, 1918
Burnett Smith, December 16, 1918
David Bettis, January 19, 1919
Edgar W. Pettit, February 22, 1919
Lisle L. Best, April 9, 1919
Harvey Freel, July 30, 1919

Too late now to try to say—
  Too late now to seek to do—
Words we owed you on the way,
  Deeds we should have done for you;
Too late now to grasp your hand,
Yet I think you understand.

Soldiers' grieving sets its trace
  In the heart, not in the eyes;
Though tears furrow not the face,
  Who knows what embosomed lies?
Tears were not for us to give,
You who died, and we who live.

How can we weep who know not
  What the day for each may bring?
How deem yours the harder lot
  In this world's vain sorrowing?
Only this we know at last:
You to nothing worse have passed.

As storm-driven ships that meet,
  Cross each other's ways and part,
Shout "Ahoy!" through wind and sleet,
  Vanish—yet heart touches heart,
Even so with us befell.
Hail! O comrades, and farewell!

Mayen, January 21, 1919.

Contents

Illustrations	vii
Introduction	ix
I. Fort Slocum. Enlistment	1
II. Fort Oglethorpe. The Tents	22
III. Fort Oglethorpe. The Barracks	46
IV. En Route	64
V. Juilly. Belleau Woods and Château-Thierry	98
VI. History of the Collège de Juilly; Of Hospital Activities There before Our Arrival; The Nature of War Surgery	124
VII. Juilly. The Champagne-Marne and the Aisne-Marne	153
VIII. Interlude—Coussey, Sionne, and Domrémy	192
IX. Petit Maujouy. St. Mihiel and the Argonne	202
X. Interim. Hikes at Midnight; Exploration of Verdun; On Leave in the Auvergne; Trip to Germany	255
XI. Mayen. The Watch on the Rhine	300
XII. Vertou and Savenay; The Trip Home; Getting out of the Army	338
A Postscript Concerning Books	363

Illustrations

Mohammedan Section of the French Cemetery at Maujouy; A Burial at Petit Maujouy; Digging Graves at Juilly 114

Wounded Marines on the Lawn at Juilly; Our Orchestra in the Wheat Field at Coussey 194

Evacuation Eight at Petit Maujouy 202

Folding and Storing Litters, Petit Maujouy 220

Carrying Wounded from the Ambulances into the Receiving Hut, Petit Maujouy 222

Operating Room and Receiving Ward, Petit Maujouy 226

Fracture Ward, Petit Maujouy 228

Page of the Operating Room Record Kept by the Author at Petit Maujouy 234

Introduction

IN presenting to the public the war history of a small and little-known hospital unit, it is perhaps prudent to offer something in the way of apology. Few people have ever heard of an evacuation hospital or have any notion as to the kind of work it did. Dressing stations, field hospitals, and base hospitals are well known, at least by name, because of their appearance in popular fiction, but the evacuation hospital or casualty clearing station has as yet received no such attention. And at a time when so many good books dealing with the more thrilling adventures of combatant troops are appearing, it may well be questioned why anyone should be asked to read the story of an army hospital at all.

I have ventured for two reasons to address this book to a wider public than the membership of the unit whose history it records. The first is that I have always found people interested in authentic information about war surgery. And, as far as I know, there has not yet appeared any work of a popular nature which presents a detailed and reliable account of the surgical care of American wounded during the World War. Five months' service in the operating room of a busy evacuation hospital enabled me at least to witness a good deal of the practice of war surgery, for the evacuation hospital was the place where the majority of the wounded men received their first definitive surgical treatment. Being a layman with no previous experience in such matters, I was perhaps better able than a professional surgeon to observe and record those features of the work which the ordinary man must be given

if he is to visualize the scene. I really saw those things, and can describe them at first hand. For the passages which deal with the theories on which the surgical practice was based, I can claim no such authority. I have written them with care and study, but they make no pretense of being anything more than popular science. My first ideas on the subject were formed in the operating room from conversations with the surgeons and from reading such books as we had. Since then, I have consulted more books, and have submitted the entire manuscript to experts for criticism. But no one will expect a layman to speak with authority on such matters. What I do venture to present as trustworthy is the record of the things I saw myself.

An exact and detailed description of the whole process of the surgical care of battle casualties at a given date should be of some historical importance. Our difficulty in reconstructing the past arises from the fact that, though we concern ourselves with recording what is novel or unusual, we usually neglect to write down what we think everybody knows until everybody has forgotten it. Three-fourths of the surgical procedure of an army hospital is nothing but the procedure of a civilian operating room, but that is no reason why someone should not make a minute record of it. I do not believe that there is in existence any single book which does for the surgery of the Civil War what I have attempted to do here. What routine was employed for admitting the wounded and getting the records made? What devices were resorted to for getting the patients quickly and painlessly undressed? What kind of garments did they wear in hospital? Of how many members did a surgical "team" consist, and what were the duties of each member? How was the anesthetic adminis-

tered? What instruments did the surgeon use, and what did an operation look like? We should find an account of such things now of absorbing interest.

In the second place, I feel that this book may be worth reading simply as an unvarnished narrative of what life in the army was like. It is remarkable how much the experience of men in different branches of the service had in common. Though *Stretchers* is devoted to the history of a single unit in a noncombative branch, I am inclined to think that it gives a more representative account of ordinary army experience than most of the war books which have so far appeared. We take it for granted that all war stories shall present the heroic behavior of the men in the trenches. The fact is that only a small fraction of the men who formed the armies of the United States during the War ever saw service in the trenches at all. Not more than half of them left the country, and of the men in combatant branches who reached France, not more than half got to the line. Moreover, a large portion of our oversea troops were not fighting men. The zone of encounter is only the narrowest of fringes on the extreme edge of a vast territory, all of which must be elaborately organized for military purposes. To keep one man in the line, there must be several men behind him to see that he is fed, clothed, supplied with ammunition, transported, and cared for when he is sick or wounded. When we speak of the American Expeditionary Force, let us not forget the stevedore regiments at Brest and St. Nazaire, the Service of Supplies with its network of railway arteries and supply depots covering the whole of France from the Pyrenees to the battle line, and the vast organization of hospital units stretching from the trenches to the ports. In remembering these, we shall in no

way disparage the deeds of the heroic remnant who faced the odds of the trenches. For our men who held the line we never had anything but humble respect and admiration, and it is only right that the fiction of the War should concern itself with their adventure as being more properly the stuff of tragedy and romance.

But the public may care to supplement its fiction by a book which presents a true and unheightened account of those parts of army experience which were more or less the same for all men in the service, and of others which were common to all men in the A.E.F., though they naturally tend to get squeezed out of the histories of combat troops. I have told how it feels to get enlisted, and what life in training camps was like: in what kind of quarters we lived, how we dressed, what we ate, and how we amused ourselves. I have described the delirious trip to the port of embarkation, the two weeks on the transport, the adventures of the port of debarkation and the days in rest camp. I have had something to say about the discomforts and horrors of war service in France, but I have also found space to record some of the larks which all American soldiers enjoyed there, even the soldiers who saw the most service at the front. And I have not stopped with the armistice, but have gone on to tell how we spent the dreary months that followed, and what it was like to come home again and be discharged from the army.

I have not written this book as an indictment of war or the policies of the United States Army. Resentment and criticism it certainly contains in plenty, but not as part of a scheme of propaganda. They are there because that was the way we thought and spoke at the time. I have written an honest account of what it felt like to be a private soldier in

the United States Army during the World War. I am well aware that conclusions unfavorable to the institution of war and to our military system may fairly be drawn from the book, but except in one or two places I have avoided drawing them myself. I have taken my materials as I found them in private letters and diaries, without justification of the attitudes adopted or even much attempt to correct misstatements of fact when the matter was one on which the public has as much opportunity for getting at the truth as I have. For I have not tried to write a history of the World War, but to give a faithful account of how we felt and thought and acted in Evacuation Hospital No. 8.

For that reason my book, after the first few chapters, is largely a collection of extracts from private letters, diaries, and other records made on the spot. I have worried less about chronological and statistical fulness than about transmitting the quality of reality which I myself feel as I recall these scenes. It would have been possible to make a smoother and more succinct narrative by sinking the materials in a paraphrase of my own; in fact, I began the book on that plan. But the farther I went, the more convinced I became that these letters and diaries were the things of most permanent value I had to offer, and I became more and more chary of putting myself in their way.

That I have been able to write the book at all has been due to the loyal coöperation of many other members of Evacuation Hospital No. 8. Mr. William K. Van Arsdale, Mr. Robert F. Towne, and Mr. Roscoe H. Smyth lent me materials of the greatest importance, and Mr. Smyth has increased my debt by constant correspondence. Dr. Roscoe C. Webb fur-

nished me with the series of anecdotes which appear as footnotes signed with his initials. The Very Reverend C. J. McCarthy copied out for me certain extracts from his journal. Miss Emily Z. Smith and Miss Agnes T. Considine gave me my information concerning the nurses, and Miss Considine wrote a more complete account than that of the text to appear in the special edition. I feel particularly grateful to Dr. Arthur M. Shipley, under whom it was my privilege to work as surgical assistant during the greater part of our active service. He lent me some useful materials, including one volume of the operating room record which I kept at Petit Maujouy, wrote the full narrative concerning the officers which appears in the special edition, read and annotated my manuscript, and has always been prompt to answer my queries and to give me encouragement. I have also had materials or helpful correspondence from Mr. Perrin C. Byars, Dr. Asher T. Childers, Mr. Harry W. Conklin, Mr. Charles I. Corwin, Mrs. Anna Isherwood Dexter, Mr. Fred H. Hines, Mr. Herman C. Idler, Mr. Philip F. Linderson, Miss Jessie Manheim, Mr. Allan K. O'Meara, Mr. Robert R. Partridge, Miss Ethel M. Randall, Rev. C. C. St. Clare, Mr. J. J. Smith, Mr. Alfred R. Tilly, Rev. Grover C. Walters, and Mr. Fred F. Weiss.

Several others, not members of Evacuation Hospital No. 8, have assisted me in various ways. Major General Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the United States, furnished me with comparative statistics for fatality rates in the Civil War and the World War, and has kindly permitted me to quote at the end of my book a passage concerning Evacuation Hospital No. 8 from one of his letters to me. Dr. John H. Long has been of great service in collecting information

about the navy operating teams. Mrs. Clive Day, Miss Marie L. Wolfs, and Miss Florence H. Snow have helped me to run down the members of the Smith College Relief Unit. Miss Clara D. Noyes, National Director of the American Red Cross Nursing Service, answered my query about Red Cross nurses at Juilly, and directed me to useful printed materials. Miss Adelaide L. Briggs secured for me a copy of an old magazine which I needed. I have also had help of one kind or another from the Adjutant General's Office, the Office of Naval Records, and the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department.

I owe a considerable debt of gratitude to those who read and criticized my manuscript. Dr. Stanhope Bayne-Jones read it for the Yale University Press and returned an extended critique, pointing out several misstatements of fact in Chapter Six and suggesting changes elsewhere. I have gratefully taken advantage of all his criticisms. Dr. Harvey Cushing also read the manuscript, and encouraged me greatly by his generous commendation, though he undertook no detailed criticism. Before going to press, the entire book was read and annotated by a committee consisting of Doctor Shipley, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Van Arsdale, Dr. Rutherford T. Johnstone, and the Rev. C. C. St. Clare.

The illustrations are from the collections of Mr. Smyth, Doctor Shipley, Miss Emily Smith, and Mr. J. J. Smith. The originals of most of them, I believe, were made by Mr. Samuel F. Parlin, X-ray photographer of Evacuation Hospital No. 8.

Mr. Corwin's poem on p. 315 is reprinted from the new series of the *Stars and Stripes,* a paper now defunct. The episode of "Herbie" and the ballade "The Little Soldier from

Distant Lands" are reprinted by permission, the first from the Deering High School *Breccia,* the second from *Judge.*

The task of publication has been made easier by the courteous and expert service of the Yale University Press. I am especially under obligation to Mr. Malcolm W. Davis for the warm personal interest which he has shown in the book from the time he first saw the manuscript.

F. A. P.

New Haven, July 6, 1929

CHAPTER ONE

Fort Slocum. Enlistment.

FOR the majority of its members, the history of Evacuation Eight begins with memories of Fort Slocum. The original company included men from all the states east of the Mississippi, and some few farther west, but by far the greater portion came from the North Atlantic states. Evacuation Eight, therefore, showed from the first unusual homogeneity of experience. Our starting from Fort Slocum was in itself symbolic, for Slocum was the northern depot for voluntary enlistments, and every man of the original company was a volunteer. In our early days we were perhaps too proud of the plain "U.S." collar buttons which denoted our status, and used to flaunt them (as we hoped, cruelly) before all the newly arrived companies of drafted men. But when our numbers had been swelled by recruits from the National Army, the National Guard, and, finally, by old-timers who were in the army before the War, such distinctions became meaningless, and we laid them aside long before the official order abolished them. At the very beginning, however, our consciousness of being volunteers was most important in developing an unusually strong *esprit de corps*.*

Fort Slocum at the end of 1917 had not forgotten

* I urge the reader, before beginning this narrative, to peruse at least that paragraph of the Introduction (p. xii) which begins with the words, "I have not written this book, etc."

that it was a pre-war regular-army post, and still maintained the Spartan atmosphere and methods which the new camps had found it safe to discard. A recruit going through Slocum at any time would have found his initiation into the army trying, but in December of our first year in the War the experience was little less than a nightmare. Late in November, 1917, an unexpected avalanche of enlistments had overwhelmed the post. Thousands of men were hastening to make voluntary enlistment before the new draft law went into operation. From recruiting stations all over New England and the Atlantic states they poured in in such numbers as to cause a really serious problem of housing. Slocum had a new experience, that of seeing men standing in line begging, of their own free will, to be taken into the army. They stood there for days, in a line that could actually be measured in miles. Fort Slocum is on a small island in Long Island Sound, with limited barrack room. Moreover, the system demanded that new men should not be admitted to barracks until they had gone through the machine. The hordes that could not be cared for were consequently dumped in the nearest city on the mainland, New Rochelle, to find such accommodations as they could. The citizens of New Rochelle met the emergency in a way that won the undying gratitude of thousands of disheartened boys. They took us into their homes, converted churches and other public buildings into dormitories, and provided food freely and generously. Though we all hated Fort Slocum, we usually tempered our invectives with a word of affection for New Rochelle.

It is hard to imagine how the conditions under which we entered the army could have been made more cheerless and disheartening. Most of us were young, and had come to this experience with absurdly high and romantic ideals. We had left home in the holiday season, many of us for the first time in our lives. Under such circumstances the stoutest of heart would have felt homesick, even though surrounded by kindness and consideration. And to all this was added the most acute coldness of weather. Fort Slocum, being on an exposed island, would be at best bleak in winter. But the winter of 1917–18 was one of the severest in the history of the post. The salt water of the harbor froze solid, and temperatures of fifteen below zero, accompanied by wind and blizzard, were common. The new barracks were flimsy structures of wood, with floors high above the ground, the space underneath being entirely open for the wind to howl in. The air within might be somewhat tempered by stoves, but those dreadful floors were always of the temperature of ice.

There is a sickening finality about enlistment, an extinguishing of one's own personality as definite as through suicide. As one looks back now, those months in the army seem only an episode, but to the man just entering them, with no assurance whether it will be for a space or forever, the vista of hopeless days before him is appalling. To this is added an indescribable sense of degradation. Those who have been through an unusually brutal hazing in college know something about it, but not much, for the college crowd, with all its brutality and obscenity, is still a picked crowd. The army is

anything but a picked crowd. It is the great general average of a nation, a state which men speak of with unction, but fortunately seldom experience. Ordinary human intercourse moves upon a higher level of culture and reticence than we ordinarily realize. To come unawares upon the frank grossness, the filth and depravity, the moral meanness of man, is at any time a disheartening experience; but to go through the experience in Slocum was the refinement of misery. Of course, we were all to blame. In common misery men might be kind to one another, but at Slocum we were absurdly hard-boiled. We believed that every other man we saw was old and hard and wise in iniquity, and in self-defense pretended that we too were above doing a decent act, or speaking a decent word. What surprises we had when we later found our Apache companions to be, like ourselves, students, clerks, druggists, and respectable artisans!

Generalities have no power to recall to the imagination the impressions of such experiences. Let us rather review the authentic record of one man of these thousands, in the hope that it will be typical. He came late, after the worst of the rush was over. It was, indeed, Christmas Day (of all days in the year!) when he arrived in New Rochelle and went down to the landing with a few other recruits to wait for the launch from the island. In the train coming down he had felt like other people; there the many men in uniform seemed exotic, interesting because unusual. Here he is keenly conscious that his civilian attire marks him as a "rooky," an outsider, a being worthy of contempt and

ridicule. His clothes had formerly suited him well enough, but now they have suddenly become conspicuous and offensive. Few men—four, in fact—are going through on Christmas Day. The weather is cold, bleak, and cheerless; everyone sneers and glowers. On the pier is a toilet room full of broken glass and the stench of whiskey. . . . On the other bank he stands a moment, looking back. He is still free to go, but he knows that now he is really as much in the army as though he had already donned a uniform. In crossing that little stretch of bitter icy water he has made an irrevocable decision. Before him are days, months, perhaps years, of a new and terrifying existence, of separation from family, home, from accustomed routine of life and the career which had begun to shape itself. How long will it be? There comes over him a sickening conviction that it will be a long time, and he wonders painfully why he ever chose to do it.

But the little band is moving, and he must move with it. It is a relief to be freed from such reflection, to follow the guide blindly, without thought, while the new scenes flash through his mind in disjointed and unharmonized sequence. They tramp along the road which winds up from the water to the buildings. A shivering gray squirrel comes bounding over the frozen ground, begging for peanuts. They pass a placard with something on it about the Young Men's Hebrew Association. A heavy two-wheeled cart filled with refuse lumbers to meet them; behind, two sullen, dirty men in blue denim overalls, their haggard faces unshaven for a week, shuffle along with ashamed, downcast eyes, glancing

furtively sideways. Behind them, cleanly shaven and trimly erect, march two other men in fitted uniforms, rifles on shoulder and bayonets fixed. An electric thrill passes through the little group of recruits. Prisoners! Convicts from the guardhouse! They get out of the way, entirely off the road, to give the prisoners plenty of room. These heavily guarded men, they fancy, must be ruffians of national repute, certainly capable of homicide. It will be only a day or two before they learn that those prisoners, with their furtive looks, their unshaven faces, their crushed self-respect, are only lonesome boys like themselves, and that their terrible crime consisted in overstaying their home leave a few hours.

The recruits follow along the driveway, past permanent heavy buildings of brick. Around one building sentries with fixed bayonets pace; there are bars on the windows through which men call insultingly to the newcomers. This is the guardhouse. At Slocum even the prisoners sneer at the recruit. Nearly at the end of the row is the main administration building, the hopper of the machine into which all the recruits must be fed. There will be, it seems, no examination this Christmas Day; the men are only registered and told to report the next morning. The registration would be funny if one were not himself being registered. In the days just past, when the queues of recruits stretched entirely across the island, an ingenious device of branding had been invented for keeping the men properly in line. The four men now are lined up and the routine solemnly carried out, though they are all directly under the eyes of the registering sergeant and his assistants. Our man is

marked on the hand with a large "4" in iodine; this is to show the examiners that his place in the line is fourth. He sees the transfer of the papers which hand his body over to the keeping of the Government. There is an irregularity about them which puzzles the sergeant, but which the recruit thinks he understands. His timid remark of explanation is utterly ignored. After some minutes the sergeant manages to arrive independently at the same conclusion. Our friend is assigned temporarily to a barrack and told that, as it is Christmas, he will be left to himself for the remainder of the day. He picks up his suitcase and hunts up the barrack. It is empty and deserted save for one other white man and two negroes. A large detachment has just been sent south, and, as many men are home on leave, the camp is somewhat depleted. There is no fire in the stove; the two-tier bunks seem to his civilian sensibilities to be dangerously dirty, and he hardly dares to select a bed for fear he will be taking one already appropriated. He is cold and lonesome and sick at heart.

A bugle blows for mess, one of the few army calls he has heard before. He follows the white man and the negroes in the direction of the bugle. The big general mess hall on the top of the hill is being besieged by men. They have formed a double line, stretching back several hundred yards, laughing, jostling, clashing their mess kits, jeering at the rooky as he parades past with flaming cheeks and downcast eyes. At last he reaches the end of the line, but in a moment so many more men have come that the end is now the middle. He essays a word to his neighbor, who is in civilian clothes, and gets

a grateful look. The line moves faster than one would expect. It passes by jerks up a flight of broad steps, through a wide door. Inside are row upon row of long tables, with men rushing about everywhere to find seats. In this mess one does not file past the counter, cafeteria style, to get his food; instead, the food is put on the tables in large boilers and one shouts and grabs for it. Our recruit finds a seat at last—at the very end of the table. Men on both sides are ravenously grabbing for this and that, shouting and eating at the same time, frankly without manners. Manners are a thing of the past. He finally manages to amass on his plate a collection from the various viands that fill the boilers. It is, he is informed, a special dinner. It sickens him. A lump is in his throat; he does not want anything to eat. He manages to cram down a few mouthfuls, but with grave misgivings. Dinner is over. The men are rushing out a rear entrance with their greasy dishes. He follows. Behind the mess hall are great rectangular tubs of water, through which steam passes, or is supposed to pass; one scrapes his dishes over a garbage can, and then washes them in the tub. Many of the men have too obviously neglected to scrape their plates. Hunks of chicken and potato float in the tepid water, which already begins to resemble in consistency the contents of the boilers from which he has just been served.

He knows no place to go except the barrack, dirty, deserted, unbearably cold. He writes a letter home in assumed high spirits, the numbness of his fingers cutting it short. From the end of the barrack he hears voices of two men in conversation and sees light shining

through the crack of a door. He goes thither, and with some hesitation opens the door. He finds himself in a small orderly-room, with two or three neat bunks, cheerful with light, and warm with the heat of a stove. Two uniformed men, noncoms, are chatting. They speak no word to the man in civilian clothes. They do not order him to go, but he is not welcomed. He wonders whether he is infringing upon military etiquette. The conversation goes on, a flow of obscene reminiscence. "An' I said to that nigger wench in Atlanta, 'Honey ——' " He essays a timid remark. No one answers him. The situation becomes intolerable. He retreats back into the chill and dirt.

Where, he wonders, can everybody be? He has heard of the Y.M.C.A. building. It may be they are there. He inquires his way and soon is inside the "Y." Ah! The first lifting of the heart for many dreary hours. Here is light, warmth, decency, civilization. Men sit quietly at long tables writing letters; others play games and chat and smoke. Men here are kind to each other, but one has disquieting experiences. At the desk, as he comes in, he sees a stern gray-haired matron with a pile of khaki-bound New Testaments. He thinks, somewhat sentimentally, that it would be a good thing to have a New Testament; perhaps in the army there may be time to read it. He asks for one. It is handed over, with a query "Are you a Christian?" He is fixed by the stern eyes. "Are you a Christian?" He mumbles something about being a church member. "That does not prove anything at all. Is your heart right with Jesus?" The lady is hard and vulgar and unlovely. He carries back to his bench

the New Testament, which he is sorry he asked for, and goes futilely over in his mind the smart replies which he might have made.

Supper is a repetition of dinner, but the food seems, if anything, more distasteful. From his messmates he hears that the Red Cross is to give a Christmas entertainment for everyone in the drill hall. He goes, expecting little, but is pleasurably surprised. The entertainment is jovial, well meant, some of it excellent. And afterward Christmas packages are given out—to everyone. He is incredulous. A package for him? Yes, from the Red Cross, for him and five thousand other soldiers. The package is generous in size; it contains fruit, candy, playing cards, writing materials, and tobacco. He does not smoke but resolves to learn the habit at once in order to show his gratitude to the kind people who provided the package. Their names are inside, Jewish names apparently, residents of New York City. He writes a grateful letter in his cold and dimly lighted barrack. It is midnight; he undresses, shivering, and puts on his pajamas, conscious of the covert smiles of the negroes. After that night he will sleep in his underwear for eighteen months.

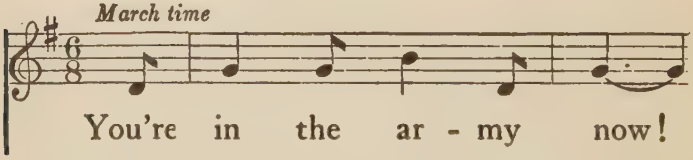
The next morning he reports for the dreaded examination. It turns out not to be so dreadful after all. The examiners, though in uniform, are kindly. He suddenly realizes that, in spite of their shoulder bars, they are only doctors. The assistants are not all so pleasant. They are newly enlisted men like himself, detailed for this service day after day. On the days of the great rush they have learned to work like machines; now they keep

up their high pressure technique with this absurd line of four going through. The examination is not all in one place but in several buildings, upstairs and downstairs. He sits waiting on a bench in a corridor. Then the routine begins; men push him from table to table, from room to room. Teeth, ears, and eyes are examined in a large, square, sunny room on the first floor. Then upstairs for finger prints and papers. Men crush his fingers on a glass plate smeared with printers' ink, and then thump them on paper. He is shown a glass dish of clear liquid to wash off the ink. He thrusts in his fingers trustfully; it is kerosene, and he stands grinning ruefully, shaking his fingers with nothing to dry them on. Then the more trying ordeal of heart, lungs, and feet. He strips naked in a large, cold, drafty room, and hops around the circuit of the walls, first on one foot, then on the other. He stops before the appraising scrutiny of an officer with a stethoscope. "Raise your arms over your head." "Bend over." He flinches as the cold eye searches his nakedness, recording his scars and moles.

There remains only the final ordeal of vaccination and typhoid inoculation. Vaccination, he knows, is nothing, but inoculation he dreads. The thought of a needle thrust half an inch or more into his arm is alarming. He tells himself that it is only a pin prick, nothing to worry about, but his disquiet is not in the least decreased. The line pushes him forward irresistibly. Vaccination is over in a moment. The attendant passes a platinum needle through a flame and makes with it four crisscross scratches on his arm. He can hardly feel it. Now for the inoculation. The recruit in front is white; as he moves

up to the man with the needle he suddenly crumples up in a faint. The attendants show no concern at an occurrence so frequent. Our recruit's arm is dabbed with alcohol on a swab of absorbent cotton. He passes a little beyond the man with the needle. He feels a sharp sting in the back of the arm; the needle goes in still farther. All over. It was not much, after all, but he will dread it the second time just as much as the first.

He has been examined and accepted and is now ready for the final rite of taking the oath—the ceremony toward which all this has been leading. He had thought more or less about that ceremony, had dwelt in anticipation on that thrilling moment when, beneath the folds of a starry banner, with an open Bible somewhere at hand, he would dedicate himself to the service of his country. The swearing-in turns out to be very informal and not at all thrilling. A group of half a dozen men in civilian clothes stand before a lanky medical officer. There are no flags or Bibles. "Do any of you p— abed? Hold up your right hand. You do solemnly swear t' you will obey t' president United States —" "I do," all together.



After dinner comes the gradual accumulation of equipment. Our soldier is lucky. Many men spend weeks at Slocum without a uniform. It is bitterly cold outdoors, these new soldiers are soft from civilian life, and

feverish from typhoid inoculation. A soldier has to have a great many things to make up a complete outfit—underwear, socks, shoes, breeches, shirt, jacket, leggings, overcoat, hat, knapsack, mess kit. Hundreds of men stand in single file and wait hours, shivering in the intense cold, to get shoes. Nothing but shoes. Then another line, and just as long a wait, to get overcoats. They stand in line two hours more in the moonlight after supper to get new mess kits, their feet freezing. Nothing to do but stamp and beat their hands and wonder how such an organization is ever to make the world safe for anything.

What a difference the uniform makes! Man's greatest desire is not to be conspicuous, but to conform. Is there any misery more acute than that of feeling your clothes are wrong? The man in civilian clothes in a military camp is an outsider, a poor uninitiate, a stupid fool. It is not merely that others think so; he thinks so himself, and shows it in his face. But an hour afterward, when he has assembled and put on an ill-fitting uniform, witness his self-confidence, his air of experience, his swagger. It cut him to the heart when the men in uniform sneered at him; now his chief delight is to hunt up the new men and sneer at them. "The army," Oldhauser used to say, "is only a miniature world without shame." The statement is profoundly true. The army is really no worse than the society which created it. It is simply unashamed.

At Slocum the recruit had no taste of military drill, but became an expert at "soldiering" in the esoteric sense. The camp was merely an enlistment depot for

men in all branches of the service. Recruits came there, were examined, and, if accepted, given partial equipment and kept on the island until there were enough men of that branch of the service to form a detachment to send south to one of the training camps. Of training in the proper sense there was none. But there was plenty of work to be done, and the men had to do it. Men were needed everywhere for dirty and disagreeable jobs. As there was no company formation, indeed only the loosest form of organization by barracks, no regular details for the day were posted, but the noncoms ranged about with lists calling for a certain number of unspecified men, seeking for the recruit who had not learned the ways of Slocum. If you stayed in the barracks you were sure to get caught, for the noncoms always went there first. It was risky to go to the "Y" in the daytime, for you really had no business to be there. Moving about at random outdoors in the cold was even worse than working. Besides, you always had the dreadful feeling that if you got far away from your barrack, through which alone you could be reached by those in charge, something important for you might turn up and you might be missing. A detachment, you thought, might suddenly go south and leave you at Slocum all winter. The ideal place for retreat would have been one near the barracks, where men had a reasonable right to go, and where they could be safe from detail-hunting noncoms. There was, unfortunately, no such sure haven of refuge, but the latrines filled the requirements better than any other place, and were consequently always crowded. They were also the seminaries of post gossip

and rumor. A "latrine," we learned, was not only a building, but also the name for any particularly exciting but quite unfounded rumor emanating therefrom.

Although there was no drill at Slocum, there was a great deal of standing in formation to hear one's name called. "Calling over" seemed to be the chief occupation of the place. Once the army captured its man it was clearly—and perhaps properly—afraid it would lose him. Ten times a day in each barrack a bugle would blow, and a sergeant would roar, "Out on the sea wall!" Thereupon the men were supposed to line up on the sea wall behind the barrack and answer to their names to assure the authorities that they had not yet managed to desert or get lost. Half of such formations were mere ruses of the noncoms to collect a detail for some especially dirty job. It was always a thrilling speculation whether you dared disregard the summons or not. All the noncoms at Slocum were hard-boiled, roaring old-timers. One of them we all remembered as the loudest of the lot—Knoblock, sergeant of Barrack 51 M.D. He had pneumonia after we went south and we heard that he died, but none of us believed it.

On December 27, 1917, the first step was taken toward the formation of Evacuation Eight, though no one at Slocum had heard of such an organization. On that day was posted a list of men who were to be sent south to a medical training camp, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. That list included the names of the majority of the members of the original company. The outgo was set for Saturday, December 29. Nothing short of a chance to go back home with war and the

army forgotten could have seemed so glorious to the fortunate men who found their names on that list. In the first place, it meant release from the killing cold of Slocum for a place which promised to be much more comfortable. Being northerners, we pictured Georgia as enjoying, even in midwinter, the climate of a terrestrial paradise, where watermelons were always ripening under sunny skies, and orange trees held out their fruit to the passing soldier. Perhaps even more alluring was the thought of escape from the awful anarchy and monotony of the shiftless existence of Slocum—day after day and week after week with no regular work, no definite prospect, no feeling of getting anywhere.

The twenty-eighth was spent in feverish anticipation of the exodus. We stayed in our barracks, going over our equipment and packing it fifty times to be sure it was in order. We were convinced that if we were short a spoon we should be turned back to stay in Slocum. All our scruples against theft broke down in the face of such a possibility. Mutual depredations were so common that we felt the only safe course was to put on our backs as much of our equipment as possible, and sit down and watch the rest. That night none of us slept much.

At four o'clock in the morning of one of the shortest days in the year, we were routed out—out on the sea wall, into the dismal bleakness and blackness of two hours before sunrise of a midwinter day with a blizzard brewing. The wind, swirling up from the harbor ice and salt water hardly less cold, bit and stung bodies not yet inured to such violence; set teeth chattering,

and reached for our hearts with its dispiriting chill. We ate breakfast, not in the general mess, which was not yet stirring, but in a small unheated shack with counter and trestle tables, where the steam from hot dishes rose in blinding clouds under the lanterns, and we stamped our numb feet on the floor, trying to still the chattering of our teeth long enough to gulp down a few swallows of boiling coffee. Then back to a cold unused barrack for a second roll call—over an hour more of suspense and icy torture—then out into the outside cold to stand in line for blankets—minutes after minutes of slow chilling of the blood—and, finally, down to the wharf, on the most exposed part of the island, to wait for the steamer to take us to Jersey City. By this time the blizzard had broken, and the snow was swirling in blinding clouds, driven on by a wind registering fourteen degrees below zero.

We were utterly unprepared for such an ordeal. Three months later we might have gone through the experience without mishap, and even with little discomfort. But at that time we were all soft, many of us were still feverish with typhoid inoculation, we had already been subjected to four hours or more of intense refrigeration, and we were insufficiently clothed. The American Army provides no headgear that will cover the ears. The campaign hats which we had been issued would probably have furnished an ideal protection from the hot sunshine of Cuba and the Philippines, but they were not much good in a swirling blizzard at fourteen degrees below zero. Some of us saved our ears on that memorable day by knitted helmets provided by solicitous par-

ents. Some of us had scarves in which we could muffle our faces. A few braved the sneers of the noncoms and swathed their heads in bath towels. But most of us offered our ears to the blast. We wore thin dress shoes, cotton socks, and canvas puttees. Our overcoats—the one serviceable winter garment we possessed—were mainly of the new short-cut variety which left the legs exposed below the knee.

We arrived at the wharf and lined up—no boat in sight. It occurred to the officers that they would have time for another complete roll call. The roll call began, but proceeded slowly, for officers and noncoms were unobstrusively but steadily slipping away to the shelter of nearby buildings. Almost an hour we stood fronting the blast in jagged wavering lines, stamping, beating our arms, holding hands to our ears. Then here and there men began to fall, overcome by the cold, literally frozen unconscious on their feet. The first man to collapse created something like a sensation. Men who do not realize how near they are to the same condition stare in amazement and anger as he is carried off by his companions. But now they begin to fall on all sides, suddenly crumpling up and toppling over without a second's warning. One man falls heavily backward, striking his head on the icy ground. The officers and noncoms have now nearly all gone inside. Suddenly, above the moan of the wind, is heard the sound of a roaring voice, loud, passionate, profane. It is, so the whisper runs, "The Colonel," and he is telling our officers in no uncertain terms to get us in out of the cold. If I knew the Colonel's name I would record it here with dithy-

rambs of praise, but simply as "The Colonel" he flashed into our lives, and then blazed out again in a gorgeous flare of curses. He was a good man.

The nearest building is the "Y" and its annex. We all rush thither in a mob. No more formations or formalities. We don't care now whether we get to Jersey City or not; our immediate desire is to get out of the cold before we freeze to death. Rumor says that fourteen men collapsed with the cold, and later adds that the man who struck his head on the ice died from the injury and exposure without regaining consciousness. The number of fourteen who collapsed cannot have been greatly exaggerated, but we hope the rumor of death was unfounded. Yet it is certain that more than one man eventually did die from colds and pneumonia acquired that day.

The "Y" is not a military building, and of course cannot be used indefinitely as a dumping place for troops. But for a short space we sit there in the warmth, enduring the agony of thawing ears and toes, utterly crushed and miserable. The Y.M.C.A. secretaries meet the emergency nobly. Again from the atmosphere of stupidity and brutality we pass into the air of friendliness and cheer and decency. And then we are swept out of it, over to the drill hall, to wait there for the belated boat. The drill hall is not as bad as we expected. It is cheerless and bare and only casually provided with seats, but, thank heaven, it is warm! What are seats? We slump down on the floor and lie half-dozing in utter apathy, aching in the delicious but exquisitely painful warmth, conscious only of what a dreadful thing cold is.

Dinner time, afternoon, supper. Still no boat. If it hadn't been for the Colonel they might have let us stand out there all day. It is time to go to bed, but we can't sleep in the drill hall. Empty barracks are hunted up; there are no cots, but mattresses can be put on the floor—that icy floor, with the wind whistling up through its cracks. We lie down with all our clothes on, hugging one another for warmth. The dawn of Sunday the thirtieth calls us up again, this time at five. Mess, then the inevitable calling over in an empty barrack, then the drill hall again. Today the atmosphere of apathy has somewhat gone. We voice shrill complaints and pour forth the bitterness of our disillusionment in cursing. We are all very near to weeping with misery. Dinner, and still no boat. We have given up all hope of getting away today—of ever getting away. This sort of thing may go on for weeks. They don't know where the boat is. Perhaps there never was any boat. They get us to enlist with sentimental propaganda and then let us die of wanton neglect. We are sick and sad and sore; our ears and toes are frostbitten, and we all have horrible colds. We shall probably all die here. Nobody cares. For the first time in our lives we face blank and utter despair. We are caught and helpless in a machine which threatens our very lives, and there is no way to escape.

Incredible announcement! The boat is really and truly in. At about two in the afternoon we file down to the wharf again, thirty hours after our first appearance there. Another surprise! There is no roll call on the wharf. We are actually hurried aboard with no standing

in the cold. The boat is small, and there are nine hundred men in the detachment. We fill every nook and cranny of the interior, jamming the corridors, sitting on every available inch of floor space in the cabins. If the boat should sink, not one in ten of us could fight his way to deck. We don't care much. Anything but freezing to death at Fort Slocum. And as we draw away from that terrible island, each of us knows in his heart that, though the months ahead may hold many bitter and painful experiences, they will contain nothing to match the accumulated and unalleviated horror of Fort Slocum.

CHAPTER TWO

Fort Oglethorpe. The Tents.

THINGS move rapidly now. We are out of the steamer and marching through a corner of Jersey City to a railroad terminal, where the lights are already struggling with the early dusk of a December evening. A special train of Pullman coaches is waiting for us. They have straw-matting seats, and seem never to have been luxurious; they are now old and dingy and poorly lighted, and all the berth curtains and other frippery have vanished. But did any one of us ever, in all his life, pass three days of such unalloyed bliss as on that train? Three men only occupy a section. There is plenty of room for everyone. And it is warm, oh, so heavenly warm! Nothing to do but sleep warm and lie abed late in the morning, to recline on the cushions and read, or watch the strange country roll past the streaked pane.

Our route lay by way of Albany, Buffalo, and Cincinnati, but it was not until the second day of the trip—New Year's Day—that we began to notice the country much. We were then in Kentucky, and few of us had ever been so far south before. What surprised us most was still to see so much snow. There was plenty of it in Kentucky, covering the gently rolling fields of corn stubble, where the shocks of bleached cornstalks still stood, their heads bowed like the sheaves of the brethren around the sheaf of Joseph. The countryside passed by

like a smoothly flowing dream, as we lay back and dozed, or played cards and nursed our colds. I remember particularly only one bit of scenery, and that too in Kentucky. We ran across a river deep down in a narrow gorge with incredibly high, almost vertical, walls of naturally sculptured rock. Alongside the river ran thin little ribbons of farms, not more than a few hundred feet wide, fenced off into exquisite little plots, dotted with toy houses and animals, and occasionally the toy figure of a man, looking up at our train as it roared across the trestle.

At about ten on the night of January 1, 1918, we pulled into Lytle, Georgia, the railroad station for Fort Oglethorpe. We expected to be required to detrain at once to seek a new and uneasy abode in the dark, but much to our surprise were told that we might spend one night more where we were. Consequently, it was in the early forenoon of January 2, 1918, that we had our first view of Camp Greenleaf, where we were destined to spend four of the most memorable months of our lives. At ten in the morning, after eating breakfast on the train, our small detachment started its hike of some three miles to the corner of the camp reserved for us. We must have presented a sorry spectacle. Apart from our army uniforms we looked about as military as a troop of gypsies. Our blankets were rolled and slung baldric fashion over our shoulders, our knapsacks were of all varieties of style and issue, we all carried civilian hand luggage—suitcases and most unmilitary bundles —and far too many of us had our ears swathed in gauze bandages.

The section of Chickamauga Park where we were to take up our abode lay, as I have said, at some distance from the station. Our way thither took us across the greater portion of the old battlefield. We had studied in grammar school about the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and the campaigns of Chattanooga and Chickamauga, but none of us, I fancy, knew beforehand that Fort Oglethorpe was situated in that historic region. The original Fort Oglethorpe had been a cavalry post of the Regular Army, with permanent wooden barracks, post hospital, canteen buildings, and officers' homes lined up around all four sides of a great open square. From it as a nucleus, since the entry of the United States into the War, there had spread out through the great park vast areas of temporary encampments, until at the beginning of 1918 the post was said to contain twenty-five thousand men of various branches of the service, including large Infantry and Medical Officers' Training Camps. Camp Greenleaf, the largest section, was entirely of medical troops.

Of this we then knew absolutely nothing. The sights that met our eyes on that first hike to camp were wholly new and largely inexplicable. The country was not prepossessing. It appeared to be flat, barren, and dreary, the soil a stiff yellow clay, covered thinly with freshly fallen snow, the trees scrubby hard pines and scrubby brown oaks repeated endlessly. The air was not warm. There were no orange trees nor watermelons. Georgia, like New York, was having the coldest winter for years, and Chickamauga, being elevated, is at best chilly in winter. The Sunny South, we saw, was not go-

ing to be so sunny after all. It was perhaps a good thing that we did not know that the worst of the winter was still to come.

Our second disillusionment was the mud. Before we left Camp Greenleaf it was hot, torridly hot, so that we forgot somewhat the bitter cold of our first month there. But we never forgot the mud. Just as Slocum is synonymous with blizzards and fourteen degrees below zero, so Oglethorpe means mud, yellow clay mud, deep, viscous, interminable. It was not so bad that January morning, for the ground was thawed only on top, but, even so, it was the worst mud most of us had ever seen. It stuck to the soles of our shoes, one layer after another, balling up our feet to the size of hams.

We marched out from Lytle station, past barracks we were later to occupy, down a long, straight, fairly hard road, with numbers of great monuments rising on the right; one, which we came later to know as the Georgia Monument, a massive column overtopping all the others. At brief intervals we passed trim metal signboards, lettered in white on black, telling what action in that long-ago battle had been fought at that point. Signs and omens, but at the time we did not perceive their meaning. We come to the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium, a monstrous barn-shaped building of the usual red and green, the "Y" triangle at its gable peak. Beyond, on the left, rise the permanent buildings of the old Fort Oglethorpe; on the right we pass the post theater and canteen stores. Behind them are the wooden barracks of the 11th Cavalry. We turn in to the right. The road we are now marching on soon dwindles into a new dirt

track, narrow and unbelievably muddy. The wooden barracks give way to brown pyramidal tents, acres of them in parallel rows. Can it be that we are going to live in tents, with snow on the ground? More marching and more misgivings. Then we come out at the end of our company street, and see where we are to live for the next five weeks.

It is a typical temporary summer encampment. At the upper end of the street (a bare expanse of sticky clay which apparently never knew the caress of a blade of grass, and which we shall soon be going over on hands and knees freeing from cigarette butts and other more questionable rubbish) stands the mess shack, a rough wooden structure with dirt floor and walls boarded only part way up, the rest open to the weather. For furniture it boasts two rows of trestle tables, with plank seats, and a counter at one end, behind which are the stoves and other paraphernalia of the kitchen. In the opposite end a small room is partitioned off, reached by an outside door. This is the officers' mess, a sanctum penetrated only by their mess orderlies. Outside is a woodpile of scraggly logs of green hard pine, and the incinerator, a shallow pan filled with incredible mixtures of boiling garbage, supported by a fireplace of rough stones, green wood smoldering sulkily under it. There are outdoor trestle tables for the dishwashers, and faucets for water. The whole area around the incinerator and the water taps is one expanse of deep, liquid mud, trodden and splashed about endlessly by hundreds of passing feet. Sloping down from the mess hall runs the company street, a shallow ditch on either side, lined

with a double row of brown tents with crooked stove pipes protruding from the peaks. The vista is closed by the latrines, movable wooden seats over a pit, roofed with canvas in concession to the weather, but open on all sides. No washroom. No warm water. No place of any sort for bathing. One cursory glance sums up all the conveniences of the place, except one. After supper each night a row of galvanized iron cans is moved out into the middle of the street, but they coyly disappear early the next morning.

Arrived in camp we immediately go to work. A non-com counts us off in groups of five or six, and assigns a tent to each group. Some tents are already up, others must be pitched. We get our first view of the interior of these nomadic dwellings. Some of them have wooden floors, but more have only the bare clay, already deep in mud. Around the low walls are iron cots, placed head to foot; six line the entire wall space, leaving an open square in the center. In the middle is a camp stove, merely a cornucopia of sheet iron, tapering to fit a stove pipe which passes out the peak of the tent. There is no other furniture of any sort. We are given cotton ticks to fill with straw for our beds; some of the straw is decidedly wet, but otherwise it makes a very comfortable mattress. Our gear must be disposed somehow. It is cold; if we want fire we must cut our own wood, and there is only one ax in camp. We must take a few minutes to get acquainted with our tent mates. Consequently, it is near evening before we learn from a group gathered at the latrine that at last we belong to a permanently organized outfit, Evacuation Hospital No. 8.

I doubt whether any of us had ever heard the term before. Was an evacuation hospital ever mentioned in a war story? But whatever an evacuation hospital might be, it was heavenly bliss to know that you were no longer a casual. The company had been created on January 1, 1918, with a nucleus of men from southern and central camps. To these was added a small and lugubrious band who had been in other units at Oglethorpe (principally Evacuation Three), but who, by sickness, overgenerous Christmas leaves, or other ill fortune, had missed their companies when they left for France. Our larger detachment of 125 from Slocum temporarily completed the enrolment. Evacuation hospitals were then being organized with the pre-war strength of 179 men and 16 officers,* our officers (with one exception) all being M.D.'s, most of them drawn from the M.O.T.C. at Oglethorpe. They came from many parts of the country, but the southern states per-

* In the army an officer is never spoken of as a man. He is always referred to as an officer, and an enlisted man, be he ever so young, is spoken of as a man. One of our neighboring units had as an officer the most bowlegged man in the army. He was also a specialist in army discipline. It happened that one of our younger enlisted men, still a boy, had to speak to him in the presence of an officer from our company, and in doing so unluckily referred to our officer as "this man." The bowlegged officer flew into a disciplinary rage and addressed the boy as follows: "What outfit do you belong to? How long have you been in the army?" The boy was thoroughly frightened, but began to answer as well as he could. "Stand up like a soldier!" thundered the officer, and the boy snapped his heels together. "Stand like I do!" demanded the officer, and the boy obediently slumped as nearly as he could into the officer's bowlegged position. That ended the lesson. R.C.W.

haps furnished the larger number. There were no nurses, for the evacuation hospital as then constituted did not contemplate the inclusion of female personnel.

It was nearly noon when we arrived in camp. By the time we went to bed that night we had a complete working company organization, and a full program arranged for the coming day. Before dawn we were at work on our regular routine for the next four months. . . .

At ten minutes before six in the morning the camp is still deep in slumber. It is dark, for the sun will not be up for some time yet. Suddenly from the end of the company street peal out the rapid, cheerful, hateful notes of "first call." Reveille is popularly supposed to be the detested call which rouses a soldier from his slumbers. As a matter of fact, when reveille blows he must already be up, fully dressed, and standing in his proper place in the formation in the company street. First call is actually the signal that summons the soldier to everything disagreeable. There is now no time for loitering, for delicious moments of half slumber. Tired bodies automatically jerk themselves up, drag themselves out of the warm embrace of the blankets. Underwear is already on, and shirt and breeches present few difficulties. But shoes and canvas leggings take time to lace, especially when soggy with clammy mud, for too many of us went to bed without cleaning our footgear. The army overcoat is a splendid garment, for it will hide a great deal of sketchy dressing. Later on, when the mud gets so bad that rubber boots are permitted, we shall sometimes take a chance on appearing at early formation with no more clothing than the boots

on our bare feet and the overcoat over our underwear. We struggle sleepily out into the company street. Platoons are forming, men stumbling into their places in front or rear rank, straightening out the lines. The top sergeant faces the lines with a lantern. Corporals and sergeants stand by with their lists and flashlights. Six o'clock, and the rapid notes of reveille ring out from the head of the street. Woe to the man who is not now in formation. "Ten-shun! Right dress! Front!" The roll is called. One noncom after another reports to the top sergeant, "All present or accounted for." The officer of the day arrives, somewhat tardy, and sleepily yawning. The top sergeant carefully prepares to do an about face, but manages to trip himself up. He salutes. "Sir, all present or accounted for." "Dismiss your men." "Ten-shun! Dismissed!" Later, when the sun rises earlier, the order will be, "Fall out and police the company street!" Thereupon, under the eye of a vigilant noncom, we will range over the mud, gingerly collecting with our bare fingers whatever refuse has been thrown there during the day. This morning, however, like an echo of the top sergeant's "Dismissed!" come the glad strains of mess call. The street is instantly a swarming mass of men rushing to their tents for mess kits. The man who gets his mess kit and reaches the mess-shack door first will be fed first. The others will eat in the order in which they arrive. In a wonderfully short space of time the line is formed, a queue stretching the length of the company street. We stand in single file, restlessly treading to keep from bogging down in the mud, advancing, so it seems to us, imperceptibly. Noncoms ar-

rive and go defiantly to the head of the line. Groans of protest arise, but to no avail. Now we are in the dim interior, where flickering candles cast a misty glow through the steam, and huge, vague shadows dance about. We thump our mess kits down on the counter for the cooks to fill. The bottom dish is generously filled with oatmeal porridge and watered evaporated milk; on the shallow cover we receive bacon or sausages. We balance dish and cover in one hand (no easy feat) while our cups are filled with steaming black coffee from a galvanized iron can. The cup, too, is a ticklish contraption. It has a folding handle fastening with a clasp which has a disconcerting trick of letting go and deluging one's feet with hot coffee. We find places at the rough tables, lifting our feet up from the bare ground, wrapping our overcoats close, for the sides of the shack are open to the weather.

Breakfast finished, we file out of a rear door and wash our dishes in two pails of water beside the mess hall. The first pail is full of soapy water, the second, of clear, and a cook or K.P. stands by to see that the dishes are decently scraped before they go into the pail. We now have a few minutes to tidy up ourselves and our tents. Sick call is blown before the dispensary door (a wall tent halfway up the company street); we can go to get iodine painted on the outside, or compound cathartic pills administered on the inside. Very little else. Men are sometimes sent to the hospital with a well-developed case of pneumonia or bronchitis, but minor indispositions receive little sympathy. At seven o'clock it is fairly light, but still gray and bleak. The sun does

not seem really to get to work these days before noon. First call again; we fall in for our first drill. It opens with setting-up exercises, which prove to be rather good fun. Then follows a painful session of initiation into the mysteries of right face, left face, about face, right dress. Then something a bit more complicated—marching formations, right by fours, on right into line, fours right, etc.* Thus we spend two hours in absorbed attention. The men are awkward and slow of comprehension. Some noncoms are impatient, sarcastic, brutal; some kindly but insistent; some merely stupid and loud voiced. Down here below the tents where we are drilling the ground is beginning to thaw. Our feet, which were cold at breakfast, are now warm. Drilling is good exercise. At nine o'clock we line up again in the company street and are dismissed for "lecture."

For this rite we split up into small groups in the tents, an officer with each group. When he enters we stand at attention until he says "At ease." We are given copies of a large red textbook, *Mason's Hand Book*, the Bible of the sanitary troops. We gather by cursory examination that it was written soon after the Spanish-American War, and has largely to do with post-hospital work in peace time. The author has never heard of high explosive, gas gangrene, or poisonous-gas warfare. We put in weeks prattling of pills and cauteries and poultices. As far as I can remember, we learned in all those lec-

* During the War, medical drill was by fours, front rank and rear rank being separate platoons. It is now done by squads of eight, like infantry drill.

tures only one thing of the slightest practical value. That was the art of applying bandages.

At eleven o'clock the lecture is over. We have until twelve to ourselves. Dinner at twelve; drill, one to three; lecture, three to five; supper, I think, at five-thirty. And then the soldier's work day is over. He will probably cut some green pine for a fire, and then go to the "Y." At the "Y" will be an entertainment, books, magazines, games, writing materials. It is not so much these we seek, perhaps, as the warmth, the brightness, the cheerfulness, which link us with home, and give silent solace for the exasperations of the day. At eight forty-five we must start back, for our camp is a long way from the "Y," and call to quarters blows at nine-fifteen. Our tent mates have nursed the sullen chunks of green wood into sooty flame, and the interior of the tent is warm and glowing with candle light. We ease off our soggy boots and leggings and scrape off the mud that clings like sticky dough. Ten o'clock; everyone should be abed and lights out. Taps. Instant dreamless slumber.

This is a typical day of camp routine, but by no means everyone has followed the schedule. Before first call, six or more unfortunates crept out of bed and went on kitchen police. They have pared bushels of potatoes, ladled out gallons of food, and washed dreary stacks of square tin boilers in greasy cold water, standing meanwhile in liquid mud to the ankles at the outdoor table by the incinerator. They began their toil before dawn, and it is long after dark before the cooks let them go. "K.P." is for good reason the most hated detail in the army. Another group has been standing guard all day,

two hours on and four off, marching solitary and monotonously back and forth on an assigned portion of the circuit of the camp. They will continue tramping all night. In good weather it is not a bad job, though lonesome. Another detail has been initiated into the ritual of tidying up the latrine. There have been special details to get wood, to go after quartermaster's supplies, to do this, to do that. Soon many small details will be going daily to the post hospital for special training in the wards, the offices, and the laboratory. In all perhaps not more than two-thirds of the company are out for drill each day.

On Saturday, January 5, three days after we reached camp, we are given our first inspection. Everyone is ordered to line up in the company street, utterly spick and span, as though mud had never been heard of. If one has a tent floor it must be swept. There is only one broom in camp, but desperate men find that much can be done with a whisk broom. All the equipment a man does not wear on his back must be spread out on his cot; blankets neatly folded and piled at the head, sewing kit, extra underwear, socks, shirt, and shoestrings neatly laid out in regulation order below. At nine we assemble in the company street, anxiously lined up in two long files by the noncoms. We are recently shaved, our uniforms are brushed, our leggings are freshly scoured (with salt to turn them white, bleached leggings for some strange reason being considered more dressy), and our shoes highly polished. "The Captain" (he is anonymous in my sources but I suppose it was Captain Dale) parades with his adjutant and the top sergeant slowly

along front and rear rank, closely scanning each man. Woe to him who has not shaved, or whose overcoat lacks a button! No opportunity is given for excuses. The sergeant gets your name, and you go on K.P. for a week.

Saturday inspection is one of the best things the army has ever discovered. That first one did more than anything else could have to restore the morale which had evaporated at Slocum. When we arrived at Oglethorpe we had no ideals left, and only one passion—to keep alive. We thought no more of cleanliness than does a wolf in a hard winter. Our faces went unwashed (especially now that we had nothing but ice water for bathing), and our hair was allowed to tangle. So quickly does culture fail when one gets down to the bare necessities of existence. But the preparation for our first inspection brought back all our latent pride. After that we kept ourselves and our equipment as clean as our circumstances would permit, and, although we grumbled at inspection, we secretly liked it.

After inspection was over on Saturday the rest of the day belonged to the soldier, if he were fortunate enough not to be on some detail. It was easy to get a leave to visit Chattanooga over Saturday night, returning before Sunday night. Few of us, in civilian life, would have seen anything attractive in spending a night in Chattanooga. But now that we were in the army such excursions were paradise. In the first place it meant that for twenty-five cents one could get a warm bath at the Y.M.C.A. and change his underwear. Then, for a day, he was a free man, with no military obligation save to salute all the officers he met. He could (so far as his

purse permitted) eat wherever he chose. He could sleep in sheets and lie abed as late as he pleased.

On that first Saturday, to those who were not on K.P., the army seemed perhaps to be becoming tolerable. But that night winter weather broke, and the long spring rains set in. Those of us who were marooned in camp were awakened in the middle of the night by the roaring of thunder and pelting of rain. The tents which we had eyed so suspiciously had a chance to prove their worth. They failed miserably. Many of them were old, but all, I suspect, were of poor quality. The great drops began to gather and fall, striking us in the eye or ear with uncanny precision. We rose shivering, bare feet in the mud, and shifted our cots. It made little difference, for the tent roof leaked everywhere like a sieve.

The interior of our tents, when we crawled out that morning, was depressingly dank and cheerless. But outdoors! The rain had dissolved the frost in the ground, and the mud, formerly stiff and viscous, had thinned to the consistency of pea soup and was getting thinner every minute. In the company street it was bad, but out in the main roads, where trucks and mule teams kept it stirred, it was worse. When we went to the "Y" that day we found ourselves forced to wade a quarter of a mile through liquid mud up to or over the ankles, mud sluggishly but unmistakably moving down the slope with a current like a glacier, and almost as cold. We still wore thin dress shoes, the soles of which (through too close proximity to the stove when we tried to dry them evenings) were already in bad shape. Before we were

issued our heavy trench shoes some of us were walking with bare toes in the icy mud.

That Sunday gave us a good taste of the depressing experience of sitting for hours in a leaky tent, partially protected from the rain, but unable to find any spot actually dry. We all had colds which we had brought from Slocum. From head colds they rapidly developed into varying degrees of bronchitis. We coughed and conversed in hoarse whispers. Some of us lost our voices entirely.

Our second inspection was less auspicious than the first. On the night of Thursday the tenth a heavy snowstorm began. The snow soon changed to sleet, with a high wind which blew down some of the tents. To erect a pyramidal tent at any time is no easy matter, but to crawl from under the icy folds of the canvas, barefooted and clothed only in one's underwear, put up a tent in the dark, with howling wind, rain, and sleet as accompaniment, is a thing to remember. By morning the sleet had changed to a pouring rain, the heavy incessant rain of a spring cloudburst. Drill was out of the question. The tents leaked miserably. We rolled up our bedding, threw our overcoats (we had as yet no ponchos or slickers) over the pile, huddled around the sulky fire, and soaked all day. Green pine, even when it can be made to burn at all, does so only with the production of a weight of soot about equal to that of the wood. The soot, beaten down by the rain, clogged the stove pipe, giving us the choice of being suffocated with smoke, putting out the fire, or clambering up over the top of the tent to beat down the obstruction. At eight in the

evening the rain suddenly stopped, the thermometer dropped twenty degrees, and a high wind rose. Everything that was wet—and everything was wet—proceeded to freeze. When we were turned out by the bugle on Saturday morning we found every article of clothing we had not worn to bed stiff with ice. Our overcoats, which we had been using for covering, were like planks. Some of us could not bring any of the buttons to meet the buttonholes. And the thermometer stood at four below zero.

At eight-thirty we had to stand general inspection. Under such conditions the company commander had to be lenient. Our frozen overcoats stood rigidly out like garments stolen from statues, and we had pulled off half our buttons in the vain attempt to reduce them to subjection. But we got by somehow. After inspection half the company escaped to Chattanooga. But woe to the remainder! By one of the remarkably frequent coincidences of army life, there was not a stick of wood in camp, and no one was sent to get any. The water pipes had frozen, and water had to be carried by hand in G.I.* cans a distance of nearly a mile. And on Monday afternoon it began to rain again.

The routine of mud, bad weather, drill, lecture, and detail, went on with little interruption until January 20, our third Sunday in camp. That afternoon the men returning from Chattanooga or from work at the hospital were told by the guard on the confines of our camp that we were under quarantine. Otis Smithers, a blond, quiet,

* Army abbreviation for "galvanized iron." An army "G.I. can" is identical with a civilian ash can.

likable chap from Vermont, had been sent to the hospital delirious with an illness which proved to be spinal meningitis. The whole company was consequently quarantined indefinitely to the company street, though we were to be permitted to drill near the camp, at a safe distance from the uncontaminated units. On Wednesday night (January 23) Smithers died, without having regained consciousness. His was the first death in the company, and for that reason the most memorable. But only a little later on the same night, another of our men, Harrison Ward, died in the hospital of pneumonia. Ward had known that he was sick, and reported at sick call. Unfortunately, he had been cast for guard duty that day, and the officer who held sick call told him he had a cold and ordered him back to work. On the night before he was taken to the hospital (being probably already delirious) he had crawled up the outside of the tent in his underwear to beat down the soot from the stovepipe. The officer in charge of insurance tried to make some reparation by helping him to sign an application for $10,000 of life insurance on his deathbed. Poor Ward did not seem to be greatly impressed, and could think of no one to name as beneficiary except an aged grandmother. He was older than most of us—perhaps thirty—and something of a religious crank. I remember he made us all hate him by talking about the goodness of God. He used always to say grace aloud before he ate. Possibly he was the only man in the whole American Army hardy enough to persist in the practice.

The quarantine brought bad weather with it. It snowed nearly three inches on January 20, and the

snow, as usual, turned, the next day, into sleet and rain. We had now been issued ponchos, but we found that, although they made excellent waterproof coverings for our beds, they were not remarkably effective as garments. A poncho is simply a rectangular sheet of waterproofed material, with a hole in the center to put one's head through. When on, it drapes one's figure in fetching folds, and is just long enough to run the water in streams into the tops of a pair of canvas leggings and thence into one's boots. That night the men on guard were literally frozen into their ponchos. The steady fall of sleet covered all the folds with a sheet of ice, so that when a man tried to salute, he found his arms pinioned to his sides. As he plodded along, he could watch the icicles descending around his hat brim. The next day the ground was covered with icy slush. Our shoes—still the dress shoes we had been issued at Slocum—were soaked through. Wonder of wonders! On that very day every man in the company was issued two pairs of new shoes, trench shoes and dress shoes. How wonderful those great hobnailed hulks of rough leather seemed to us! Only Doc Carter, who wore, I believe, thirteens, was disappointed. After standing in line nearly the whole of the afternoon, he learned that, although there were plenty of shoes, there were none large enough for him. "They ain't got nothin' but boys' sizes," he complained.

Another bit of daily ritual had been added by the quarantine, prophylaxis against the meningococci. We are all lined up before the dispensary tent, and enter in lock step. "Open your mouth!" A swab of cotton on a

wire is thrust down our throats until we gag. "Tip back your head!" Swish! Swish! up each nostril. "Spit it out. Open your mouth again. Wider. Now say a-a-a-a." Gagged again. The spray tastes like chloride of lime, of which, in fact, it is made. That was our introduction to Dakin solution, which we were later to see used by the hogshead. From our first lot of cultures, twenty-two were reported to be suspicious. The twenty-two unfortunates were recultured, and the spraying kept up. On Saturday the twenty-sixth, of the twenty-two cultures nine were reported to be still suspicious. The unlucky nine (Top Sergeant Hennion being among the number) were promptly segregated and installed by themselves in cavalry barn E38, a sort of out-ward of the general hospital.

The temporary departure of our top sergeant coincided with the arrival of our permanent commanding officer. Some time during the week of January 21, Lieutenant Colonel James F. Hall assumed the command of the company, which he continued to hold until it left Germany to return to the United States. Saturday, January 27, naturally demanded an inspection of unusual thoroughness. The violent storm of the first of the week had been followed, in true Georgia fashion, by clear, hot, sunny weather, so warm that we began to drill in shirt sleeves, and seldom found occasion to wear blouses or overcoats. At noon the days began to be uncomfortably hot. The heat took what remained of the frost out of the soil, and the mud went down to incredible depths. It was said that an officer got so mired in a nearby company street that he had to be pulled out

of his boots. The men in the mule-driven ambulance company beside us gave up trying to cross their streets on foot. Under such conditions it was somewhat difficult to meet the first inspection of our new commanding officer with highly polished dress shoes and clean leggings, but we did it, and apparently to his satisfaction.

Our tent inspection now regularly included every week what in the cheerful slang of the army is referred to as a "short-arm inspection," that is, an individual venereal examination of each man by one of the officers. It got to be so much a matter of habit that we thought little about it. At least once at Fort Oglethorpe and several times in France the inspection was held in the company street. But in the beginning nothing seemed so degrading, so outrageously indecent, as to be forced to submit to such an examination in the presence of one's tent mates or of an entire barrack. Yet it must be admitted, I think, that the American method of handling the difficult problem of incapacitation of troops by venereal infection is the best that any army has worked out. It consisted in providing easily accessible prophylaxis for men who had exposed themselves to infection, and in enforcing the use of such prophylaxis by regular and rigid individual inspection, with very severe penalties for men who contracted venereal disease.

The meningitis quarantine was lifted on the afternoon of Sunday, February 3, and we were freed again for the old routine. That week, however, we had a new experience—the gas mask. The whole company was put at gas drill, consisting of lectures by a special officer,

exposure to tear gas in a gas house, while we all sat solemnly and wondered whether the gas were really turned on or not, and finally, regular marching drill. The idea of drilling in gas masks was more or less thrilling; the actual experience, horrible. As long as one can sit in perfect quiet, the mask is not uncomfortable. But when men new to such contraptions move vigorously, and breathing becomes more rapid, their first experience is suffocation. Half of the discomfort is due to nervousness, but that makes the sensation no less painful. A clip shuts off your nose completely, giving that unpleasant feeling of suction which you experience when you try to swallow with the nose held tight. Every breath of air must be pulled in through a can of dry chemicals. A rubber sack covers the face, and you see the world dimly through great misty goggles. Only the ears are uncovered, feeling strangely naked and exposed. It is remarkable how a gas mask seems to isolate you from the world, and shut you up in a cage by yourself, though you move side by side with your fellows, and are actually restrained only from speech with them.

About the first of the month we signed the pay roll, and on February 5 received our first pay. The few dollars we received seemed the most money we had ever had in our lives. A private soldier's pay is thirty dollars a month. But practically all of us were paying back to the government between six and seven dollars a month of this for insurance, and were remitting home fifteen to twenty dollars a month as allotments. This left not much over five dollars a month for spending money. We

had been penniless almost since the day we arrived at Oglethorpe. Canteen checks, issued by the company office against our pay, helped somewhat, but one could get only five dollars' worth, and, in our first burst of extravagance, that went almost overnight. What we craved was extra food. We were being adequately fed, but the outdoor life and vigorous exercise were building up muscle in an astonishing manner, and, no matter how much we ate at meal time, we were ravenously hungry before the next meal. Later on, our army fare became an abomination. But I doubt whether any one of us, in his whole life, ever ate anything with keener appetite and finer relish than those coarse meals issued in the old mess shack during our first month at Oglethorpe. We craved especially sweets: candy, cake, and the like, craved them so that our pittance went in no time. Most of us were soon in a chronic condition of owing all our pay before we received it. We borrowed from the successful crap shooters, who served as banks which ultimately attracted all the unspent cash of the company. To one whose knowledge of this game is that of a spectator, craps seems the most uncomplicated and nonintellectual of all amusements. As long as everybody plays fair, it seems to be pure chance, without the slightest opportunity for skill or mental exercise. Yet perhaps no game ever invented casts such a hypnotic spell over its devotees. It is a common sight in the army on pay day to see men coming on the run from the company office, so eager to get into a crap game that they do not even stop to put their money into their pockets, but run waving it in the air. In a few minutes they usually

emerge in a stupor, completely stripped. Our company, like all others, contained several unnaturally lucky artists with the bones, and on pay day they always reaped a plenteous harvest.

Almost from the day we moved in at Oglethorpe, rumors began to circulate as to the date set for our departure. Our training, we were assured, would not last more than five weeks at the most. We might even be sent across by the first of February. At first these rumors were given out by the officers themselves, and had every appearance of being official. By the first of February they became so strong and circumstantial that we were all convinced. The fifteenth was the day set. We were sure to be sent north by the fifteenth. Many of us wrote home and stopped our mail. We did not go north on the fifteenth, nor for several weeks thereafter, but on February 10 we did move. Although this move was not the momentous one we had expected, it caused such a change in our way of living that it demands a new chapter.

CHAPTER THREE

Fort Oglethorpe. The Barracks.

ON February 9 we were told that the next day (a Sunday) we should move into barracks formerly occupied by a battalion of Field Artillery that had just left for the port of debarkation. We were not highly pleased. Our camp had of late been made more comfortable by the installation of electricity, and the weather had become mild enough to make living in tents pleasant. It still rained a good deal, and the mud was deeper than ever, but the rain now had the gentleness of spring showers. By day we heard the crows cawing, and at night the cheerful music of the frogs. It was actually hot in the middle of the day, so hot and bright that we regularly rolled up the sides of our tents and set our bedding out in the street to air.

Moving day in the army is always Sunday, because by putting such extraordinary events on Sunday you avoid interrupting the regular routine of drill. It took us nearly all day to transfer our equipment, which included all our cots and bedding besides the paraphernalia of the office and kitchen. Some of it was carted by mules, but more of it went on our backs through the mud. By five o'clock we had everything unloaded and in its place, and got a moment to look about. Our new quarters were really a great improvement over the tents. The mud here was not nearly so bad. The barracks were light, airy, and water tight. We had an excellent mess

hall, clean and attractive. And at last we had latrines with plumbing—shower baths with hot and cold water, and troughs for washing our clothes. We began, in a sneaking way, to enjoy being in the army.

The transfer to barracks made one important change in our company life. Hitherto we had lived in more or less isolated groups of eight, without getting to know the other members of the company very intimately except at mess. Now that thirty-six of us were assigned to a barrack, we made more friends, and our company spirit grew. The barracks (there were five of them, strung out in two parallel rows) were long, unpainted, shed-like affairs built on wooden piles which lifted them two or three feet from the ground. In the center of each side was a door, reached by a flight of steps, and within, directly between the doors, a large pot-bellied coal stove stood in a shallow box of ashes. There were electric lights, and by day the interior was well lighted by a row of windows which occupied nearly half the wall space from the height of one's waist to the eaves. Our cots were lined up, all the way around the walls, side by side with narrow spaces between. The mess hall was exactly the same kind of building, with one end fenced off by a counter, behind which were the stoves. The company office occupied a separate room in the end of one of the barracks. Our company street—the lane between the two rows of barracks—was an expanse of clay as bare as that we had left, but considerably less muddy.

Our daily routine now became more regular and also more strenuous. We were called out at five-thirty, and policed the company street immediately after first roll

call. Then we washed up and went to breakfast. After breakfast a few minutes were allowed for tidying up cots and rolling packs before we were assembled for marching drill, which now lasted four hours instead of two. Generally it began with a hike of several miles with full packs on one or other of the excellent macadam roads that stretched out through the park in all directions. However monotonous the drill might become, these hikes, after we had got over the first difficulty of carrying a pack, were always a delight, because the country was now so beautiful and every day increasing in beauty. The trees were in full leaf, and the hillsides, which earlier had seemed to be only scrubby wildernesses of oak and pine, had transformed themselves into bowers of dogwood, ivory-white clouds splashed here and there with the rich crimson of the red-bough. Under foot the ground teemed with lupine and phlox and those large scentless violets which the natives call "Johnny-jump-ups"; the hedges were fragrant with honeysuckle, and the orchard slopes pink with the bloom of fruit trees. The hike always ended in one of the open fields near the camp suitable for pitching shelter tents. Since Saturday inspection now included an inspection of tents and equipment in the field, as well as the going over in the company street, we were daily drilled for perfection in that rite. A "pack" is a compact cylinder made by rolling up, within your shelter half, your blankets, change of underwear, socks, toilet articles, and the pole, rope, and pins for the tent. The old medical pack was long and slender as compared with an infantry pack, and was bent like an inverted square U over the

top of the ration bag and fastened there with rawhide thongs. Straps from the ration bag came over the shoulders and snapped into a broad webbing belt filled with first-aid supplies, from which dangled a hatchet in the place where an infantryman has a bayonet. The pack was awkward in appearance, and hard to carry because it was pitched too high on the shoulders. An infantry pack of greater weight can be carried with much less discomfort. The first step in the inspection was to pitch the tents. I suppose everyone has seen a "pup tent" at some time or other, but he may not have realized that in the army it is a shelter for *two* men. Each soldier carries only half the tent, and must pair up with another. The two shelter halves button together at the ridge, the tent being supported by two jointed poles, which are anchored by guy ropes. The front end is open to the weather; the back end closes in a peak, which, with the sides, is pegged down to the ground with aluminum pins. We were supposed, within two minutes, to get the tents up, not only pitched properly, but all in line, to have our blankets folded and spread out in the front of the tent with the clothing neatly arranged on them, and be standing at attention when the colonel started down the lines on his tour of inspection. When we pitched tents merely as drill, the officer in charge usually ordered us to pop into the tents and out of them, like woodchucks, until some unfortunate kicked down the pole of his tent and got a black mark. At the drill field we now did our calisthenics all together instead of by platoons, and spent most of the time drilling in company formations, executing elaborate maneuvers in

columns and lines. By eleven-thirty we were back in camp, hot, dusty, and tired, with a few minutes to clean up and rest before dinner.

At this time we were being very well fed. For instance, on Washington's Birthday (one of the three army holidays), the menu was recorded in a letter home as follows: "Turkey with oyster dressing, creamed turnips, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, fruit salad, bread, butter, and coffee." This was a special meal, but the daily fare does not look so bad when compared with it. We had for breakfast, as another letter testifies, a cereal: oatmeal, cornflakes, or grape nuts, with sausages, fried potatoes, or (occasionally) pancakes with syrup. Milk was always the evaporated variety, watered; I do not remember seeing fresh milk served at any time that I was in the army. For dinner we had beef stew, or fried beefsteak, or beans baked in a shallow pan with bacon and tomato sauce; for dessert, bread pudding, rice pudding, stewed prunes, or dried fruit cobbler (pie made in a large baker with only a top crust). Supper was much like dinner, with macaroni and cheese a frequent dish. Coffee was served with all three meals, and we had all the sugar we wished at a time when the civilian population was being pretty severely stinted. But our feeding was too lavish to last. Before the end of February it was reported that Greenleaf was one of the most wasteful camps in the United States. Orders were issued that henceforth it would be a misdemeanor for any man to throw away more than six ounces of food a day. For a time our plates were inspected at the garbage pail, and we were warned that anyone detected

in wastefulness would have his mess kit set away with whatever was in it, for him to eat before he got anything else. The inspection soon lapsed, but we were never thereafter fed so well.

At one we went out again for drill, marching from the company street together, but dividing into platoons as soon as we were out of quarters for litter drill, practice in lifting and carrying wounded men, occasionally for improvised track meets. Litter drill sounded exciting, but turned out to be rather ridiculous. Before this war, medical troops were classed as noncombatants, and carried no weapons. In practice it proved to be impossible to preserve such distinctions. In France we always wore large automatics when we walked guard, though I think we never had any instruction as to the proper way to handle them. In medical regulations a litter drill had been worked out which had taken over from rifle drill all the motions that could be performed with a folded litter. We shouldered litters, presented litters, stacked litters. The bare litters with the straps slung over the bearers' necks looked something like the trays on which street vendors display their wares.

The lectures were considerably abridged and pretty haphazard. Much of our afternoon drill period was spent in "soldiering" pure and simple in the fastnesses of the thickets where we had withdrawn, ostensibly for intensive drill in lifting wounded men or in applying bandages. For long silent moments we lay on our backs in the checkered sunshine under the trees, gazing up at the flecks of blue between the leaves, listening to the warm sleepy hum of bird and insect life about us, and

thinking of home, or trying to imagine what the war over there was really like, and to convince ourselves that we should soon be there. At five we were back in camp to get ready for battalion retreat at five-thirty. *That* gave one a thrill; it was like having inspection every day, but was even more exciting because it brought our company into direct competition with the other outfits around us. . . .

We line up in our company street, washed, brushed, and polished, and march at attention to the parade ground, a gently sloping hillside beyond our barracks, along the Dixie Highway. The side of the great square on the road is lined with officers' barracks; the opposite side closed off by long wooden cantonments. Near this side stands the flag pole. A dozen buglers are now lined up there with the officer of the day, and a detachment from the guard waits to pull down the flag. We march in, hoping we are making a finer spectacle than any other outfit, and line up in our allotted space against the officers' barracks, directly opposite and facing the flag. The other companies arrive, until this whole side of the square is filled with long parallel ranks of men standing at attention. The bugles begin a strain sacred to retreat; the command is "Parade rest!" In unison all the parallel lines slump forward as right feet are advanced; arms come forward, and hands clasp loosely. The buglers finish the preparatory strain. There is an electric pause. Then the command comes sharply, "Attention!" We stiffen like wooden soldiers, the buglers blow the staccato notes of "To the Colors," and the flag comes slowly down, the officers meanwhile standing

at salute. Now the flag is down and the buglers strike up one of the few marches a bugle can play ("You're in the Army Now"), and the companies one by one dissolve into columns of fours, march around the top of the square, form in lines of platoons again, and come sweeping down past the officer of the day. There are sixteen men in each line, and, as it passes in review, it must be straight as a string, every foot lifted at precisely the same instant, every muscle moving in the same rhythm. The officer in front of the platoon salutes, and we do "Eyes right." Now we march right by fours into a column again, and so back to the company street, where we tell each other how much better we did than Evacuation Four.

After supper we could sit in the barracks, chat, play cards, and read, or go to "Y" 31, close at hand, to write letters comfortably and unmolested. There was usually some program of entertainment, often good. If we wished something more ambitious, we had frequent opportunities to see entertainments in the large auditorium, all free. The post theater provided good moving pictures at reasonable prices. But in such weather and in such a place it was better to be out of doors. During those days we made the most perfect friendships of our lives. Men in the army are freed from the reticences and restraints of civilian life in a community where everybody knows them. All the members of a company are potential friends because they are living the same life, cherishing the same hopes, and facing the same difficulties. There are few incentives for insincerity and self-seeking. Night after night we strolled about

through the park in the moonlight, hardly conscious of the silvery beauty of the dogwood or the white glint of marble columns through the trees, absorbed in the communion of unreserved speech or the understanding silence of youthful friendship.

By call to quarters (nine-fifteen) we are in our barrack unless we have permission from the barrack sergeant to be out until ten. The calls blow: call to quarters, tattoo, finally taps. We are all in bed and the lights are out. Absolute silence is supposed to reign until first call next morning, but it seldom does. Frank Roy is a ventriloquist; he entertains us with what sounds like a quarrel between two drunken men under the window outside. Sergeant White, alone of all the inmates of the barrack, does not know of Roy's accomplishment, and shouts for silence. The noise continues, with the addition of insulting remarks about sergeants. Sergeant White crawls out of bed and goes grumbling out to find only brilliant moonlight and nobody in sight. Or, perhaps, soon after the lights go out, and everyone is nearly asleep, a plaintive voice, clear and distinct, but impossible to locate in any particular bed, announces, as though in continuation of a long argument, "All I say is, a white man is as good as a nigger any day if he behaves himself." Bang! the belligerent Southerner with the weak sense of humor is out of bed square footed, looking for a fight.

I find, as I look back over our war months, that I am more likely to become sentimental in writing about the period of our first weeks in the barracks than of any other time, except the few days we spent at Coussey

and Sionne. While we were in the tents, life was still raw and uncomfortable; after we went across, we generally saw too much of suffering and horror to allow us to become sentimental. Later on in the barracks we became bored and discouraged. But over the earlier part of our days there there hangs in my memory a very pleasant feeling of youth and vigor and abounding health, of strenuous exercise keenly enjoyed for its own sake, of keen appetite, of sun and heat and the smell of spring flowers. We were homesick, and we thought we were wretched, but our nostalgia had a romantic and delicious flavor very unlike the grinding pain we knew later when we spent our second Christmas away from home.

As I have said before, not all the men of the company spent the day in the typical routine of drill that I have described. An increasing number went every day to the post hospital to study the care of patients, to study in the laboratory, to master the details of the intricate system of reports which the army required the office force to keep. But the numbers at drill were not diminished, because our company had been enlarged. We had been organized with the regulation number of enlisted men for an evacuation hospital—179. But it had become apparent to those who were studying the situation at the front that such an organization was too small to carry on the complicated work demanded by the conditions of modern warfare and modern surgery.*

* About this time the personnel of an evacuation hospital was officially fixed at 34 officers and 237 enlisted men. *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War,* VIII, 172.

Since we left the tents, all that section of the camp had been filled with men of the National Army, and great areas of new tents had been erected to accommodate the vast throngs that were steadily pouring in. On March 20 twenty men from the National Army were added to our company, the first of the many additions which ultimately gave us a permanent personnel of over three hundred. It would be a pious falsehood, but still a falsehood, to say that this addition at first met with our approval. "I'm afraid," says a letter, "they'll have rather a hard time, for there is a lot of feeling among the men over it. They seem a good bunch, too." The fear proved to be unwarranted. Before a month had passed, the new men had come to be considered as much a part of the "original outfit" as any of us, which I think was not quite true of the many additions we received in France.

On Saturdays and Sundays our choice of entertainment was no longer restricted to a trip to Chattanooga. We had a source of amusement and exercise at home: a company baseball team, in fact two teams, the members being excused from afternoon drill for the necessary practice. We could make the memorable trip to the top of Lookout or Signal Mountain. I have before me several descriptions of the view from Lookout, but I shall pass over them, because the experience is (fortunately) not restricted to men in the army during 1918.

Having thus sketched in a general fashion the character of our months at Oglethorpe, I shall finish by appending a brief chronicle of remarkable events. The first was another quarantine. On February 14, Corporal

Graham of Barrack C was taken to the hospital in an advanced stage of spinal meningitis. The whole company was again quarantined, and the men of Barrack C confined to quarters. On the tenth, five men were isolated as suspicious, and the general quarantine lifted. No other cases developed, and Corporal Graham finally recovered and returned to the company in plenty of time to go to France with us. Our observance of Washington's Birthday has already been referred to. The whole company spent February 27 pitching tents for the vast detachments of drafted men who were rapidly filling in the vacant space between our old camp and the new. The new tents were of white canvas, new, and looked as they went up like a rising army of toadstools. According to a letter, "the Colonel complimented our company as being the best in the battalion at tent pitching. We put up eighteen while Headquarters Company put up six." This gave us a fine grievance. We pitched our own tents; the drafted men had it done for them—by us. On February 28 we held a muster, inspection both in the street and in quarters, turned in our nondescript mess kits for the regulation issue, received slickers in place of our ponchos, and were given our first set of personal identification tags ("dog tags"). Something was wrong with them, and they were later replaced. There were two of them, plain aluminum disks, stamped on one side with our names and our numbers on the company roster, on the other with our army serial number. Our numbers were all in the range 753,700 to 753,900, indicating that we were well within the second half million of enlistments. On March 3 we

were given our first inspection with packs, and on this same day Evacuations Four and Six left for Allentown.

But the most memorable event of our twelve weeks in the artillery barracks was the inspection of the post held for Surgeon General Gorgas on Monday, March 11. The departure of Evacuations Four and Six had made us hopeful that we might be moving soon, and we were assured that if we made an unusually good showing in this great review we should be sent to France at once. The whole week of the fourth we spent in strenuous preparation. For a description of the review itself, I shall fall back on a letter written immediately after it was held.

"Our company was divided into six platoons of about twenty men each. First came Capt. Bruggeman, Lt. McCall, and Lt. Chaffee, all on horseback; then Sgt. Bowman (a tall, handsome, young fellow) as right guide, and then the company in a column of fours. We marched to the field with the other units, companies and companies of us, a long, thin, silent, brown column, arms moving in cadence, and thousands of feet sounding in unison. The review was held on the field in front of the German detention camp. The prisoners, hundreds of interned enemy aliens, were grouped behind charged barbed-wire fences, watching us parade past. The detention camp is at the top of a slope, and affords a full view of all the maneuvers. The field was really two gently sloping hillsides, with a level space between. The slope facing the detention camp was completely covered with automobiles; in the center, at the edge of the level space, stood General Gorgas's car,

showing its red flag with two white stars. The reviewing party stood directly in front of it. . . .

"As we come to the field, we mount a rather steep pitch with no trees or buildings behind, so that the road seems to run off into the sky. The column mounts it; figures are silhouetted sharply against the blue, drop out of sight, are replaced by others, which in turn disappear, like a ribbon running over the edge of a knife. Now we see the head of our own column: Capt. Bruggeman and his horse against the sky, Lt. Chaffee against the sky, Lt. McCall against the sky. And now I come to the top of the pitch, drop over, and the whole terrain spreads out before me. We are marching in column. When we reach our allotted space on the hillside, the first platoon does fours left and marches to the front; the second platoon uncovers and does four left, until from a long column of fours we are transformed into six parallel rows. Now we are facing the General and tiers of automobiles across the valley. The adjutant spurs by: 'Guides—out!' 'Right—dress!' 'Guides—post!' 'Pass in review! First company, first platoon, fours right —march!'

"But you understand there were companies and companies of us, all along the hillside, and it was a long time before our turn came. All the time we stood rigidly at attention, motionless as toy soldiers, in perfectly straight even lines. Now the columns of platoons are swinging past the reviewing stand, end on to us and the General, most of them straight as a string, all the arms and legs moving as if parts of one machine. The

M.O.T.C., for all its serge uniforms and leather puttees, gets off badly. We can do better than that.

"I suppose I stood half an hour at attention, but I didn't realize it. Then, 'Column of platoons, first platoon, fours right—March!' and so on for all six platoons. We are now in a column of fours again. We march down to the end of the field, across the end, then form in our column of platoons and swing down towards the General, feet, arms, bodies, and souls doing their best to keep in time, in line, and all the lines parallel. We are at the place. 'Eyes—right!' Our platoon commander salutes, and, in the instant in which our heads are turned, I see a line of about twenty officers, in the center a kindly-faced, smiling old man with a white moustache—General Gorgas. Beside him is a major whom I recognize from his pictures as Charles Mayo of the famous Mayo Clinic, some English officers, and two remarkably handsome young French aviators in light blue uniforms with caps cocked on one side, smiling and debonair. From the crowd in the automobiles comes a burst of applause. Our lines must have been straighter than straight. And so, 'Front! Right by fours—march!' and the review is over for us."

We were never thereafter so enthusiastic about the purely military side of the army. The noncoms (who for weeks had been calling us "Boy Scouts") hung a blue ribbon on the bulletin board, and went so far as to express satisfaction. We were convinced that we were the best drilled company in camp, and it seemed to us certain that another week would see us on the way to France.

Easter came on March 31. "We are all in hopes," says a diary, "of being up North by next Sunday, and seeing Easter Sunday at home." The hope was extravagant. The same diary records on Thursday, March 28, "This is Jewish Passover, and to celebrate we are eating roast pork and matzoth bread. To-day, sausage; and to-morrow being Good Friday, we shall probably have hot cross buns, matzoth, roast beef, and ham." Probably we did; the only change in routine of which I have a record is that the usual Saturday inspection was omitted on March 30 and held on Easter Day.

During the first and second weeks of April the weather suddenly became cold again with a flurry of snow on April 10. The dismal weather seemed to us like the expression of our dismal spirits. "It still stands cold tonight," says a letter, "and a wretched gray day it has been. Oh, I am so sick, so unutterably tired, of drilling just to kill time! We hear all sorts of rumors: that we are going to Hoboken, to Allentown, to Galveston; that the company is to be broken up to drill drafted men; that we are to be transferred to a Base Hospital and not go across at all!" On the sixteenth an unexpected review was held for "Colonel Talbot," whoever he may have been. "There were," a diary records, "an English officer, ten rear-admirals, and several other high officials. No. 8 men didn't seem to care much about making a showing, and had no spirit at all. Not even a review seems to stir them." Another member of the company, who wrote a chronicle of a dozen pages on the review held for General Gorgas, mentions this

review casually in a sentence, and adds, "Days are terribly tedious here now."

On April 18 we were ordered to take over various barracks near ours which had been left empty by outgoing troops. Our barrack groups of thirty-six were cut down to twelve, but the change had hardly been effected before we were told that we should leave our quarters entirely for a new location near Lytle which had been formerly occupied by the 6th Infantry. At eight-thirty on April 20 we were inspected by Captain Chaffee, and then got ready to move. By noon everything was packed, and immediately after dinner we hiked in a light drizzle of rain some two miles and a half to our new quarters. The new barracks, besides being in every way as comfortable as the old, were infinitely more attractive, being situated in a grove of large trees, with a Y.M.C.A. (No. 26) only a step or two away.

This second moving was disconcerting. We could interpret it only as meaning that we were not to go across for some time, and might have to stay where we were all summer. We began to think we didn't much care. Our new quarters were most comfortable, and the officers had given up the attempt to make us work hard.

On April 22 we furnished the entire guard for our new camp, forty men. Walking post through the moonlit forest while the calls blew one after another was a memory to cherish. On April 23 Sergeant Rafferty furnished a diversion by going to Chattanooga and getting married. He was, as far as I can recall, the only member of the organization who was married during the period of our service.

About the twenty-sixth it became clear that very definite measures were at last being taken for our departure. On Saturday the twenty-seventh we were subjected to an unusually severe inspection, not by our own officers, but by the Commandant of Camp Greenleaf himself. He proved to be an elderly person with a walrus mustache, Col. H. P. Birmingham, Retired, with service bars and ribbons obscuring the greater part of his uniform. As we stood at attention, he walked along the ranks, occasionally kicking our feet or thumping our chests. Men not accustomed to such insults naturally gasped with surprise and anger and looked down to see what was happening. When they did, the old Colonel chucked them sharply under the chin and lectured them on the meaning of the word "Attention." His bark, I fancy, was worse than his bite, for he passed us. The inspection of equipment and military bearing was followed by a thorough physical inspection by our own officers.

The last two days of April we spent in excited preparation for departure. We scrubbed every article of clothing we were not wearing, and waited impatiently for our washings to dry so that we could pack our barracks bags. The physical examinations were finished, and our baggage began to go to Lytle. On the morning of May 1 we were up early without any urging by the bugler, getting our personal equipment ready to move at ten. We rolled our packs, stuffed our barracks bags, and finally dumped the straw out of our bedding sacks. At ten o'clock we started, wild with delight, to march back toward Lytle over the road which we had so dolefully trod in the opposite direction four months before.

CHAPTER FOUR

En Route.

THERE were no cars waiting for us when we arrived at Lytle, but the lack of transportation did not strike us with such dismay as it had at Slocum. The weather was warm, and if worse came to worst, we could encamp in our pup tents where we were. One thing was reasonably sure—that we should not go back to Fort Oglethorpe. We dumped our packs on the wooded hillside which slopes up from the station at Lytle, ate dinner (our camp stoves were already set aboard baggage cars, and in operation), and sat down to wait. Just before two our train appeared in the distance. What a shout! Until that moment, we had not been able completely to convince ourselves that we were actually on the way to France. But those cars could mean only one thing, and that the realization of our most extravagant hopes. It took us only a few minutes to load ourselves aboard, and at two-thirty on the afternoon of May 1 we pulled out of Lytle station forever.

The train on which we found ourselves might, as far as appearances went, have been the very same as that on which we had come down from Slocum. But in everything else, how different! Then we were a mob of unorganized, distrustful, sick, and unshaved hoodlums, whose one burning desire was to escape from the army and go back home. Now we were a unit of healthy (and for the moment deliriously happy) soldiers, inured to

hardship, able to arrange things for our own comfort even in the most unpromising situations, and looking eagerly forward to the adventure of service at the front. But if a transformation had been worked in us, the country itself had experienced a greater. We had slunk down to Fort Oglethorpe in the depths of a winter chill that reflected both our apathy and that of the people we saw on the way. We had paid little attention to the inhabitants of the towns through which we passed, and they had pretty much ignored us. But between January and May, the country had worked itself up to a tremendous pitch of war enthusiasm. From Chattanooga to Camp Merritt our trip was a triumphal procession. Red Cross women met us at the stations, showering us with gifts, whistles blew, and everyone shouted and waved flags. The intensity of enthusiasm steadily increased as we went north, until in Pennsylvania it passed all bounds. "Every whistle and bell within miles was playing tunes," says a letter, "people crowded the windows of houses and factories, everybody's hat was off, everybody was yelling himself hoarse; Red Cross ladies at every station with apples and cigarettes, pretty girls shaking hands with us through the car windows—I am still quite drunk with the excitement of it. The most touching sight was the intense patriotism old people displayed. Time and again, we would see an old, bent, gray-haired woman waving a great flag at us, or an old man swinging his hat and cheering like a boy. And I suppose they see a troop train almost every day. Still, ours was a wonderful train! Fifteen coaches of soldiers, with our field kitchens going at full blast, their

stovepipes out the doors of the baggage cars, and *us* all leaning out the windows." The trip was one mad panorama of noise and excitement. I cannot find that anyone recorded any distinct impressions of the separate towns along the way. We were intoxicated with glory. It was, as far as purely pleasurable emotion was concerned, the peak of our war experience.

About three on the afternoon of May 3 we arrived at Cresskill station, and at once shouldered our packs for the brief march to Camp Merritt, near Tenafly, New Jersey, where we were to wait for our sailing orders. We were extremely fortunate in being sent there, for Camp Merritt was probably the most comfortable camp in the United States. The barracks were built in two stories, stained on the outside (which gave them an air of elegance quite unusual for the army), and were remarkably light and airy. The mess was excellent, though, as we had to share our mess hall with a field hospital, we had often to wait an uncomfortably long time for meals. But the thing which chiefly distinguished this camp was the extraordinary number of places of recreation, and the lavish way in which money had been spent to make things as cheerful and homelike as possible for the men in the last few days they were to spend in their native land. Besides the enormous structures of the Y.M.C.A. and Knights of Columbus, which extended to all men in uniform the social privileges familiar to us at Oglethorpe, the general public had provided at Merritt many other agencies of relaxation and amusement quite peculiar to the camp. As Merritt was the nearest encampment to New York City, it had naturally come to be

regarded as New York's own, and a proper object of attention for all the benevolent institutions of the great metropolis. On the skirts of the camp was the Hostess House, a homelike place where men who could not get passes might meet their relatives. Within the camp was Merritt Hall, a vast low structure, finished attractively inside, and looking something like the lobby, grill, parlors, and writing rooms of a great hotel, with a library thrown in for good measure. One whole wing was in the charge of the American Library Association. Here there were tables for writing, great easy chairs and settees, plants, vases of flowers, a splendid fireplace, and, in low shelves about the walls, thousands of books, provided gratis for the soldier's use. He was allowed to take them out to read in camp, and might even carry away a reasonable number with him to France.

There was no military duty at Merritt except to be on hand for various inspections. Every article of our clothing and equipment was carefully examined, and anything that showed signs of wear replaced. In addition to our former equipment, the Government presented each of us with a neat new safety razor in a khaki kit, with a trench mirror. (Most of us, I fancy, are still using those razors.) Our steel helmets also arrived, impressing us with the fact that we were soon to be in places where ordinary headgear would hardly be sufficient, but for the present they were left boxed with the quartermaster's stores. Our records were all carefully gone over and checked, and everyone again given a physical examination.

These inspections took up only a fraction of the time.

The greater part of the day we could use as we pleased. Those who lived near at hand got passes for twenty-four hours to go home. Others spent too brief moments of reunion with mothers, wives, or sweethearts at the Hostess House. The camp was full of relatives. However, very few of us were near enough home to see any of our people at all. In spite of its luxurious appointments, Merritt was a rather sad place. We lay soberly on our cots, pretending to be asleep, thinking deep thoughts, or tried to brave it out in Merritt Hall, where it seemed as though every soldier in the world except ourselves had his mother or sweetheart with him.

Very early on the morning of Thursday, May 9, we rolled our packs, and marched down to Cresskill station, where, after a brief wait, we took a train for Hoboken. All along the way to the station relatives and friends accompanied us, and remained with us until we finally pulled out. Our marching through Hoboken caused little excitement; these people were fed up with seeing soldiers. Suddenly we were at the docks, with great dazzle-painted ships lying on every side. An ocean liner always gives one a thrill, but, oh! the thrill of seeing at last the boat which was to take us to France after four months "spent training for the sight!" We entered the vast, echoing sheds, passed boat after boat, and finally stopped beside the smallest and least impressive vessel we had seen that morning, a vessel bearing an Italian name, the *Caserta*. We had secretly expected it. Things for some time had been going much too well. Our quarters, we found, were the very worst in this very bad ship, at the lowest level, far below the water line. All the luxury of

staterooms had been abolished, except for the officers. The whole middle of the ship had been cleared out and filled with tiers of rough wooden bunks. Our dungeon naturally had no portholes, but received such light as it did get from the open hatch in the deck, far above. The impression one received as he looked up was something like that of being in a well, a shaft having been left open from the hatch, down through the various levels of bunks, to our quarters. At the bottom of the well, under the hatch, were built rough tables, while the bunks rose up in tiers on all four sides. It was pitch dark at all times in the tiers against the sides of the vessel, and there was none too much light anywhere. When it rained, or the sea was rough enough to break over the deck, the hatch had to be covered up with canvas, which allowed still less. Below decks it was stuffy and intolerably cramped, and when everyone was on deck it was equally cramped there. Our extravagant enthusiasm for the pleasures of ocean travel on an army transport was considerably damped, and matters were not improved by the execrable mess to which we were soon served. As dark came on, we went to bed early, for lights were not permitted, and it was difficult to grope your way down into the bowels of the ship and find your own bunk in the dark.

We lay in the dock without excitement of any kind until about four-thirty the next day (May 10), when we were told that the boat was about to sail, and that we must all go below, as it was the policy of the Government to conceal as far as possible the number of soldiers sailing in a convoy. It was six before we actually

got under way. Just before the boat started, a sack of mail was brought aboard and distributed—a most fortunate diversion. We had expected at least to watch the Statue of Liberty recede as we sailed out of the harbor, but if we saw it, it was only through a porthole. We sat far down in the hold, watching the dazzle-painted masts above our hatchway as they rolled slightly against the sky, and read the last letters we should receive for weeks. When we were again allowed on deck we were well out of the harbor, and the United States showed only as a low gray line on the misty horizon. A drizzling rain had begun to fall with the coming of the dark. Our high spirits had almost completely ebbed. Going to France began to seem somewhat less glorious.

There would be little use in chronicling the separate days of our two weeks' trip, though I have before me a diary which does so, even entering faithfully not only the exact hours of eating meals but also of losing them. We were thirteen days on the way, and had had a great deal too much of ocean travel after three or four.

At best, travel in quarters so congested would have been uncomfortable. The *Caserta,* to make it worse, was small. She was an Italian liner, manned entirely by a crew of Italian seamen; was dirty and insanitary, and furnished horrible food, of which some shall hereafter be specified. We had two meals a day, with a *petit déjeuner* after the European manner. At seven (none of my sources agree as to times on shipboard—the reason was undoubtedly the bewildering changing of the time as we went east) coffee and hard bread were brought down into our dungeon. This was perhaps our most satisfactory

meal. At nine-thirty came breakfast, served on the deck unless the sea were very rough. The mess lines, instead of being long straight queues, as on land, twisted in sinuous loops around and around the narrow deck space, one part of the line moving in quite the opposite direction from the other. At four-thirty came our last meal, identical in substance, and served in the same way. Mess tables were provided on a lower deck, which was reached by a flight of iron stairs.* Everything served to us was some kind of slop. For example, we might have lamb stew in our mess kit, stewed prunes in the cover, and coffee in our cups. To manage these three dishes without tilting and spilling is a nice feat on a level floor that stands still, because two of them must be balanced in one hand, and when once one gets them filled there is no opportunity to set them down to readjust one's hold. To manage them on a rolling deck is most difficult. But to walk with them securely down a rolling flight of iron steps on which one's hobnailed shoes slip like castors, is next to impossible. It was worth getting down into the mess hall early in order to see the involuntary acrobatics that always ensued. It would be only a moment after mess began before some unfortunate would lose his footing at the very top of the stairs and come rolling down the whole distance, his mess kit clattering after him, and showering the stairs with soup, prunes, and coffee. That made the footing even less secure for those who followed, so that the percentage of misfor-

* I am not sure whether this was on the *Caserta* or on her sister ship the *America* by which I returned to the United States. But it is true to the letter.

tune was steadily accelerated in direct proportion to the length of time which had elapsed since the meal began. Later, when the sea got rougher, we had all our food brought down to our quarters, which made it somewhat easier for us, but fearfully difficult for the mess detail. To spill a heavy boiler of scalding coffee or soup would not only deprive somebody of dinner, but might prove exceedingly painful for the persons who spilled it.

There was one dainty with which we were liberally served on the *Caserta* that we shall never forget, though many of the lesser atrocities have now faded from memory. That was rabbit stew. Our hatch was near the cook's galley, and much of the meat was dressed on the open deck just beside it. On May 14 an immense heap of rabbits was piled up on the deck, and there prepared for our dinner. The rabbits were unquestionably old. They looked old, and they smelled old. Someone who assisted in dressing them maintained that one of them was wrapped in an Australian newspaper of the year 1914, and insisted that they had been in storage at least four years. That, I suppose, was an exaggeration, but there can be no doubt that the rabbits were decidedly overripe, even for game. The procedure of the Italian cooks confessed as much. It was extremely simple and direct. They stripped off the hide, and opened the belly. Then they sniffed of the carcass; if it smelled too bad, they threw it in one pile; if it smelled merely bad, they threw it in another. One pile was thrown overboard, the other we ate. All day those awful rabbits lay by our hatch, and the odor of both piles (which was "really about the same") floated down to us. We were not hungry any-

how, and many of us were actually seasick. There was no very ravenous onslaught on the rabbit stew when it appeared.

It may seem ridiculous, in chronicling a heroic adventure, to spend so much time talking about food. The fact is, that the slight feeling of nausea which the remembrance of such details evokes, symbolizes more adequately the two weeks on the *Caserta* than anything else could. It epitomizes the qualms of stomach, slight or severe, that were always with us, the insanitary toilets, the congestion, the stench. There were, of course, other troubles besides the food. One of the greatest was the shortage of water. Fresh water, brackish and warm, was provided only for drinking, and often the taps would be found to have run dry. For washing ourselves, our mess kits, and our clothes, we had only salt water. As we had not foreseen this, we had not provided ourselves with salt-water soap. Only those who have tried it have any conception of what salt water does to ordinary soap.

The greater part of our time was naturally spent on the deck. The officers had the staterooms and the promenade deck. We had the run of the front and stern of the vessel, and a narrow alleyway between. By day, every inch of floor space, hatches, and low spars, was covered with soldiers. A transport at a distance looked as though it were swarming with brown ants. The days were, in general, clear. We were one of a convoy of ten vessels, all dazzle-painted in strange cubist designs, the effect of which was not to render a ship invisible, but to make it difficult to determine exactly in which direction she

was headed. Under the rail of the largest transport nestled a trim little destroyer, which we were some time in discovering to be paint. A sturdy cruiser, very low on the water, and smoking very blackly, sailed in the center of the group, and the transports were spread out around nearly to the horizon, like overgrown chickens about a hen. The submarines at this time were everywhere and made trouble for nearly every convoy. We were permitted no lights of any kind after dark, and were strictly forbidden to throw anything overboard in the daytime. Besides the cruiser, each vessel had the additional protection of at least one gun of its own, at which a gun crew spent hours at drill and target practice. When we reached the danger zone, we were issued life preservers, and were ordered to wear them day and night. We were also subjected to frequent boat (more correctly raft) drills. I cannot remember now whether we were much worried about the submarines or not. Perhaps, lying far down in the hold below the line of the water, which we heard rushing past the iron sides of the vessel as we lay in our bunks, we had some uncomfortable moments as we wondered what would happen to us if the ship were torpedoed while we were all below. But no submarines ever molested us, though one of the transports in our convoy was sunk on the return trip. They must have sighted us, and probably followed us, but the cruiser (and destroyers which met us later) probably scared them off. At any rate, we saw nothing of them, though one day there was something like excitement over what looked like one. The report of the convoy commander in the Office of Naval Records dismisses the flurry with

the following terse entry: "3.50 P.M., 20 May, FREDERICK fired five rounds at some object on her port beam, distant about one thousand yards. Shortly afterwards, signalled to the convoy, 'false alarm.' "

The weather, on the whole, was remarkably clear and sunny, and for the first half of the trip the sea was reasonably smooth. But on the sixteenth, when we were nearing the Azores, the sea became rougher, and from then on we ran in swells that rolled our small vessel unmercifully. A letter written on May 18 by a man who had never before crossed the ocean, will perhaps present the scene more vividly:

"I shall never enjoy an ocean voyage. In the first place, I was disappointed in the ocean. The narrowness of the horizon amazed me. The horizon is so much nearer than it is on the land. With all our ships together it actually looks crowded. I can't persuade myself that I am a thousand miles or more from shore. It seems to me that land is lurking just over the edge, and, to tell the truth, I don't feel in the least worried by the lack of it. I'll tell you what it is like: those scenes of heaving billows one sees cast on a movie screen—you feel as though it might be impressive if you could only see enough of it. And it's cold and rather terrible. Doré's sea pictures are right; dull, and hard, and gloomy. When the sun shines, it's a most ridiculous blue, not a crystalline transparent blue, but a vivid opaque indigo, with powdery white foam when a wave curls and breaks.

"Waves! The first five days or so, the sea was as calm as a lake and looked much like one. Then the wind blew steadily all one day, and ever since the boat has rolled

and rolled in the most monotonous, even, maddening manner you can imagine. If it would only let up for just an hour so that I could get sound asleep! But it never does. My idea of ocean waves was far from correct. I supposed they were great sharp-cut mountains with curling crests and troughs like valleys. Maybe there are waves like that—my experience is far from extensive. But I haven't seen any. When you're on a crest, the sea doesn't look rough; just choppy, with nice little whitecaps scattered about in an indiscriminate manner. Then all of a sudden—whoosh! a great gently sloping bulge swells right up out of the level, and kicks you out of the water until one rail almost dips under. Then—whoosh! down the side you slip with a great foaming and gurgling, and the other rail almost dips under. The water around the boat looks like Army milk (one can of condensed milk to 3¾ quarts of water), and you can hardly see over the top of the wave. And then you see that the whole ocean is divided into these great shallow swells, about a dozen of them reaching clear to the horizon. They toss a big iron boat around ridiculously. And this, I suppose, isn't really a rough sea, but just normal."

On the night of the twenty-second, Evacuation Eight arranged an impromptu concert for all the enlisted men aboard ship, which went so well that the officers demanded its repetition on their deck. It was now clear that we were headed for a French port, and probably Brest. On the nineteenth, many small birds had come to meet us, assuring us that we were not far from some land. On the morning of the twenty-third (perhaps even

the day before) several beautiful little submarine destroyers came out to convoy us in, wonderfully slender and swift little craft, that rolled so in the swells that the man in the crow's nest swung from the waves on one side in a great arc down to the waves on the other. We decided that life on a destroyer must be considerably worse than life on a transport. About ten, land came in sight. "What a noise!" says a diary, "if any submarine had been within twenty miles it would have heard us." An hour later we passed a lighthouse, and soon were steaming up the narrow estuary that leads into Brest harbor, the old German pirate *Appam* leading, and the *Caserta* at the end of the line.

The first sight of a foreign country after a long voyage at sea gives a thrill that is not merely that of seeing land again. One sees land, to use Cordelia's phrase, with washed eyes, as something new and inexpressibly lovely. And of all lands and cities, is any lovelier than Brittany or more picturesque than Brest? As we sailed up the estuary, no wider than a river between its tall banks of emerald green, we watched the graceful maneuvers of the little boats with colored sails that skimmed the water all about us, and wondered what lay behind those hills for us. Now we are at the dock (that strange dock where the tide rises and falls twenty feet or more), the buildings piling up in massive heaps toward the sky, in which a small round orange colored dirigible is droning and circling. France at last!

The whole company lay that night aboard the ship. The next day (May 24), at about 2.00 P.M., half the company marched out to Pontanezen barracks. The

other half remained behind to help unload the vessel. Let us stay behind with one of the latter group, because he has made a fairly full record of the appearance of a French port in war time.

"So many, many new things!" he writes, "I am quite intoxicated by them all. Can you realize that our convoy carried the largest number of human beings that ever crossed the Atlantic at once in the history of the world? And I understand that a larger has arrived since. I was one of a detail left behind to unload the ship. People don't realize the quantity of material which has to go across to maintain a soldier. I think the weight is estimated at five thousand pounds. The magnitude of the War never really came home to me until I saw what was in the hold of that vessel, under the place where we were quartered—and I supposed that we were in the very bottom of the ship! Soldiers' barracks-bags, tinned food, troop boxes, carts, forges, flour, oats, pig-iron, and tons of various miscellaneous equipment—it was all packed in as it happened to fit best. There must have been half a million dollars' worth of flour in our vessel alone. We stayed down in the hold and piled the stuff indiscriminately into a great square rope net, hooked the four corners to a big hook which dangled down on a cable, and then got out from under while a steam winch swung it up and out over the side to the dock. The method of unloading seemed to me much less efficient than that which had stowed the material away so carefully and securely. When the cable tightened, and the net drew tight, the wooden boxes inside would groan and crack, and occasionally one would fall back into the hold. One

part of the cargo consisted of large wooden cartons of Camel cigarettes, which we piled in very carelessly, in hope that one *would* fall back and break open. One *did* fall, and the wooden box split wide open, but, alas! the cigarettes were soldered into a tin box inside. Occasionally the negroes managing the winch (whose chief desire seemed to be speed rather than care) would deposit the entire contents of the net into the water between the side of the boat and the dock. I remember seeing boxes containing delicate artillery instruments bobbing like corks in the water. Some of the flour was doused, too. I wonder what it will taste like when the men finally get it to eat? Another detachment of men received the material on the dock and piled it into big American trucks, which hauled it to the sorting yards, where it was sorted out and sent to the proper destination.

"Some German prisoners were loading coal at the dock, guarded by bristling little French soldiers, their bayoneted guns strapped on their backs. I wondered what the Germans thought as they saw these great ships pouring out this inexhaustible stream of men and materials day after day. Indeed, the stream is increasing. All day troops marched through the quiet streets of the old, old town, and when I came on deck at midnight, the line was still moving by, and the steam winches were just as busily swinging their freight over the side. The moonlight made a long path down the quiet water of the harbor, touching here a transport, there a broad flat freight scow, a tug, a motor launch, a beautiful little sail boat—all flying the Stars and Stripes in a port

which has hardly seen that flag on a commercial vessel in half a century.

"Can you imagine the way the dock looks? Day and night hundreds of American negro soldiers work there in dusty blue denim overalls, loading flour on absurd little French box cars. In the middle of the night you can see them coming to work in fresh shifts, laughing and singing, boisterously taking the place of locomotives to push the cars about. German prisoners are dumping coal into cars from buckets swung on a steel crane made in Cleveland, Ohio. American soldiers are trucking boxes past a withered old Frenchman with broad brimmed hat and great straw-stuffed wooden sabots, who is mournfully shoveling gravel into an ancient two-wheeled cart drawn by a beautiful red stallion. On the summit of the hill is a château with a pointed tower, and near the water front, behind a massive wall, is a great gloomy pile, part of which, they say, dates back to the time of Julius Caesar.

"This morning (May 26), we marched some five kilometres to camp. As we started to ascend the winding ramps that lead up from the water front we were mobbed by swarms of children begging for 'ceegarettes' and 'pennees.' They ranged from little urchins who could hardly toddle, up to boys of fourteen, handsome little beggars, and fairly well dressed, too, though, as it appeared to us, very quaintly. Up to the time they put on long trousers, the boys wear black aprons, which cover their breeches. I could hardly believe that they all smoked, and asked, as well as I could, why they wanted

tobacco. A little fellow, who walked beside me for a mile, told me what I might have guessed. They all have fathers or big brothers at the front who cannot afford to buy tobacco (a French soldier's pay is about $1.50 a month), and these rumpled cigarettes are carefully stored up and sent to them. This boy had two brothers at war, one in Italy and one in Flanders. He himself would be fourteen, he said 'le mois prochain.'

"The country is beautiful as a dream, a Corot landscape everywhere. The vegetation is all very dark green and wonderfully luxuriant. The trees beside the fields have been cut off to prevent their shading the crops, but are allowed to cover themselves with green shoots so as to make quaint dwarf trees. The fields are small, and divided off by hedges of raspberry and other low bushes. There are many trees I never saw before, smothered with ivy and dense with foliage. The sky is as blue as crystal glass. We marched along sunken roads that the Romans must have built, past walled châteaux with long avenues of horse-chestnuts and immense iron gates, a keeper's lodge just inside. Occasionally we saw natives on the road, the women very dark, thin, and un-French looking, dressed invariably in black, with great starched white kerchiefs."

Pontanezen barracks, as everyone knows, later became a scandal. Conditions there in the autumn of 1918 were so bad that an investigation was ordered. But it would have been impossible to imagine a more delightful or interesting spot than Pontanezen in May of that same year. So far as I can remember, the only hardship

we had to endure was to sleep on bare duckboards without mattresses. But the ground was perfectly dry, and we could sleep on that if we preferred. Our chronicler has also recorded his impressions of Pontanezen:

"We are in a camp built, they say, by Napoleon. I can't tell you how strange it looks to see the American flag floating over the gate (for the camp is entirely surrounded by a high stone wall), and a new Y.M.C.A. building nestling in between the old white stucco barracks. Back of the barracks we have pitched tents, and made a typical American encampment. [It was the lack of barracks when the rainy season set in later that made Pontanezen so bad.] There is a great smooth white square in the center—the old parade ground—where the boys are now playing soccer and 'one old cat.' We are shown all sorts of interesting horrors: where Napoleon shot his deserters, where the gallows stood, even where there was once a guillotine. I am skeptical, but I suppose there must have been a gallows. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole place is the old laundry where we wash our clothes, which needed washing sadly after their regimen of salt water on the boat. It is built in the corner of the wall, and one goes down to it by a flight of stone steps. It is a square, with an open court in the middle. The tile roof slopes down to the court, and pours the rain water into cisterns. There are two great square stone tubs with sides two feet thick. Clear water runs in through a barrel (where one can rinse his clothes), and the dirty water escapes by a stone channel. Great patches of live-forever have grown in

crevices in the corner of the wall, and their red blossoms make gaudy patches of color against the gray stones."

Pontanezen was merely a rest camp. Companies landing at Brest went there to stay only until their equipment was sorted out and reloaded, and orders arrived for their next move. There was nothing whatever to do there except "detail" and rest. The camp boasted one tiny French canteen where, after standing in line an hour, one might buy dates, Camembert cheese, and occasionally chocolate, though our ravenous appetite for candy exhausted in a few minutes the meager stock as fast as it arrived. Civilians, who are surfeited with sweets, can form no conception of the soldier's craving for candy. The only chocolate we were able to buy (the "Chocolat Menier" so lavishly advertised everywhere in France on signs and placards) was hard and coarse grained, but we treasured scraps of it more than gold.

Although Evacuation Four had preceded us from Oglethorpe, we overtook them at Pontanezen, and celebrated the reunion by playing a ball game with them, in which we won, seven to six. But the most vivid memory of our stay at Pontanezen barracks is that of two hikes which we were allowed to make under the conduct of some of our officers. The first hike was to a quaint little Breton town several kilometers north of the camp. I have not recorded its name, which is not of much importance, as there must be scores in the vicinity which could be described in the same words. It was a delight beyond words after the confinement and stench of the *Caserta* to swing along the road in the open country, drenched with the glorious clear sunshine, drinking the air sweet

with the fragrance of the broom which clothed the shaggy pastures.* The little village was amazingly quaint. We bargained in very bad French (which did not seem to matter if it were supplemented with good money) for dried figs and fresh strawberries, and visited the ancient gray church with its shrine of Our Lady gay with wild flowers, and a new statue of Joan of Arc beside the altar. A bevy of Breton children, who came clattering in in wooden sabots, sat quietly listening to the priest, who was telling them of "la fontaine de Béthesde, où l'ange descendait du ciel et troublait les eaux." On that hike we also had our first sight of a "lavoir" or village laundry, a very primitive example, but typical of all we were to see later. The banks of a little stream which flowed through a green meadow had been sloped in an even incline down to the water. The women knelt on the bank, and thumped the wet clothes on the incline

* I think that it was on this hike that our adjutant gave us the famous lecture. He was a Russian Jew, an old-time Regular-Army Medical Corps sergeant, who, because of his remarkable knowledge of the intricacies of army "paper work" had been commissioned in the Sanitary Corps. The lecture came about something as follows: As we were marching along, wild with the joy of being at large again, we met a peasant woman driving a cow. One of the men jovially slapped the animal on the rump. I do not remember that the woman was in the least annoyed, but the adjutant thought the matter too serious to be allowed to pass without comment. He ordered us to fall out on a green bank beside the road, and harangued us for several minutes on our responsibilities in this strange land. French cows could not be expected to understand American manners; "their vays were not our vays." There was a great deal more of it, but the same refrain came in at every sentence: "Their vays are not our vays."

with heavy wooden paddles. The washed clothes lay bleaching on the hedges. Among the old French women were several American soldiers in their undershirts, thumping and scrubbing with loud laughter and exclamation.

Our other hike took us into Brest itself. The memory of our delight at its quaintness and of our shocked horror at the frankness of its public sanitary conveniences still lingers, but outside of that I cannot remember much except food. Some few did go to the old château and shuddered at the *oubliette* where the corpses of those who had died or been put to death in the vast prison were shot into the waters of the harbor, and we all paced the Place des Portes and the Cours d'Ajot. But our chief attention was not given to works of art. Fresh strawberries, done up in a twist of newspaper, could be purchased from innumerable women vendors on the streets, and the little cafés offered such delicacies as fresh eggs, which we never received in the army. France, we decided, though queer and very backward, was a remarkably fine place.

On the last day of May we hiked back to Brest with full packs, and about 6.00 P.M. entrained aboard a string of those famous French box cars known generally as "side-door Pullmans" or "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." Forty men can ride very comfortably in an American box car. Indeed, an American box car with a good layer of straw in the bottom and not too many men aboard makes, for a man who is roughly dressed and not too fastidious, quite as comfortable a means of long distance travel as a regulation Pullman. But a French box car is hardly half

the size of one of ours, and is (to our way of thinking) ridiculously light and flimsy in construction. As nearly as I could determine by pacing, the distance between the front and rear trucks is about fourteen feet. There are no air brakes, the lack being supplied by shock absorbers at each end—large disks the size of dinner plates, which clash loudly together when the cars bump. But even granting that forty men are too generous an allowance for comfort in a car of this size, we might still have traveled with more comfort than we did. If one is to be comfortable, there must be nothing whatever in the car to prevent his stretching out at full length on the floor. (The regulation way is to lie crosswise of the car, head to foot.) These cars were equipped with a diabolical arrangement of heavy plank seats, which were very convenient during the day, but made it absolutely impossible to get any sleep at night. There was not a spot in the car where a man could stretch himself out flat. More than this, we had been strictly forbidden to throw any refuse out of the car. On this trip we were living on cold canned rations—corned beef, beans, and hard-tack, and at first, though the tracks on both sides were knee deep in rusted tin cans, we dutifully threw our empty tins on the floor and tried to sleep on them. A greasy corned beef can with a jagged top is not a pleasant thing to stick one's ear into.

It would be hard to imagine conditions of travel more uncomfortable. But I think we complained little, for the country through which we were passing was so beautiful and interesting that it occupied all our attention. From Brest, the most westerly point of France, we crossed

nearly the entire breadth of the country at its widest part. A tourist company could not have planned a more interesting trip. The larger cities along our route included Rennes, Laval, Le Mans, Angers, Tours, Bourges, Nevers, and Dijon. We were not, unfortunately, well read in French history and geography, and none of us had provided himself with a Baedeker. The towns along the way were only towns, new and strange and wonderful. There is little by which to remember them separately. Diaries and letters speak of crops planted on the mountain sides, of beautiful trees and fields of clover and buttercups, of cattle and shaded roads and inviting streams. In each man's memory some few glimpses of the shifting kaleidoscope will have fixed themselves firmly: perhaps the buttresses of the cathedral of Le Mans in the distance as our train lies in the squalor of the yards; or the broad Loire at Tours shimmering in the sunset, and the strange cliff houses there, with their chimneys sticking up through the turf above; or a solitary purple foxglove growing wild on a hillside; or the bleak cheerlessness of the acres of track at Is-sur-Tille. How unlike what we had expected, this sitting in the door of a box car and dangling our legs out, as we watched the placid pastoral beauty of France, apparently untouched by war, unrolling itself so sweetly before us, as though we were mere tourists! And it was just in those days that the Germans were driving on unchecked in that last savage advance that brought them almost to the gates of Paris.

Our long journey was interrupted by frequent stops, when we had an opportunity to get hot coffee, or to

stroll about beside the cars to ease our cramped limbs. American soldiers, condemned forever to the S.O.S., cheered us wistfully as we passed. The smaller villages and crossings seemed almost deserted, and for miles our train would seem to be the only evidence of life in a depopulated country. The natives waved and cheered, but faintly, as though in the spell of a great terror. At Dijon there was a large American Red Cross which gave us candy and cigarettes besides our coffee. That night we stopped in the gloomy yards of Is-sur-Tille, said then to be the largest railroad terminal in the world. The days were clear and bright, but the nights were cold, and that night unbearably so. Near at hand was a small Y.M.C.A. building, and before morning nearly the whole company was there, playing the piano and singing. It was well into the afternoon of June 3 before we finally got away from Is-sur-Tille.

So far, we had been well south of the actual zone of fighting. But, as we drew north toward Toul, we began to see on the darkening sky faint flashes like the northern lights or heat lightning, and to hear the faint mutter of distant thunder. When we were told that it was the flashing and roar of the guns at the front, we were thrilled but somewhat incredulous. How different modern warfare is from what one expects! The actual fighting takes place in only the narrowest fringe of the area occupied by an army. One may go by train almost to the very front, and live there for months with little more knowledge of what life in the trenches is like than he could obtain at home in New York City.

At nine-fifty on June 3 we arrived at our destination,

Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, near Neufchâteau, a little town of no geographical importance whatever, but which had been chosen long before as a good strategical position for an American hospital center. We detrained, very tired and stiff, and slept cold on the bare floors of barracks which we hunted out in the dark, making ourselves as comfortable as we could with our blankets and overcoats.* It will be necessary to pause here for a little to explain why we were sent to Bazoilles, and why, almost as soon as we got there, we were sent back over the route we had just traveled.

When the American Army arrived in France, there was a good deal of disagreement as to the status on which it should operate. General Pershing naturally wished for the American armies to preserve their identity, and be assigned a sector of the front as their own particular project. The other Allied generals would have preferred to use the American troops as replacement

* The officers had their troubles, too, as the following anecdote testifies: "We arrived at Bazoilles in the late afternoon, and when we had eaten our dinner it was dark. Rows of empty barracks had been prepared for the patients expected. We were assigned to sleep that night in ward number five. We started out, loaded with our hand baggage, but lost our way, and after about half an hour's tramping arrived at the only lighted barrack in the vicinity, which we found to be occupied by Annamites, French Indo-Chinese. We attempted without success to inquire the way from them; they spoke French, but, like us, they spoke it their own way. Irving Berlfein, who was assisting with the luggage, had been in France before the War and offered to act as interpreter. He began, 'Parlez-vous français?' 'Oui, oui, monsieur,' replied the Annamites. Berlfein pondered a moment, and then in desperation blurted out, 'Well, where the hell is number five?' " R.C.W.

battalions for the French and British lines, which were already holding the trenches. In the end, General Pershing prevailed, and chose, or was assigned, as the American sector, the line east of Verdun, a part of the front which was then quiet. Back of this area a vast and complicated service of supplies was being built up, including the necessary hospital centers. Bazoilles-sur-Meuse was one of the places where it was intended to concentrate the resources of several hospital organizations. For this purpose a considerable number of wooden barracks had been erected, and were awaiting companies to take them over. In the normal course of things, we should have encamped there, equipped our operating rooms and wards, and held ourselves in readiness for the moment when General Pershing thought the time had come to order a general advance. But these plans were roughly upset. In the spring of 1918, as everyone knows, the Germans launched a series of furious and successful drives against the French and British lines. The first thrust, beginning on March 21, was directed against the British, in the direction of Amiens, and all but succeeded in separating the French and British armies. In the crisis the Allies elected General Foch commander in chief, and General Pershing placed the American troops at his disposal without reservation. The plans for independent American operations were temporarily suspended. The second assault (April 9–26) was also against the British, farther to the north. These first two drives had taken place before we left Oglethorpe. I remember our arguing with some heat whether the War would be over if the Germans should

break through to the south and take Paris. While we were resting at Pontanezen barracks, they made the attempt. On May 27 their third drive broke the French line, swept across the Aisne and the Vesle, and pressed on to the Marne, a gain of thirty miles in three days. The peak of the advance rested at Château-Thierry on the Marne, forty miles east and slightly north of Paris. General Foch asked Pershing for his best available troops. Pershing at once sent in the Third Division to hold the bridges at Château-Thierry and to prevent the Germans from penetrating farther south, and the Second to stop any German advance westward on Paris. Since June 1, while we had been jaunting across France, the Second had been suffering fearful casualties in the memorable battle of Belleau Woods. No American hospital service had been organized back of this part of the line, and the French, because of their great loss of hospitals and materials in the German advance, found themselves unable to care adequately even for their own wounded. An evacuation hospital was urgently needed back of Château-Thierry. Although we were far away in the Vosges, we were the only evacuation hospital in France then available. We had hardly reached Bazoilles-sur-Meuse before the order arrived for us to go back and set up our hospital somewhere northeast of Paris.

Of course, at the time we knew little of this. We understood we were to stay only a day or two at Bazoilles, but we had no very clear idea of where we were going or what we were to do. Meanwhile, we made the most of the day or two at Bazoilles. Our camp was not exciting. It consisted, as has been said, of a great area of portable

wooden barracks, made of wooden flats nailed together, most of them still empty and deserted. Near at hand was the encampment of a labor battalion of Annamites (French Indo-Chinese). The village itself, on the cold, weedy Meuse, was dirty, romantic, and interesting. As no American soldier could be expected to pronounce its name, it had by general consent been rechristened with a racy English approximation, which is unfortunately unprintable. Base Hospital Eighteen, the famous Johns Hopkins unit, had long been established here, with its headquarters in the château of the great family of the place (which bore the Scotch name of Drummond and had, in fact, been founded by one of the brave gentlemen exiled for his attachment to the Stuarts), and many additional wooden barracks in service as wards. It was here that we got our first idea of what our work would be like, though the majority of the patients were convalescent gas victims, and we had been trained and equipped for surgery. It was here, moreover, that we heard from the patients our first stories of actual experience at the front. In the large hospital it was possible for nearly anyone to find either someone he knew, or someone who knew a friend of his. In the graveyard of the old village church (which I suppose was dedicated to St. Martin since it bore over the door a quaint relief of a man on horseback cutting off part of his cloak) we peered at the graves with their strange and pathetic decorations of metal wreaths and flowers, and were especially taken with the beautiful little tomb chapel where reposed the dead of the family of Drummond, Comtes de Melfort, "représentant en France la branche

écossaise qui a suivé le roi Jacques II dans son exil, et qui est resté fidèle à la race royale des Stuarts." And there was another cemetery more interesting even than this. A letter describes it as follows:

"Next to the hospital is the pathetic little cemetery where the men who die in the hospital are buried. Each grave has a little green cross of wood with the man's identification tag nailed to it, and an American flag. The cemetery is new, and the graves still look raw and bare. A few French soldiers, some English, and two Russians sleep here, alongside the American boys who came four thousand miles to die in a foreign country. I suppose in the years to come these poor graves will be an object of love to the French people here, and that they will never lack loving hands to keep them green. As Shelley said of the cemetery at Rome where his own ashes were later to rest, 'It would make one almost in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place.' " I copy these words with all their sentimentality, because of their present grim irony. The graves were not suffered long to remain, and it was in removing the bodies from this very cemetery at Bazoilles that the men of the Graves Registration Service came upon that horror of men who had been executed, the nooses still on their necks and black caps over their faces. It was apparently this shocking discovery, widely reported and flagrantly exaggerated, which caused the excitable Senator Watson to make his sensational charges of wholesale executions among the American troops. The senatorial investigation showed that, although there were only eleven

military executions in the A.E.F., two of them occurred in Bazoilles.

It was at Bazoilles that we were first freed from surveillance since leaving Camp Merritt, with a result that could easily have been predicted. Several of the company had suffered from extreme drought ever since they joined the army, for it had really been extremely difficult and expensive for a man in uniform to procure liquor in the United States. I cannot remember that I ever saw a drunken soldier at Oglethorpe. In France, the natives were supposed not to sell liquor to anyone except between certain hours, and not to sell distilled liquor to Americans at any time. As a matter of fact, it was easy enough, provided you had the money, to obtain anything you wanted whenever you wanted it. Our dry friends started out valiantly to make up for lost time. One of them (whose immediate reaction to liquor was always fight) assaulted an inoffensive little Annamite, and drew blood. His countrymen came flocking in answer to his screams, and in a few minutes the whole Chinese encampment was in an uproar, shrieking, gesticulating, apparently vowing bloody Oriental revenge. They outnumbered us, and we suspected that, though they were non-combatants like ourselves, they all had murderous knives concealed about their persons. They spoke no English, and we spoke no Chinese, and neither of us spoke much French. I don't remember what was done to assuage their anger, but it finally passed off without violence. Sergeant Hennion, in a great pet, gave us a furious scolding at our next formation. The sub-

stance of what he said up in a little poem by Sergeant O'Meara:

"I'll see Paris and you won't!"
In rage the Sergeant shouted;
"All of you will realize
For punching Chinese 'tween the eyes
Your liberty's discounted.
Where's the man that did this trick?
One pace forward, make it quick—
My orders have been flouted.

"I'll see Paris and you won't!"
Roared the Sergeant Major;
"Fightin's plenty at the front—
You'll have enough, I'll wager;
For punching these defenseless men
I'll place you all within the pen;
You'll then be out of danger!"

On Thursday, June 6, we were routed out at three in the morning, had a light mess, and entrained again. Our hospital equipment was still aboard the cars. By ten-thirty we got off on a route that headed for Paris. From Bazoilles, we continued north to Toul, which was then (and remained long after) on the edge of the battle front. Many French soldiers were about, and told us with great concern of the drive on Paris. Planes were patrolling the sky, and that night we saw to the north, only a few miles distant, the flashes of shells and airplane bombs, and heard the dull concussion of their explosion. From Toul we passed through Commercy, Bar-le-Duc, and Vitry-le-Français. The main line to Paris

would normally have taken us through Châlons, Château-Thierry, and Meaux. For a very good reason, this route was out of the question. That night we headed west and south, passing the lines at Coulommiers. On the afternoon of June 7 we arrived in the yards at Le Bourget, in the northern suburbs of Paris, and lay there several hours. This was the nearest the company as a whole ever came to the metropolis of France. From where we lay the Eiffel Tower was clearly visible above the sky line of the great city. Numberless planes were patrolling the sky, in expectation of the nightly air raid. We were too excited to sleep, and sat up to watch the German planes come over, but, for a wonder, none appeared that night. Some time about midnight we left the yards, and ran north on the line to Meaux, through Claye and Dammartin to St. Mard, a little station halfway between Paris and Château-Thierry. On the morning of Saturday, June 8, 1918, we marched out of St. Mard, down a long straight shaded road, turning off to the left after some three kilometers into the streets of an old town. . . . We clatter up the narrow ways, turn sharply to the right, and find on our right the village church, and, almost directly across, a great pile of venerable buildings, evidently some sort of a school. Over the grand old white gateway floats an American flag. Our column turns into the gate, marches along a cobbled drive with a great building on the right and a wall on the left, passes at the corner of the building a great festering heap of bloody bandages and the awful *débris* of the operating room, and comes out on a beautiful greensward upon which many more buildings face. At

the end a smiling little lake, on which swans are swimming, reflects the luxuriant foliage of a park of ancient trees, among which strange quaint statues are interspersed. From the nearest building on the right a cathedral-like apse projects toward us, on the gable peak of which a sweetly serious Virgin holds out the swaddled figure of the Divine Child, his arms stretched out in the posture of the Cross. Beside us, old, old stone steps go down to a clear fountain which springs in a sparkling jet from the wall. Ambulances are driving in, feverishly unloading their freight of long brown litters heavy with prostrate forms. We are at the old Collège de Juilly, Seine-et-Marne, and the great battle of Belleau Woods is on.

CHAPTER FIVE

Juilly. Belleau Woods and Château-Thierry.

NO quarters have as yet been prepared for us, and it is imperative that we waste no time hunting for any. We drop our packs on the beautiful green lawn, where a line of our great brown ward tents is later to stand, and sit down on the grass to snatch a hasty dinner. Within thirty minutes of our arrival we are all at work. Our officers, indeed, who preceded us to town, have been in the operating rooms some time, having taken only time enough to scrub up. We are told off into details, pretty much at random, and assigned for duty in the receiving ward, the operating rooms, the surgical wards, to dig graves and bury the dead; in short, to perform all the multifarious tasks of a large evacuation hospital jammed with wounded.

Let us follow some of these men as they get their first impressions of war surgery. The separate glimpses will be confused, but the very confusion will make the picture more adequate. Our first man is assigned to Ward D. Ward D, he finds, is a detached building in the corner of the lawn, facing the great building with the statue of the Virgin at its peak. He goes up the steps, crosses a narrow entry, and looks in. What a strange room—large and bare, with the further end elevated like a stage. It *is* a stage. The place was evidently the

theater of the school. Now it is filled with cots; not only the floor, but even the stage, from which all the scenery has been stripped. The cots are lined up as thick as they will go, with only the narrowest alleys for walking between, and every cot has a wounded man on it. After all, the place looks a little more like a civilian hospital than he had expected. The beds are made up with sheets, covered, to be sure, with the inevitable army blankets, but the men have been completely undressed and clothed in various styles of Red Cross hospital shirts—short white gowns with loose sleeves, tying with strings at the back. It is in the only too obvious evidence of terrible wounds that one realizes that this is a war hospital. Here lies a fair-haired boy of eighteen or so, his eyes closed, his neck and shoulder exposed to show a great bulky wad of bandage over the stump of an arm amputated near the shoulder. Here is an older man, haggard, unshaven, and ugly, his knees drawn up over his distended stomach, a look of peculiar and characteristic agony on his face. He has a severe wound of the abdomen, and has not much longer to suffer. He struggles to repress the frequent coughing fits which tear him with pain. He is continually calling out something in a language that is not English. There are some French wounded here, but the card tied to the head of his cot shows that he is an American, an immigrant who enlisted before he had mastered the language of his adopted country. There is a black-haired youngster who has lost his leg above the knee. The majority of the others have suffered less severely, but there is not a man here who has not escaped death scores of times in the

last week by the narrowest of margins. Some of them are babbling in delirium, some shouting and cursing as they fight their way out of the ether dream in which they are reënacting the horror of the trenches, some in their right minds, gaily talking and joking, but the most lie in a half-waking stupor, the inevitable reaction to days of hunger, fatigue, the nervous strain of incessant deadly peril, and, finally, the shock of severe wounds, ether, and surgical operations. They have been for days without food; they have lain for hours in shallow holes with shells bursting every moment within inches of them and inflicting sudden and awful death among their comrades; their ears have been deafened with noise which in itself would produce prostration; they have walked unprotected straight into the murderous hail of machine-gun bullets; they have fought hand-to-hand with bayonets, in duels where the only possible outcome was either victory or death. These are the wounded marines from Belleau Woods. One's first shock of surprise comes from finding them so young. Most of these wounded men are boys of the age of college freshmen or a little older, boys of magnificent physique, but preserving still in contour of limb and downy cheek the grace of boyhood. The beauty of their faces is only enhanced by suffering. They have not yet wasted away with weeks of torture. Their faces are smooth and round, though drained of all color, and their pallor makes their eyes stand out with extraordinary clearness. They are now touchingly brave, self-sacrificing, grateful. Weeks in hospital will sap their courage. They will become emaciated and fretful, calling out querulously, cringing at a

touch. The hot room is pervaded with that indescribable but unforgettable atmosphere of an army hospital: fumes of ether, the heavy stench of gas gangrene and putrid infections, like the odor of decaying cabbage, and, strongest of all, the reek of chlorine from dressings wet with Dakin solution.

Some of this the new man has taken in as he stands in the door. He is not overcome with horror. He does not feel faint, even. Things are happening too fast for him to think of himself at all. He is moving in an existence apart from his own, like that of a dream. An army nurse, who was stooping over one of the patients, rises and comes to him. She is the first woman in uniform with whom he has ever had anything to do, and in the past months he has seen so little of women that her near proximity moves him strangely. He sees that she is ready to drop with fatigue. Her hair is escaping from under her cap, her face is gray and suffused with perspiration. She is so glad to see him that she nearly cries. During the last four days, this hospital has given surgical attention to nearly two thousand desperately wounded men. On June 2, it had only the personnel of a Red Cross base hospital of about 250 beds: two surgeons, twenty Red Cross nurses, a few civilian employees from the village, and, for transporting patients, half a dozen Annamite boys and a handful of French soldiers unfit for service at the front. The surgical force has been augmented by several hastily gathered teams, and day before yesterday these army nurses arrived. But the men available to lift and carry the wounded men (neither operating room is on the ground floor)

were exhausted long ago, and there have been no proper replacements. Surgeons and nurses have been carrying litters in addition to their proper duties. For the last four days hardly anyone at Juilly has worked less than twenty hours a day.

There is no time now for chat. "Oh," says the nurse to our enlisted man, "will you please help me take care of a man who has just died?" He follows her to a cot well up the aisle on the right. The man who has just died bears no mark on his peaceful face. He looks as though he might be asleep. Under the direction of the nurse the new assistant takes off the shirt, which can be used again. The dead man has to be turned on his side to unfasten it; the flesh of his bare back is as warm as the hand which touches it. They wrap the long comely figure in the sheet, securing it with a strip or two of bandage. This man is so tall that the sheet will not cover him, and they pull a pillowcase on over his feet. Another enlisted man has meanwhile come in, and the two get the body on a stretcher and carry it to the morgue. From the driveway they pass into a wide cobbled court with buildings on all four sides, under a quaint old clock tower on the opposite side, into a corridor, and at last into a small bare whitewashed room. There has been no time to bury the dead, and a dozen long rigid white bundles lie here on stretchers, placed side by side on the floor. It will take many applications of chloride of lime and whitewash to remove the traces of the odor of mortal decay which assails one's nostrils long before he reaches the door of this room.

Or perhaps our man was sent instead to Ward E, the great room beneath the chapel, which is on the second floor under the statue of the Virgin and Child. This was of old the "Salle des Bustes," as we should say a memorial hall—a long, beautiful room with waxed floor, around the walls of which are ranged upon pedestals the busts of famous men. There are fine stained-glass windows and memorial tablets, including, in the most conspicuous position at the end of the room, a great marble slab to the memory of the graduates of the Collège who fell in the Franco-Prussian War. In the little alcove on the right lies a solitary patient, a French aviator who was burned in the crash of his plane. His body is not much marked, but his face is so charred that none of the features are distinguishable, and his hands are burned to mere stumps. Thin strips of gauze wet with some antiseptic solution cover his face, but not so completely that one cannot see the horror of his condition. His sense of hearing is acute, and as anyone comes up to his bed he begins to murmur in a faint, hoarse whisper, the hole where his lips should be puffing up the edges of the gauze. He is asking in French for something. It sounds like "morphine." Is it morphine? "Non! non!" says the whisper passionately, "pas morphine!" We cannot make him out, and try to tell him that we will call one of the French nuns.

Ward G is at the farthest distance from the operating rooms, above a fine cloister, up a steep and narrow flight of stairs. It was the children's dormitory and their little iron cots are still there. In the center of the room is a sort of trough, with running water, where they

washed their faces of a morning. None of the beds are long enough for a six-foot marine; you must push their heads through the high open head of the cot until their feet clear, and then stick their feet out through the foot. It would be a laughable sight, were it not so pathetic, those rows of blanket-wrapped feet sticking out into the aisle, some motionless, some vigorously wiggling and getting uncovered.

Other men have gone to work in the operating rooms. To get there they enter the first great building by the gate, climb a broad stone stair, turn at a landing, and come out at the entrance of Ward B. Ward A is on the floor above. Beyond, on the corridor, are the X-ray rooms. Men in litters, undressed and wrapped in blankets, are lying on the floor waiting for their turns in the dark room. Ward B, which I suppose was formerly a recitation hall, is a long narrow room, divided down the center by a partition filled with arches. There is a double row of beds on each side of the partition, lined up with heads to the wall. Ward A is much the same kind of place. These are the best-equipped wards of all, and were probably the only ones in regular use from the time the Collège was overrun with French wounded in 1914 until Belleau Woods. Many of the beds are fitted with elaborate frameworks of wood ("Balkan frames") for the proper treatment of fractures. Men with broken thighs lie here for weeks—even months—flat on their backs, the broken limbs kept under constant tension by heavy weights. At the end of the ward is a little anteroom to the operating room. Evacuation Eight has not yet organized its receiving service so efficiently as it will

later, when the men will come up to the operating room already undressed and with their wounds prepared for operation. The floor here is covered with litters on which lie the men just as they came from the ambulances, fully clothed with boots, puttees, breeches, shirt, and blouse, often with their steel helmets on their breasts and their gas masks beside them. Into one of the buttonholes of the blouse or shirt is tied a linen tag giving the man's name, his serial number and company, the treatment which he has thus far received, and from what medical unit. On their foreheads, standing out with startling distinctness on the white skin, are letters in iodine; always "T," and sometimes "M." These indicate the administration of morphine and antitetanic serum.

The first thing to do is to get their clothes off. Puttees come off first, then muddy shoes, tattered and bloody breeches, blouse, shirt, underwear. Much of it must be cut off to avoid bending wounded arms and legs. In spite of their pain the men make no outcry and do their best to help us. We put hospital shirts or pajamas on them, wrap them in blankets, and they are ready for the operating room. The stretcher bearers come out with a stretcher on which lies a wounded man just off the table, still deep under the ether, his face wet with perspiration, eyes closed, his breathing deep and heavy. Next! We pick up the stretcher nearest the door and carry it into the operating room.

There are three tables. Around two, busy and silent groups of white-gowned figures are bending over their work. The third is empty, and an attendant with a wet cloth is wiping off the blood which covers the lower

portion in a shallow pool. We transfer our patient to the damp table, and at the same time get a mental picture of the room. It is not large, perhaps fifteen feet square, and very white and dazzling. The door is in one corner, and there are two high windows in the wall opposite. Against the wall on the left as you enter is a small oil cookstove, on which steams a highly polished copper tank for sterilizing the instruments. Against the wall facing you, between the windows, is a stout wooden table covered with a sheet, on which the sterilized instruments are laid out in shining rows, like silver in the drawers of a sideboard. Against the wall to the right are the lavatories where the surgeons scrub up. The three operating tables, white enamelled and covered with thin, oilcloth-covered mats, are lined up in the middle of the room, their heads toward the entrance, the feet toward the table with the sterilized instruments.

But we must get to work on our wounded man. The surgeons who have just finished with one man have stripped off their blood-stained gowns and gloves and are scrubbing their hands. Under their direction we fold back the blanket which covers the wounded man so as to expose the wound, let us say on the thigh. We fold another blanket to cover his feet and legs to the knee, and slip two stout straps around him, one just above the knees and one around the chest. The wound is still covered with the pack and bandages applied at the first-aid station or field hospital. We cut the bandage and expose it—a jagged aperture made by shrapnel, perhaps two inches long. With an ordinary razor we shave a considerable area around the wound. The surgeon has

now finished scrubbing his hands. The nurse at the supply table opens for him a square parcel which contains a sterilized gown wrapped in a piece of muslin. He shakes it out gingerly by the neckband, careful not to touch the front. The attendant as gingerly ties the strings behind. The surgeon now rinses his hands with alcohol, and, when they have dried, pulls on a pair of rubber gloves, picking them up by their long, turned-back wrists, which, when the fingers are worked on, he turns up over the sleeves of his gown. His hands and the whole front of his body now present a perfectly sterilized surface, which nothing unsterilized has touched, and which must touch nothing unsterilized except the wound itself.

Meanwhile the anesthetist has been busy. She sits on a stool at the head of the table, at such a height that her elbows rest easily upon it on either side of the patient's head. Beside her is a little stand with her cans of ether, gauze, vaseline, a shallow basin shaped like a kidney, and clips for pulling forward the man's tongue if he should choke. The man has not cried out or in any way expressed his fear, but his eyes show that he is terrified by the array of glistening instruments, the solemn, white figures—worst of all, by the rapid play of scalpel and scissors which he can see by turning his head toward the tables on either side. His eyes in mute appeal seek those of the one familiar figure in the room, that of the enlisted man at his side. "Don't be frightened," I say, "the ether won't bother you at all, and it will all be over in a minute." (God forgive me, I have never taken ether in my life.) "Will you just take my hand,

buddy," says the wounded man a trifle huskily, "I don't know much about this, and I'm afraid I may fight when the ether gets bad." "Sure!" I reply, "that's what I'm here for." The nurse smears a little vaseline around his eyes, and, holding the mask a few inches above his face, begins to pour the ether on it. "Breathe deep," she says, "and don't fight it." The mask comes lower, finally rests on his face, and a piece of gauze is wrapped around the edges to keep in the fumes. She pours on the ether faster. The man groans and struggles; he throws both his arms wide and tries to sit up. We have to tighten the straps and hold down his arms. Now he is limp, the moaning faint and dying away. The surgeon takes a long-handled clip which holds a swab, dips it in iodine, and paints a large area around the wound. One nurse stands all the time by the supply table, serving the surgeons at all three operating tables. She hands him four sterilized towels, which he lays around the wound, leaving exposed only a small rectangular patch of darkly stained skin with the wound in the center. How will he fasten his towels on? A little stand has been pushed up beside the foot of the table. The nurse covers it with a towel, and begins to lay out instruments on it. The surgeon picks up one that looks a little like a pair of manicure scissors, but, instead of cutting blades, it has two little sharp curved points that meet like a pair of pincers. With these he picks up the towels at the point where two of them overlap, and clips them together, pushing the points of the instrument down so that they meet in the skin underneath. The instrument has a catch which will hold it tightly shut until it is re-

leased. He puts on three more, one at each corner of the exposed patch. The uninitiated assistant gasps and flinches at this apparently cold-blooded process, and then derides his tenderness as he thinks how trivial these pinpricks are in comparison with what is to come. The team is now ready: the chief, or operating, surgeon, his assistant (always a surgeon also, and an officer), and a nurse, who stands beside the little stand of instruments, ready to hand what is wanted. (This is in addition to the nurse at the large supply table of sterilized instruments.) These are all "scrubbed up," that is, provided with an elaborate surgical asepsis of sterilized gowns and gloves. The anesthetist and two enlisted men, who are not "scrubbed up," must look out for manipulating the patient, getting him on and off the table, bandaging, and bringing unsterilized equipment.

The surgeon takes a scalpel (a little knife with a rigid blade, no larger than a penknife), which he holds like a pen, and with firm, even pressure draws an incision on each side of the wound and considerably longer. The skin springs apart, showing the yellowish fatty layer beneath, and exposing the red of the muscle. This wound was made by a fragment of high explosive shell, which is still deeply embedded in the flesh. It has been located by the X-ray surgeon, who has made two marks with silver nitrate on the thigh, one on the top and one on the side. The foreign body lies at the point where perpendicular bisectors from those marks would intersect. The surgeon goes after it with scalpel and scissors, excising all the damaged tissue with what looks like reckless abandon. As he cuts into the muscle the blood

spurts up like juice in a berry pie. The assistant mops it up with a gauze sponge, discovers the point where the blood vessel is severed, and the surgeon clips it with a haemostat, another variety of pincers with handles like manicure scissors. This is for small blood vessels; larger ones must be tied off at once. By the end of the operation the wound is full of these dangling haemostats. The surgeon probes with his finger between the muscle bundles for the shrapnel, and finally dislodges it, a jagged chunk of metal an inch square each way, with a great wad of cloth from the man's breeches clinging to it. He goes on, painstakingly removing every particle of clotted blood and tissue that has been damaged by the missile or resulting infection. Now, with the help of his assistant, he ties off the blood vessels still held by haemostats. During all this, the enlisted assistants at his direction have been turning the patient on the table, elevating or flexing the leg, or with a flashlight throwing light into some peculiarly inaccessible part of the wound. The operation is finished. What was a small jagged wound is now a gaping hole six inches long, two or three wide at the top, and perhaps four deep, perhaps extending through the entire thigh. The nurse places on the stand a bundle of little red rubber tubes, open at one end, the closed end punched full of holes. The surgeon pushes these into the wound, leaving the open ends out, inserting the closed ends into every crevice. He fills the cavity with gauze plentifully soaked with a solution smelling of chlorine, lays gauze strips soaked with yellow vaseline along the edges of the wound, and places a large absorbent pad over the orifice. His work is done. We bind on the pad

with yards of bandage, roll the inert body onto a stretcher, and hurry it away to a ward. As he scrubs for the next case, the surgeon dictates to one of us a description of the case and the surgical treatment he has given it. All this may have taken half an hour; possibly an hour or more. We go on with the work, in twelve-hour shifts, night and day, as long as the supply of wounded holds out.

Remember that few of these enlisted men have ever been in an operating room before in their lives, and that as few of these surgeons have had actual previous experience in the technique of war surgery. Yet in that first afternoon they are called upon to perform the most dreadful as well as the most delicate operations. One could not plead inexperience as an excuse for delay. Amputations high in the thigh or upper arm, operations of the chest where the ribs must be sprung apart with retractors, and looking in with incredulous amazement we see the heart throbbing bare; wounds of the head and brain, wounds of the abdomen—in one day we performed more major operations than some civilian operating rooms see in six months. We work on without pause, undressing men, carrying them in, carrying them out, carrying them to the X-ray, carrying them to the wards. It is amazing how we form friendships in those few moments before the man goes onto the table. Late this evening, when we have gone off duty after twelve hours of such work, we shall stumble around to the wards to see how some of these boys are now, to wash their hands and faces, to sit quietly and talk with them. But we cannot sit long, for there is so much to be done

in a ward, and wounded men naturally do not understand that you are not the regular ward orderly.

There are many, many other departments in this great organization. There is the division of trucking, all day on the road between Paris and Juilly bringing in surgical supplies, food, quartermaster's stores. An orderly is always bumping back and forth in a motorcycle with dispatches. In the great square flagged court (the "Cours d'Honneur") a tent has been erected to serve as receiving ward and personnel offices. The ambulances drive in unceasingly through the archway and unload their wounded before the tent. There are four litters in each ambulance, two above and two below, suspended from hooks. The ambulances are muddy, and frequently splashed with holes from the fragments of shells that have burst just beside them. The drivers are weary, but they hurry to unload their freight and hurry off again—a long, brown, almost unbroken line of ambulances filling the road from Château-Thierry to Juilly. The attendants in the receiving ward inspect the tag which comes tied to each wounded man, make other necessary records, check his few pathetic valuables and put them in a cotton-wool bag, and then send him to the operating room. Later, when things are better organized, the greater part of the work of preparing the patient for the table will be done here.

Every night we evacuate. Another long, brown, unbroken line of ambulances pulls out of the hospital, not empty, but filled with our wounded men who have undergone operation, bound for Paris. After operation, the wounded are sorted out according to the severity of

their injuries, and the ward to which they are assigned indicates whether they may be immediately evacuated or not. For a large evacuation every man in the hospital not actually on night duty is expected to turn out and lend a hand, often extending the twelve hours of work he has already done by five or six more of carrying and lifting litters. Some wards are practically depleted at each evacuation. The ambulances pull up before the wards, the nurse indicates which men are to go, the orderlies and litter men transfer them gently to litters, lift and stow them away in the ambulances, call out a word of farewell, and they are off from Evacuation Eight forever.

One large detail has been at work all day on the grimmest task of all, that of digging graves and burying the dead. I shall describe the cemetery later, as it appeared after we had been at Juilly nearly two weeks. But today the grave detail finds the cemetery already well established. They dig the graves laboriously out of the stiff soil of a glorious field of wheat full of scarlet poppies, under a blazing sun; regulation graves, three feet wide, six feet and a half long, and six feet deep, and hastily lay in them the bodies of the dead. Later we had a burial party every afternoon about five. There would be five or six bodies, for which we then provided the luxury of unpainted wooden boxes. We piled them into a high two-wheeled French cart, drawn by a great patient work horse, and spread out an American flag over the ends of the boxes. The little procession started from the Cours d'Honneur, at the head the little crucifer from the parish church, then our Y.M.C.A.

chaplain in plain khaki uniform, walking side by side with the village curé in his biretta, cassock, surplice, and stole. Behind trudged a French urchin, bearing the pail of holy water, a cotta over his breeches, but with an American trench cap on his head. Then came the lumbering cart driven by its stolid French owner, and, walking beside it, the men of the burial detail. At the cemetery we unloaded the coffins and lowered them down into the graves, jumping impatiently on the tops of the boxes if they happened to stick in the narrow space, and then stood uncovered, leaning on our spades, as the curé in his clear sonorous voice read the grand Latin of the Roman burial service over Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, and our chaplain followed with the familiar English words. One sprinkled with holy water, the other cast in a handful of earth. The bugler, facing the west and the golden lightning of the sunken sun, blew the long tender notes of taps, while far overhead an unseen lark poured forth its shrill delight.

Not all our men were in Juilly during those first days. Immediately on our arrival several groups were detached for service with other units. I have no complete list of these details. A large group of nurses had been sent to La Ferté before our arrival, and remained there until the middle of July. Some of our men went to the Red Cross hospital at Neuilly, twin to Juilly, and a larger detachment was sent to Luzancy. A noncommissioned officer who went in charge of this last detail, has preserved a record which I shall quote practically entire.

"June 10. Orders came at five for 25 men to go to Field Hosp. 16, leaving next day for the front. I went

MOHAMMEDAN SECTION OF THE FRENCH CEMETERY AT MAUJOUY

A BURIAL AT PETIT MAUJOUY

DIGGING GRAVES AT JUILLY

in charge, along with Hines and the 25 men. Took trucks at about 7.30 and arrived in Meaux about 8.30, reporting to F.H. 16. The city of Meaux was the objective of the Bosche, and between anti-aircraft guns, airplane bombs, and German shells landing around, it was a very peaceful night.*

"June 12. Moved up front about 15 kil. to town of

* Red Johnstone writes on reading this, "Roscoe ought to mention how an officer met us in Meaux and whispered his orders to us. He whispered to crawl into a large French tent and throw off our packs, and that if we were needed he would call for us. His whispering had us thoroughly frightened. We all imagined that the Germans were about twenty feet in front of us. Next morning we woke up to find that we were some twenty kilometres from the front. Did he have laryngitis?"

The men brought back from Luzancy a yarn that became one of the most popular in the company's repertoire. I cannot vouch for the truth of any part of it, but I cite it as typical of the cycles of legends which all companies accumulated. The hospital at Luzancy was using the buildings of a large estate with a porter's lodge. This lodge was serving as the morgue, but the officer in charge of billets either forgot it, or was a humorist, for he assigned sleeping quarters there to two Evacuation Eight men. They went to the place after dark and made their beds on the floor, without striking a light because of the danger of air raids, naturally supposing that the other men over whom they stumbled were asleep. The night was cold, and they had only one blanket apiece. Being chilly and uncomfortable on the hard floor, they began telling each other stories, expecting, if not applause, at least a protest, but the other occupants of the room maintained an obstinate silence. One of the men finally rose, cautiously struck a light, and discovered that they were all corpses. He considered the situation a moment, then said: "Well, that being the case, you don't need the blanket"; divested a dead man of his covering, and put it over himself.

Luzancy. Evac. 8 men had no gas masks but had to risk it just the same. Luzancy is right on the Marne, about 5 or 6 kil. behind Belleau Woods. Quiet all day.

"June 13. During day all was quiet, and I slept, being on night duty. At night few patients, but an awful barrage. The hospital was set between the heavy artillery and the front lines, so that the shells went overhead all night. No sleeping.

"June 14. Day about as usual, with a few gas cases coming in. At night an air raid, and the anti-aircraft guns on the Marne sure did raise some noise. Terrific barrage all night. Germans hammering Americans hard.

"June 15. Hard fighting all day, and Belleau Woods captured by Americans at night. Germans put over a box barrage entirely around the wood, hemming our boys in. Then they shot gas over, and it sure was a success for them. The night was muggy and rainy, which helped the gas to do its awful work.

"June 16. Early this forenoon soldiers came in in great numbers, and by noon the courtyard was full of blinded men, crying, moaning, and begging for help. The worst sight I ever saw. All day they kept coming in, and all night we tried to evacuate. I was on duty all night the 15th, all day the 16th, and am evacuating all night as well. Carried litters, gave dope, baths, and everything all day.

"June 17. 500 cases evacuated during the night, and every one almost all in. A few were evacuated on the trucks this A.M. Hellish barrage all day and night, but Americans holding everywhere, and gaining in some places. Almost all Marines coming in, 5th and 6th Regi-

ments. Had my first sleep this A.M., but was called to evacuate at noon. Seven hours sleep since the 15th. Had all night to sleep on the 17th, and morning of the 18th was sent back with rest of boys to Evac. 8.

"June 18. Arrived back at noon, only to find hospital full of gassed men from F.H. 16, and all getting worse daily. Some horrible sights."

Indeed, those dreadful mustard-gas cases were probably the most painful we had to witness in all our service. As a matter of fact, the majority were in much less serious plight than the wounded men. Mustard gas (it has nothing to do with mustard) is a heavy liquid, which, though fairly volatile, will remain for some time clinging to grass and undergrowth, and will burn any flesh with which it comes in contact. It is especially adapted for use by a retreating army. By soaking down with mustard gas the area through which the pursuing American troops had to advance, the Germans made sure that a large number of the advancing force would be incapacitated. The soldier's clothing soon becomes impregnated with the stuff as he brushes through the undergrowth, and the burns develop through the help of moisture. Those parts of the body subject to excessive perspiration are especially affected. The burns are extremely painful, but in general not fatal unless the gas has been inhaled, or (as with other surface burns) a third or more of the total skin area has been affected. A bad feature of mustard gas, however, is that it almost invariably produces temporary, but complete, blindness. Nothing demoralizes a man so much as the fear of losing his sight, and telling him that he will see again in a

day or two generally fails to reassure him. The gas cases began to arrive at Juilly as early as June 12. Since most of them were immediately evacuable, we made temporary wards for them in the great cloisters which ran around two sides of the court in front of Wards F and G—the children's dormitories. By the sixteenth there were nearly seven hundred gassed men there, just out of the glare of the sunny court, lying fully dressed on blanket-covered cots, some of them badly gassed in the lungs and fighting horribly for breath, which could be a little prolonged by giving them oxygen; nearly all blinded, many delirious, all crying, moaning, tossing about. For most of the patients there was nothing to do but renew frequently the wet dressings which relieved somewhat the smart of the burns, and to try to restore their lost morale. For those who had been gassed worst, nothing effectual could be done. They were spared much by being in general delirious, but it required the constant attention of several orderlies to keep some of them in bed. Later on, the hospital service was so organized that the gas cases were handled by special gas hospitals. After we left Juilly we almost never received gas victims unless they were also wounded.

After the first day, a regular routine got itself established. Quarters had been found for us in a large dwelling house which stood behind a high wall a few hundred yards down the street from the gate of the Collège. It had once evidently been a fine residence, with a porter's lodge attached. All the furniture had been removed and the floor space filled with improvised cots, rough cribs of wood with chicken wire tacked across for a spring, and

filled with straw to serve as a mattress. French soldiers had been quartered here before, and had left us a legacy of cooties with which we continued to be intimately acquainted until after the armistice. The house could not accommodate all our number, and a large English ward tent was pitched on the lawn to care for the overflow. Our latrine was an open pit in the shrubbery back of our quarters, dreadfully hard to find on a dark night, when no lights were allowed for fear of air raids. Our officers were quartered in two other houses, one just beside the hospital, the other half a mile or so distant. Our cooks set up their kitchens under a tent fly on the lawn, and served all our meals there. During the fine weather, which lasted upward of a month after we settled in Juilly, it was decidedly pleasant, after six hours in operating room or ward, to sit cross-legged on the lawn and eat one's meals picnic fashion, in spite of the hordes of yellow wasps which descended upon us like the plagues of Egypt. Even if it did rain, we could always take our food into the house and sit on our bunks as we ate it. The food for the patients was prepared at the hospital itself, in the sisters' great kitchen. What lovable women those Sœurs de St. Louis were! So gentle, so kind hearted, and devoted! I think in all the time we were at Juilly none of us ever saw one of them anything but smiling and gentle. American soldiers had no more business to be hanging around their busy kitchen than small boys have to be dawdling in the pantry. But we were treated there exactly as very complacent mothers would have treated especially engaging children, and we never departed without a smile and something to eat.

We were divided into two shifts, changing at 8.00 A.M. and 8.00 P.M. As long as the patients continued to arrive in considerable numbers there were practically no military formations. The bugle roused us in the morning; we got up, washed, stood in line for breakfast, ate it sitting cross-legged on the ground, and at eight reported for duty quite as in a civilian hospital. The ward orderlies, I believe, ate with the patients in the wards.

By June 16, our supply of wounded ran short, for Evacuation Seven and Mobile Hospital No. 1 were now established at Coulommiers, a spot much more convenient to the zone of fighting than Juilly. The lull in admissions made little difference in the wards, but it gave those of us who worked in the operating room our first opportunity to look about and see what kind of place we were in. On June 19 one of the enlisted assistants in operating room B wrote home his first long letter since reaching Juilly. Part of it will serve to summarize and unify what I have just been recounting.

"I wish you might have seen what I saw last night, as I saw it. For the last few days we have received no wounded. We had scrubbed the operating room, polished the instruments, and, as there was still no work for us to do, we took a few hours off. I started to walk out to a little town near by [Thieux]. A little way from the Collège I came to the village cemetery. French cemeteries are interesting because they are so completely different from ours. The graves usually have a wooden cross at the head instead of a stone, with a wooden railing all the way around. The people hang these with artificial flowers made of beadwork. Here was one row of

graves whose crosses read 'Sœurs de St. Louis.' Then several rather pretentious tombs, 'Famille So-and-So,' with their doors of iron grill work, and inside an altar (like a little chapel), memorial tablets, and the inevitable beadwork flowers. Then, row behind row of green wooden crosses, all alike, all surmounted by faded and tattered tricolors—the honored 'Morts pour la Patrie.' Here and there stood the turban-topped head and foot boards of a Mohammedan colonial, his grave turned at a different angle from the others, so that he might look toward far-away Mecca. Rank behind rank, about seventy I think, they filled the whole space to the wall. Some had beadwork flowers, some (the poor 'inconnus') only bunches of simple garden posies, and on some, still new and raw, the scarlet poppies had rambled. Down the center ran a narrow open avenue, at the end of which, against the wall, with the ranks of soldiers' graves on either side, stood a large iron crucifix. The work was so realistic that the tortured figure seemed to writhe, struggling to repress a groan of mortal agony. And it came to me all at once that it was something more than a conventional piece of religious mummery. The crucifix, and the rows of crosses, and the faded tricolors were all symbols of the same eternal cruelty of man. The figure *did* writhe, and would, so long as men continue to make war.

"I went out the gate of the cemetery, and turned the corner. The wheat had once grown up to the foot of the wall, but now a few swaths had been cut, and there, in a double row in its shadow, were scores of narrow mounded graves. No flowers here, no crosses yet; noth-

ing but a little piece of shingle at the head of each. Six graves stood empty. An old Frenchman was digging away in the sixth, throwing the dirt out into the edge of the wheat. 'Whose graves are these?' I asked, for, though it sounds stupid, I had not yet realized. 'De vos américains,' he replied. 'Combien?' 'Quatre-vingt-cinq.' Eighty-five! I walked down the row, stooping to read the names penciled on the shingles. Many were familiar to me. I had seen these boys lying on stretchers before operation, had undressed them, talked with them, given them cigarettes, stood by them as they lay on the table, carried them to the wards—dead now, and buried in France, thousands of miles from home. Here was a lad from West Virginia; I remembered him for his clear gray eyes and handsome features. His name, he said, was Craze, but 'the fellows mostly called him Crazy.' Dead and buried.

"Another old Frenchman and two women came around the corner to see the graves of the Americans. One of the women cried a little. 'Ils étaient si beaux!' She had lost her own son in the war. 'C'est bien triste,' I answered, and I could say no more—Oh, if the people at home could see what I see here! I think we of the Medical Department have the saddest and yet the proudest service of the whole Army."

I suppose the author of the letter shows somewhat too much eagerness to vindicate his own branch of the service. The fact is that we were a little on the defensive. In the peace-time army the Medical Corps is looked upon with considerable condescension, not to say contempt, by the combatant troops. I do not remember

ever meeting that attitude from any of our wounded men. They were extraordinarily grateful for everything we did for them, even though it was only our daily duty, and used voluntarily and with wonder to speak of the devotion of the hospital force. But we ourselves, in those heroic days, felt as a reproach our clean clothes, our dry beds, our sufficient food. "Somehow you feel," says another section of the letter I have just quoted, "as though it wasn't right for you to be in a countryside of peace and beauty, while up there men live in the roar of those guns that only mutter here. Seeing men smashed and broken every day doesn't lessen our desire to be in it; it makes us wish all the more to be there. As I look at those wounded boys, and witness their sufferings, I feel that in decency I ought somehow to lose a hand or a leg."

I shall pause here to insert a chapter of miscellaneous information which I think most readers will not find amiss. But if anyone is impatient to proceed with the narrative, he can turn at once to Chapter VII, and, if he wishes, come back to this later.

CHAPTER SIX

History of the Collège de Juilly; of Hospital Activities There before Our Arrival; the Nature of War Surgery.

JUILLY, a little village in the smiling fields of Seine-et-Marne, seems to derive its name from Julius Caesar. Its Latin name, Juliacum, probably perpetuates the memory of a Roman camp established by the great Roman in the near vicinity. The history of Juilly begins with Saint Geneviève, the maiden who, by persuading the people of Paris not to flee before the Hun Attila, became the patron saint of the grateful city. This was in 451. Geneviève often traveled between Paris and Meaux, passing through the grounds on which the Collège now stands. The spring there is called by her name, and tradition says that she called it into being by a miracle. A wonderful spring it certainly is, for in 1918 we must have been drawing from it upward of fifteen thousand gallons of water a day. It soon became an object of pious veneration, and was visited by throngs of pilgrims during the Middle Ages. One can still descend the worn stone steps and see the bright jet spurting from the wall much as it did then; the old stone walls go back to the twelfth century, and

the polychrome statue over the fountain to the thirteenth. It was in the twelfth century that the spot became of such importance that a monastery of monks took over its management and administered it for 450 years. The school, which in these latter days has eclipsed the spring, came into existence in the thirteenth century. Blanche de Castille, mother of France's sainted king, Louis IX, made here a foundation to care for the children of the knights who fell in her son's disastrous crusade. During the hundred years' war with England it suffered much from the English troops which had overrun all this part of the country. On her return from Orléans, Jeanne d'Arc passed through Juilly, winning a great victory at Lagny near by. The Abbaye was then almost in ruins; it was rebuilt in the middle of the sixteenth century, but in 1637 the monks finally left Juilly, turning their charge over to the order of the Oratory, whom Louis XIII had commissioned to found a seminary for the education of his young nobles. The school was called an "Académie Royale" and was allowed to quarter the lilies of France with the crown of thorns of the Oratory. Many of France's most famous sons have been pupils at the old Collège de Juilly. Montesquieu, La Fontaine, and Jerome Bonaparte were among the number, as were also two of the most famous of England's illegitimate royalties—the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of Berwick. Bossuet, as Bishop of Meaux, was closely connected with the school, and La Fayette had an estate near by and always showed great fondness for it. In the Library is still preserved a facsimile of the American Declaration of Independence, given by Con-

gress to La Fayette and by him presented to the Collège. During the Revolution it was nearly extinguished, most of the Oratorians going to the guillotine during the Terror, the direction of which was largely in the hands of certain radicals who had formerly been on its faculty.

The Collège was three times a hospital before the World War: First, during the war with England in 1790, then in 1814, when Napoleon, near the end of his career, was fighting on the Marne, and in 1870 when Juilly was occupied by the Prussians. In 1914 the Germans almost reached Juilly again. They occupied St. Soupplets, some five miles away, and for a time it looked as though they would advance as far as Juilly itself. The wounded from the first Battle of the Marne were brought to the Collège, many of them being picked up by the superintendent in a furniture van drawn by an old horse which had been rejected as unfit for military service. In January, 1915, the French Government put a part of the buildings at the disposal of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who equipped and maintained there a hospital for the care of French wounded. It was known as American Ambulance No. 2, and was a sister institution to American Ambulance No. 1 (later Army Red Cross Hospital No. 1), at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, the latter institution being also supported by American charity. The staff—doctors, nurses, and ambulance corps—was mainly composed of American volunteers.

When the Second and Third Divisions were sent in at Belleau Woods and the Marne, there was no American military hospital service back of them at all. It had been agreed that the French Sixth Army, in which they

were serving, should provide all the necessary service of hospitalization and evacuation. It developed that they were quite unable to do anything of the sort. During the months previous to the great German advance of the spring of 1918, the stable condition of the line, and the obvious advantages to be gained by early treatment of wounds, lured the French to carry their advanced hospitals nearer and nearer to the front, and to make them constantly larger and less mobile. When the Germans broke through, the French lost at a blow thousands of beds and enormous quantities of hospital stores. Because of these losses they were barely able to care for their own wounded. Furthermore, the French command failed to inform the American Medical Staff of the destination of our divisions, so that they had to discover where they were after casualties had already begun. Had we been earlier advised of the true state of things, it would have been possible to handle the wounded from the June fighting much more effectively. But it is doubtful whether the French knew the true state of affairs any too well themselves. Everything was in confusion; the enemy were advancing rapidly, and were within striking distance of Paris. From the military standpoint only one thing was clear: the enemy must be stopped. In such an emergency the handling of wounded, though of the greatest importance, was a secondary consideration.

On June 2 the French Sixth Army notified our liaison officer (Lieut. Col. A. D. Tuttle) that the French would be largely unable to fulfil their promise of hospitalization, and begged the American command to do what it

could to meet the situation. Our troops had already been in action twenty-four hours or more. A hasty survey showed that the Ambulance at Juilly was the only American institution available for an evacuation hospital. The capacity was then only 250 beds, and the personnel was inadequate to care for even that number. Plans were immediately formed to increase the capacity to 800. There were still some 250 boys (pupils) still left at the Collège, which had continued its work as an educational institution in spite of the partial conversion into a hospital. These were hurriedly sent away, and an appeal made to the Red Cross in Paris for the necessary material, which began to arrive by June 4. There remained the grave difficulty of personnel. The surgical consultant of the Second Division collected such teams as he could find, and frantic telegraphic appeals throughout the A.E.F. brought in several others. The marines have no medical corps, but are cared for by surgeons and corpsmen of the navy. Consequently one of the busiest teams we found when we arrived at Juilly was that of P.A. Surgeon John H. Long from Navy Base Hospital No. 1 at Brest. On the night of June 3 the patients began to arrive, and soon jammed the hospital. It must be remembered that the material for the proposed expansion was only just arriving, and that the surgical teams were coming in one by one. On the morning of June 4, the senior representative of the Medical Department with G-4, G.H.Q. (Col. S. H. Wadhams), visited Juilly in company with the chief surgeon of the A.E.F., General Ireland, now surgeon general. On his return to Paris the same day, General Ireland requested

of G.H.Q. that Evacuation Eight, the only evacuation hospital available anywhere in France, be sent at once to Juilly. We had meanwhile been making our pleasant, but useless, trip across France, and had just arrived at Bazoilles. It was hoped that we would reach Juilly on June 5, but the French were unable to provide the necessary railroad transportation. On June 5 the Acting Chief of Staff, G-4, G.H.Q., made an urgent plea to the chief of the French mission to expedite the movement. The cars were made available at Bazoilles on the morning of June 6, but the railroads were so congested that we did not reach Juilly until the morning of the eighth.

Meanwhile the situation had been considerably alleviated by the arrival on June 6 of the forty army nurses of Replacement Hospital A. This group had been organized by the army in New York City, April, 1918, five nurses being selected from each of eight different cantonments scattered from Massachusetts to Texas. They sailed from New York on May 19, 1918, suffered a submarine attack, but without casualties, and landed at Liverpool on May 31. On June 2 they crossed the channel to Le Havre, remained there two days, and then were rushed to Juilly by way of Paris and Meaux. On June 9, Miss Goodine, the chief nurse, and ten others were detached and ordered to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre for duty with Field Hospital No. 23. Here they remained until July 19. The hospital was subjected to air raids, during which two of the nurses, Miss McNamara and Miss Zang, distinguished themselves by unusual bravery, and were later cited.

The heroic quality of those four days before our arrival at Juilly is best communicated, I think, by the terse and restrained words of the Surgeon General's Report. "On June 4 and 5 arrangements were made for evacuations by ambulance from the hospital at Juilly. . . . The personnel at that time was becoming physically exhausted. . . . On the morning of June 6 all available ambulances and numerous trucks were evacuating from the front of the 2d Division into Juilly. . . . Though the surgical teams there worked day and night, they were insufficient to care for all the wounded received. As a matter of fact, not more than a fourth of the personnel needed by this hospital could be furnished it. . . . The next day [June 7] the first hospital train arrived at Juilly. [Because Juilly was some distance from the railroad, the method of evacuating by train required handling the patients twice, and had to be abandoned because of the small number of men available for carrying litters, and their exhaustion.] On June 6 and 7, by ambulance and train, 1,183 patients, practically all of whom had come from the 2d Division, were sent from Juilly to Paris. . . . On the dates mentioned the small hospital at Juilly had received about 1,700 patients, and for a period of four days its personnel worked 20 hours a day. The litter bearers—most of whom were French soldiers unfit for front-line service—worked even longer hours. Their labors were supplemented by ambulance drivers. Finally all were too weary to lift a litter to the level of the upper tier of an ambulance. A detachment from the 2d Division then relieved them until the per-

sonnel of Evacuation Hospital No. 8 arrived on June 8."*

The number of admissions continued very large after our arrival. From June 4 to June 20 there were admitted in all 3,274 patients; that is, in the twelve days after we took over the hospital, we received about as many as had been admitted in the previous four days. As a matter of fact, immediately after our arrival the admissions were heavier than these figures indicate, for our admissions practically ceased from June 16 to July 15. The reason was that another evacuation hospital had been established at a place more accessible to the front and to the railhead. On June 12 Evacuation Seven reached Château Montanglaust, a mile or so from Coulommiers, and was joined there by Mobile Hospital No. 1. Within a few days these hospitals were ready for work, and the stream of wounded from the Second Division was diverted to them. In the six weeks subsequent to June 13, these two units received and evacuated twenty-seven thousand men.

Because we brought none of our army hospital equipment with us to Juilly, but were operating entirely with Red Cross supplies, the hospital was officially known at first as Army Red Cross Hospital No. 6, though, as an organization, Evacuation Eight never lost its own name. By the first of July or earlier, however, this designation was dropped, and our own substituted.

It is the common belief of people not conversant with

* *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War,* VIII (Field Operations), 324, 325.

medical history that the greatest advance made in the surgical treatment of wounds in this war as compared with that of previous times—for example, the Civil War—has been through the employment of anesthesia. I myself used to believe that the surgery of the Civil War was all done without anesthetics. As a matter of fact, both ether and chloroform were then known, and were generally used (chloroform much more frequently than ether), though I find in official reports opinions of prominent military surgeons who clearly considered them newfangled and express doubt whether wounds do not heal more quickly when anesthesia is not employed. It is also incorrect to suppose that ether has done away with all pain in war surgery. Present-day operative technique of infected gunshot wounds requires very radical excision of tissue; that is, the wounds to be dressed after operation now present much greater areas than they used to, and must consequently be more painful. I never worked in the wards, but it is my belief that in our hospital anesthetics were seldom employed for the dressing of wounds. At any rate, I know that the period in the morning when the surgeon came in to dress wounds was a terrible one both for patients and orderlies.

One of the greatest advantages of ether does not concern the feelings of the patient at all. It renders him completely inert, and thus enables the surgeon to work more slowly and thoroughly, and with more thought for the final outcome. Before anesthetics were discovered, amputations had to be made with a few quick slashes with a knife and cuts with a saw; now a surgeon can

take time for proper dissection, with his attention not merely on the present emergency of saving the patient's life, but definitely looking forward to the future usefulness of his body and limbs. But important as was the discovery of anesthesia, it was of infinitely less moment than the aseptic technique which came to us through the work of Lister and Pasteur. When we remember that the surgeons of the Civil War knew nothing about bacteria and the nature of infection, we should marvel that they did as well as they did. For the majority of men who die of wounds in war are not killed outright, nor do they die from the extent of their injuries. They die in hospitals of infection. Our percentage of death from gunshot wounds in the Civil War was 13.65, in the World War, 8.12.* This gain in efficiency (nothing less than the saving of five more men out of every hundred) was almost wholly due to the development of the aseptic and antiseptic technique.

And it was a greater gain than at first appears, for without it the percentage of deaths from infections in this war would have been higher than in the Civil War, because the wounds were generally more dangerously infected, and were of a type more favorable to the development of infection. The majority of the wounds in the Civil War were made by rifle bullets, bayonets, or solid cannon shot. A wound from a modern high-power rifle, if it does not kill a man outright by piercing a vital organ, is in general not dangerous nor difficult to treat. When a bullet has gone a few hundred yards, it is travel-

* From information kindly furnished me by the Surgeon General, April 29, 1929.

ing in a perfectly even trajectory, without wabbling, and, when it strikes a solid object, it drills a tiny clean hole through it. It may even go through a large bone without completely fracturing it. It carries with it no dirt nor pieces of the soldier's clothing. If a bullet had drilled a clean wound through a fleshy part of the body (such as the calf of the leg), and no inflammation appeared, we ordinarily did nothing to it at all, but simply painted the orifices with iodine and put on a dry dressing. In a few days it would heal without any attention. I remember one remarkable case of a man who walked into the operating room without help. A bullet had gone clear through the front part of his head from one cheek bone to the other, below the eyes and above the teeth. There proved to be nothing for us to do at all. The wound was clean and healing of itself. He walked out again, and in a short time must have been able to report back to his company for duty at the front. So, too, a bayonet would be likely to make a clean wound, which, if it did not kill a man outright, would probably not make much trouble. It is hard to say, for we had almost no experience with the treatment of bayonet wounds. Of the hundreds of cases which I recorded myself, I remember but one bayonet wound, and that was accidentally inflicted. I suppose the man who was unlucky enough to be wounded with a bayonet was usually finished on the spot. But I suspect that, except for a brief period during the summer of 1918, the Germans were not near enough to our men for much hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets. For that matter, we had comparatively few bullet wounds to treat. Those we did

receive were almost always made by machine guns, which shoot the same ammunition as the ordinary rifle. In the old days rifle fire must have furnished the great majority of the wounds treated in army hospitals; now the number of such wounds is almost negligible. Many men were wounded by machine gun fire, but such men seldom came back to us. The machine gun is a diabolical invention. It shoots so rapidly that a man is not often wounded with merely one bullet. If he is hit at all, he is likely to be riddled. The machine-gun operators aimed low; if they hit a man in the legs, he fell, and then they had a chance of hitting him again in the abdomen, chest, or head. I remember one of our wounded men telling of seeing the body of a comrade who had eight machine-gun bullet wounds in an absolutely straight line across his chest. But to return to the Civil War. As the majority of wounds then were made by rifle bullets, bayonets, and solid shot, they must have been, as compared with those we had to treat, fairly clean and easy to care for. Yet the wounded died in hospitals in appalling numbers. The sad truth was that the hospitals themselves were seminaries of contagion which spread virulent infections from infected wounds to clean ones. "Hospital gangrene," as it was called, sometimes swept off most of the patients in a hospital. Walt Whitman's *The Dresser* contains graphic pictures of extensive personal experience in the treatment of wounds in army hospitals during the Civil War, and should be read in comparison with the methods I shall describe.

The vast majority of wounds in this war were made by fragments of metal shell-casings containing a charge

of high explosive. Solid cannon shot are now entirely disused. The modern "cannon ball" is a long, tapering, beautifully finished steel mechanism shaped something like a squatty cigar, and ranging from an inch in diameter up to great things a foot or more through at the base and three or four feet long. The favorite gun of the Allies, the famous "75," had a bore of seventy-five millimeters, almost exactly three inches. The missiles are fired from brass shells, shaped very much like rifle cartridges. The interior of the projectile is hollow, and filled with a quantity of an explosive sufficiently inert to bear the shock of propulsion from the gun, but which will explode with terrific force when detonated by a cap in the tip. The object of the artillery is not to score direct hits. They send the projectiles over in steep parabolas, striking the ground at an angle. As the shells plunge into the earth, the cap explodes and detonates the high explosive, which blows the casing into fragments ranging in size from bits as large as the head of a pin up to chunks that would weigh a pound. These are blown up in all directions from the ground, or from beneath its surface, carrying with them quantities of dirt. Their velocity is low as compared with that of rifle bullets. They are quite easily stopped by a steel helmet, or even by an aluminum identification tag. They do not bore a clean hole, for they are not whirling like bullets. But they have sufficient velocity to drive deep into the soft flesh of the human body, carrying with them dirt, and usually a large wad of the soldier's clothing. If they strike a bone they ordinarily shatter it, but they seldom have velocity enough to carry them all the way through

a limb. Consequently, the typical wound with which we had to deal was a so-called "bottle-wound"; that is, a deep jagged lesion with pieces of metal, cloth, bone fragments, and dirt embedded in it. If it was in a fleshy part (such as the calf, thigh, buttock, or upper arm), the flesh tended to close behind the missile, shutting off the interior of the wound completely from the air.

Now this is precisely the type of wound in which two dreadful infections flourish best. The first is tetanus or lockjaw, with which civilians are sufficiently acquainted. But tetanus has ceased to be of much consequence in war since the discovery of the antitetanic serum. If a wounded man is given the serum immediately after he is wounded, he rarely has tetanus. At the first-aid station the invariable practice was to administer "A.T.S.," no matter how slight the injury. Among all the thousands of wounded who went through our hospital, we had only two or three authentic deaths from tetanus. In one of these cases, the patient, through an accident, was not given the serum at the first-aid station, and when the symptoms of the disease were recognized it was too late to save him. A greater and more successful enemy than tetanus was gas infection. Civilians, I find, and even men who were wounded, have highly erroneous ideas as to the nature of gas gangrene. They think it was a condition induced somehow by the German poison gas. Of course, it had nothing to do with gas warfare. It was caused, like tetanus, by a germ, or rather a group of germs, the best known of which is a bacterium, isolated some time before the War by Doctor Welch of Johns Hopkins, and for him called "Welch bacillus," or

sometimes "bacillus aerogenes capsulatus" (the capsulated, gas-producing bacillus). Cases of it occur in civilian practice, but very rarely, for two reasons. The first is that civilian wounds are seldom of the type in which the gas infection can develop, even if it is present, and the second is that civilian wounds usually receive such prompt attention that gas infection is not allowed to get a start. The infection is not difficult to destroy if one can get at the wound in time.

The gas bacillus is an "anaerobic" organism. That is, it can multiply only in the absence of air. A favorite habitat of the bacillus is soil which has been heavily fertilized with animal manure. This was precisely the sort of soil in which the fighting in France was carried on. The trenches were dug in fertilized fields, and in such fields the shells burst, picking up the infection and carrying it with them. The jagged fragments of shrapnel made wounds highly favorable to its growth. The progress of the infection naturally varied a good deal, but it generally worked with frightful rapidity. By a process somewhat similar to that of fermentation it breaks down the sugar of the tissue, producing large volumes of carbon dioxide gas. This collects under the skin in bubbles, which in an advanced stage of the infection can be distinctly felt by passing the hand over the surface. As one applies pressure, the bubbles shift, and one can even hear them crackle. The pressure of the gas bubbles mechanically shuts off the circulation, and gangrene results. The tissue is at once attacked by various putrefactive organisms, which, rather than the gas infection, give off the horrible odor characteristic of its presence.

Once started, the infection may spread so rapidly up the muscle bundles that death from gas gangrene of an entire limb has been known to result in only sixteen hours from the time of injury. It will therefore be seen how important speed was in the treatment of our wounded men, for practically all the wounds made by shell fragments had the gas infection.

Under the most favorable war conditions, a considerable time must inevitably elapse between the time a man is wounded and the time that he can receive definitive surgical attention. The spot at which he falls wounded is probably under direct fire of the enemy; it is difficult and dangerous to get him back to the dressing station. The ambulances going back from the dressing station must move over roads constantly under shell fire. If the army is advancing or retreating, the prompt handling of wounded becomes doubly hard. The evacuation hospital is bound to be at some distance behind the lines—certainly beyond the ordinary range of enemy artillery. Such units must be elaborately and expensively equipped, and it is folly to establish them where there is a high possibility that they will be immediately destroyed. The Germans have been charged with bombing hospitals through deliberate intent of forcing them farther back from the lines, so that more of the wounded would die of their injuries. Such bombings, however, seem to have been too casual and sporadic to support the theory of a general campaign against the advanced hospitals, but there can be little doubt that the bombings did result in our placing our hospitals in more

sheltered sites, even if they had to be somewhat farther back.

The surgical unit being, then, anywhere from five to twenty kilometers from the trenches, an elaborate system of handling and sorting the wounded has to be devised. When a man is wounded, he probably applies the first-aid pack which he himself carries, or a comrade applies it for him. If he is only slightly wounded, he walks back to the battalion-aid station; if severely wounded, he is carried by the regimental stretcher bearers. The battalion-aid station is from fifty to fifteen hundred yards behind the front line trenches, in a shell hole, cellar, culvert, dugout, or some such location.* It has no equipment for major surgery. The wound is simply painted with iodine and covered with a good-sized sterile dressing. Antitetanic serum is administered, and fractures immobilized by splints, but no attempt is

* This seems a good place to add an anecdote current in the company about service in aid stations: "One of our officers was temporarily assigned to duty with a front line regiment, and as a result of the advance he acquired a first aid station which had been abandoned by the enemy. One day he felt that the conditions there had become unbearable. He had previously reported the situation to his commanding officer, but to no avail. On this day he presented himself at headquarters during a lull in the battle, saluted, and said: 'Colonel, Sir, about that first aid station. I don't mind the fact that it faces the enemy's fire, I don't mind the fact that the steps are broken and the stretcher bearers usually fall down them with the wounded, I don't mind the fact that it is so wet and damp that we can't keep the dressings clean and dry, but, Colonel, Sir, I'm afraid I'll get killed out there.'" R.C.W.

made to "set" them. During the summer fighting there was more or less confusion in what happened from this point. But later on, as in the Argonne, when the system was working as it was meant to, the wounded went back, on foot, by litter, animal-drawn or motor ambulance, depending upon the severity of the injury and the difficulty of the terrain, to the dressing station, which might be three thousand yards behind the line. This, besides giving first-aid treatment to men who had been wounded in the zone between the aid station and the dressing station, and inspecting and supplementing the treatment given there, also provided shelter and served as a collecting and classification center for the motor ambulance service, which was regulated from this point. Hot food and drinks were usually available here. The wounded were then carried back by ambulance to the *triage,* or sorting station, which was usually manned by a field hospital. This was normally from two to four miles back. Here the wounded were carefully sorted out according to the seriousness and urgency of their injuries. Gassed men were sent to the gas hospital; seriously wounded to an evacuation or mobile unit, slightly wounded farther back to the railhead. The field hospitals operated on some of the most desperately wounded men—those with abdominal and chest wounds, for instance—but the first definitive surgical work was performed principally by the evacuation hospitals and mobile units. The latter differed from companies such as ours only in being smaller, doing practically all their work under canvas, and in having much of their equip-

ment fitted in trucks, so that they could move on shorter notice and with greater ease. As has been pointed out, all the transportation of wounded from the dressing station to the triage, triage to evacuation, and often from evacuation to the railhead, was performed by motor ambulance. Upon the courage, skill, and devotion of the ambulance drivers much depended, for they, more than any other agency in the system, had an opportunity to cut down the distressing delay which cost the lives of so many of the men who died.

I have already described at length what the operative technique of an evacuation hospital looked like to a layman. But it remains to add a word as to the theory underlying that technique, and to describe the postoperative treatment. We used to sum up the operative procedure by the French term *débridement,* which meant nothing more nor less than the removal with knife and scissors of all the tissue affected by the missile or by infection. The surgeon simply started from outside the wound and cut until healthy muscle was exposed in every direction.* This often made very sad looking

* The immediate and almost miraculous effect of this radical surgical procedure is well shown by the following anecdote: "During the Meuse-Argonne, an American soldier who had been born in Italy was brought in in an apparently hopeless condition, practically unconscious from gas gangrene. A piece of shell had struck him in the back of the left upper thigh and had passed through and upwards across to the region of the right loin. The whole tract was a mass of gas gangrene which from outward appearances seemed impossible to remove. The surgeon operating called in consultation one of the older surgeons, who said, 'I would

chasms, particularly when the wounds were in the thigh, as so many of them were. The dimensions I have given above on page 110 were by no means unusual for a wound of this sort. Carrel, in his book *The Treatment of Infected Wounds* (p. 189), casually mentions a buttock wound which, after "cleaning up" measured 18 cm. long, 9 cm. wide, and 8 cm. deep (about 7⅛ by 3½ by 3¼ inches). An evacuation hospital naturally had a larger percentage of such large wounds than a base. Toward the end of the War, I believe successful results were being obtained through radical excision alone, by making it so thorough and careful that the wound was "clean" after the operation, and could be at once closed. But with us, this radical excision seldom or never proved enough by itself. The opening of the wound stopped the growth of the gas infection so far as the air could reach, but in the interior there were pretty certain to be closed pockets where it could continue to thrive, especially if combined (as it always was) with aerobic organisms, particularly staphylococci and streptococci, which formed with it a sort of mutual protective league. These would use up the oxygen which inhibited the gas bacillus, and then the gas bacillus would begin to multiply. The streptococci themselves, though much less rapid in their action than the gas bacilli, were almost as fatal if not eradicated.

operate upon him and finish the operation if he died on the table. There is no hope otherwise.' The younger surgeon did as he was advised. The next day upon visiting the ward he found his patient very much alive, and asked him where he lived in America. The patient replied smilingly, 'Two dollars from Pittsburgh.' " R.C.W.

The second stage of the treatment consisted in the irrigation of the wound with a solution capable of destroying both the aerobic and the anaerobic organisms. Dr. Henry D. Dakin, an English scientist who for some time had made his home in America, working at the laboratories established at Compiègne by the Rockefeller Foundation, invented the antiseptic solution, and Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous Franco-American surgeon, devised the operative technique. Hence the method, which was used by all the Allied armies, was properly called the Carrel-Dakin method. I have already described how rubber tubes were inserted into the wounds after operation, the ends being brought out through the bandage, and fastened with safety pins. After the patient had been carried to the ward, the Dakin solution was forced into the tubes every two hours, keeping the whole interior surface of the wound continuously drenched with fresh antiseptic. When the man was to remain in our hospital some time, the tube ends were joined by glass couplings to one large rubber tube, like that of a fountain syringe, which connected with a glass reservoir hung over the bed. When the clip on the large tube was opened, the solution flowed into all the small tubes. When the men were to be evacuated so soon as to make this elaborate equipment unfeasible, the nurse or attendant simply injected a small quantity into each tube separately with a bulb syringe.

The Dakin solution was very simple in composition. It was composed of nothing but chlorinated lime (bleaching powder, "chloride of lime"), sodium carbonate (washing soda), boric acid,* and water, with a

dash of eosin dye to distinguish it from the other clear liquids (alcohol, sterile water, saline solution) which we used in large quantities. The effective ingredient was the free chlorine which it gave off when it came in contact with raw tissue. This so-called "hypochlorite solution" was by no means new. Under the name of "Javel water" and "Labarraque's liquor" it had long been used for bleaching cloth, disinfecting, embalming, and kindred processes. Dakin's great achievement was twofold. Hypochlorite solutions as ordinarily prepared are strongly alkaline, and corrode human tissue. Likewise, if the percentage of hypochlorite is too high, the solution is irritating; if too low, it has no effect on the bacteria. Dakin discovered a means of making a neutral hypochlorite solution, and determined the exact strength it must have for use as an antiseptic. The percentage must not fall below 0.45 per cent of hypochlorite, not rise above 0.5 per cent. Obviously the preparation of Dakin solution required expert chemical training. Moreover, the chlorinated lime, which was the chief ingredient, is a highly unstable substance with a constantly changing chlorine content. It was therefore necessary to make chemical analysis of it constantly in order to be able to prepare the solution properly. The technique demanded a first-class pharmacy as well as first-class surgery. And both surgeon and pharmacist would have been helpless without a competent bacteriologist and a well-equipped bacteriological laboratory.

* For the boric acid, which was added to neutralize the alkalinity of the solution, some formulas substitute bicarbonate of soda.

The first effect of seeing these radical methods of excision was to fill the uninitiated with dismay. "How can such extensive wounds ever be closed?" they asked. "What good will such a mangled body ever be?" Could they have seen the whole process, they would have thought the final results little short of miraculous. The wounds after operation were never closed with sutures, but left wide open, protected by the dressings. Cultures were taken daily and sent to the laboratory. When the bacterial count showed that the antiseptic had swept out the infection, the wound was closed with sutures, and healed promptly, like a clean cut, leaving only the narrowest and firmest line of scar tissue. The removal of so much tissue was not so serious as one would have supposed. Muscle shows remarkable power of repair. If the whole middle part ("the belly," as surgeons say) of a muscle were removed, it would fill in with scar tissue, and the use of that particular muscle would be lost. But this seldom happened in practice. It was usually possible to leave one edge or the other of the muscle, so that even if a portion were replaced by scar tissue, the function would be largely retained. In the great majority of cases, the man recovered with a perfectly sound and useful limb.

The following are transcripts from the records of actual cases which passed through our hospital. The first and last are from duplicates of "Form 52," one of those quaint forms which the army required us to make for every patient; the others are from the operating record book which I myself kept for six tables at Petit Maujouy between September 13 and October 13, 1918.

It will be noted that the first record is incomplete. A glance at the date shows the reason; the man was admitted at Juilly and died there before we took over the hospital. When the form was made out, he was already lying in the morgue.

(1) SURNAME A——— (2) CHRISTIAN NAME G———

(3) RANK Pvt. (4) COMPANY 76 (5) REGIMENT OR STAFF CORPS 6 U.S.M.C.

(6) AGE, YRS. Unknown (7) RACE Unknown (8) NATIVITY Unknown (9) SERVICE, YRS. Unknown

(10) REGISTER NO. 271625.

(11) DATE OF ADMISSION. June 3, 1918.

(12) SOURCE OF ADMISSION. Unknown.

(13) CAUSE OF ADMISSION.
G.S.W.* left thorax, severe, below last rib. Incurred in action.

(14) IN LINE OF DUTY? Yes.

(15) COMPLICATION, SEQ., ETC. June 4, 1918.
Wide incision of shell wound of thorax. F.B.* removed. Ether.

(16) DISPOSITION. Died. Cause of death: G.S.W. left thorax severe. Cause of death originated in the service and in line of duty.

(17) DATE OF DISPOSITION. June 6, 1918.

(18) NAME OF HOSPITAL, ETC.
Evacuation Hospital No. 8, Juilly, Seine-et-Marne, A.E.F.

* "G.S.W." stands for "gunshot wound" and "F.B." for "foreign body."

(19) SENT WITH REPORT OF S. & W.* FOR MONTH OF June, 1918.

(20) ARTHUR M. SHIPLEY,
Major, M.R.C.

Of the cases from the book, the first illustrates what I have said about rifle and machine-gun bullet wounds.

September 24, 1918 Ward 22
M———, J——— Serial No. 135681
Private, Headquarters Co., 102 F.A.
Time of Injury, Sept. 24, 8.30 A.M.
Time of this writing, Sept. 24, 4.15 P.M.
Diagnosis: G.S.W. right thigh, perforating, machine gun bullet. No fracture. No nerve injury. Leg not tense. Not operated.
Hold.*

MAJ. SHIPLEY.

Why the following patient was sent to us, I do not know, but I have copied out his case because it furnishes something in the way of relief:

September 30, 1918 Ward 5
H———, A——— Serial No. 3109797
Pvt., Co. K, 315 Infantry.
Time of Injury, Sept. 28, 3 P.M.
Time of operation, Sept. 30, 4 P.M.
Injury to ingrowing toenail. Operated.
Evacuate.

CAPT. LONG.

The following cases are typical, though rather more severe than the average. I have avoided giving records

* "S. & W." stands for "sick and wounded" and "Hold" means "do not evacuate until further orders."

for men who died in our hospital after operation. Note the frequency of multiple wounds.

October 12, 1918, 1.30 A.M. Ward 29
R———, A——— G. Serial No. 12157005
Pvt., Machine Gun Co., 131 Infantry.
Duration of injury, 7 hours.

I. G.S.W. right thigh, perforating, involving knee joint. Complicated by gas infection. Débridement about half the extensor muscles of thigh. Wounds of entrance and exit in knee joint debrided, joint irrigated with ether, capsule closed with chromic gut. 8 C.D.* tubes.

II. G.S.W. lateral aspect right buttock, extensive area of skin and fascia lost. Débridement. 6 C.D. tubes.

III. G.S.W. right calf, outer side. Small éclat* removed. Dakin dressing.

IV. G.S.W. right leg, perforating. F.C.C.* tibia middle and lower third, extensive loss of bone substance. Anterior tibial vessels severed. Débridement. 5 C.D. tubes.

V. G.S.W. middle right leg. Small éclat removed. Slight notch in anterior edge of tibia. Débridement. 1 C.D. tube.

VI. G.S.W. hand. Iodine dressing.

Hold

Capt. Lendermen
Capt. Webb.

October 12, 1918, 2.30 A.M. Ward 5
K———, C——— Serial No. 1388750
Pvt., Medical Department, 131 Infantry.
Duration of injury, 20 hours.

* "C.D." stands for "Carrel-Dakin," "F.C.C." for "compound comminuted fracture," and an "éclat" was a fragment of a high explosive shell casing.

G.S.W. right leg, perforating, made by éclat. Massive gas gangrene. Amputation mid thigh.
Evacuate.

MAJ. SHIPLEY.

October 10, 9 P.M. Ward 22
K———, S——— Serial No. 1388656
Pvt., Co. M, 131 Infantry.
Duration of injury, 12 hours.

I. G.S.W. left knee, penetrating. Large éclat in joint, F.C.C. head of tibia. F.B. removed. Atypical resection of joint. Cavity packed with ether gauze. Splint applied by Lt. Morris.

II. G.S.W., penetrating face, tongue, and lower jaw, anterior to angle. Trajet through left cheek, tongue, and into right cheek. Large éclat removed from right cheek. Counter drainage.
Hold

MAJ. SHIPLEY.

The most significant thing in the record of the poor fellow that follows is the date. He was sent over the top on the morning of November 11, after the high officers in command had been notified that the fighting would cease at eleven o'clock.

W[ounded] 81 Division

(1) SURNAME	(2) CHRISTIAN NAME
B———	H——— A.

(3) RANK	(4) COMPANY	(5) REGIMENT OR STAFF CORPS
Pvt.	E.	322 Inf.

(6) AGE, YRS.	(7) RACE	(8) NATIVITY	(9) SERVICE, YRS.
25	W P*	N. Car.	5/12*

* "W P" means "white, Protestant," and "5/12" stands for "five months."

(10) REGISTER NO. 1893302
(11) DATE OF ADMISSION. Nov. 11, 1918
(12) SOURCE OF ADMISSION. F.H. 321
(13) CAUSE OF ADMISSION. 1. G.S.W. left shoulder, F.C. of acromion process of left scapula. 2. G.S.W. left arm, deltoid region. 3. G.S.W. left forearm, severe. 4. G.S.W. left wrist. 5. G.S.W. left hand. Gas gangrene. 6. G.S.W. right shoulder. 7. G.S.W. left thigh, perforating. 8. Shock, severe. Incurred in action.
(14) IN LINE OF DUTY? Yes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, & 8.
(15) COMPLICATION, SEQ., ETC. Nov. 14, 1918. Operated. All wounds débrided. Ether.
(16) DISPOSITION. Died. Cause of death [as above].
(17) DATE OF DISPOSITION. Nov. 18, 1918.
(18) NAME OF HOSPITAL, ETC. Evacuation Hospital No. 8, Petit Maujouy, Meuse, A.E.F.
(19) SENT WITH REPORT OF S. & W. FOR MONTH OF Nov., 1918.
(21) ARTHUR M. SHIPLEY, Lt. Col., M.C., U.S. Army.

Of the final stages in the treatment of wounds by the Carrel-Dakin method we saw very little. Our function was to perform definitive surgical treatment and then get the men as soon as possible back to the base hospitals for convalescence. Some men left us before they came out of the ether; some stayed with us a day or two; some a week; some few, still longer. At Evacuation Eight they were loaded aboard ambulances and carried back—to Paris when we were at Juilly; to Souilly, the railhead, when we were at Petit Maujouy—and there put aboard hospital trains and rushed down to the base hospitals in the middle and south of France. For most of

them, probably, the long weeks at the base obliterated all memory of their brief stay with us. Yet those few hours with us were terribly significant. "The evacuation hospital, plus the mobile hospital, and the mobile surgical unit, . . . constituted the hospital for early surgery; upon it, to a very great extent, the patient's life and limb depended."*

* *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War,* VIII, 159.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Juilly. The Champagne-Marne and the Aisne-Marne.

AN evacuation hospital never receives a steady inflow of wounded. Armies do not advance in tidy, evenly apportioned distances day by day, but by desperate sallies and spurts, between which they lie quietly but ominously at rest, gathering strength for another effort. The Argonne came near being a slow, steady, inexorable advance, with a fairly certain number of wounded to be counted upon each day, but even in the Argonne we had periods of inaction.

For nearly a month after the twentieth of June we received few patients. The assistants in the operating rooms continued for some time to report for duty, spending the days quietly rolling bandages, burnishing instruments or copper sterilizers, mopping up floors, and putting everything in readiness for the expected drive. Then, a few at a time, they were sent back to report for detail—such tasks as policing the grounds, carrying and storing equipment, working in the sisters' kitchen and our own, or digging graves. Only a skeleton force was left to manage the machinery of the receiving ward and the operating rooms. Time was thought to hang so heavy on our hands that occasional roll calls, inspections, and drills were again instituted. Pay day came on June 17, inspection on June 20. By June 24, at least,

hikes and drills were on again, for I find in a diary a record of "hike, drill, and fatigue" on June 24, 27, and 28, with a remark about a big laugh on a lieutenant (name not mentioned) who had the whole company do "left-front-into-line over a high bank and tomato plants."*

For one group of men—the ward orderlies—the lull made little difference. Some of the emergency wards had been entirely evacuated, so that we were caring for considerably fewer patients than we had had earlier, but as we began to receive fewer wounded, we were naturally not in such a hurry to evacuate, and so, during the lull, our work assumed something the complexion of that of a base hospital. The patients we retained were generally desperately wounded: fracture cases, amputations; abdominal, chest, and head wounds. They required constant and tender attention. Many of them were quite helpless and had to be fed and bathed like infants. Soon after breakfast the surgeon appeared and the dreadful ordeal of dressing the wounds began. The nurse accompanied him from cot to cot, an orderly pushing along a white-enameled cart bearing fresh sterile dressings, Dakin solution and tubes, bandages, and the necessary instruments. The orderly would cut the bandages and lay bare the great wound. The surgeon, equipped with sterilized gown and gloves, would pull

* It was on one of these days, I think, that the same lieutenant gave the order for the company to advance at double quick. As he was fat, they ran away from him. In his panic at being left in the rear, he forgot the proper command, and gasped, "Stop 'em, sergeant! Stop 'em!"

out all the old packing and tubes, often having to probe deep with the points of his instrument. Then he would swab it out with a gauze sponge soaked in Dakin solution, push new tubes and gauze back into it, and the orderly would replace the bandage. All this caused the patient excruciating agony. The wards in the morning, when wounds were being dressed, were dreadful places. It was in the first dressing that the wounded realized the extent of their injuries. Sometimes a poor lad found out then for the first time that he had lost a leg, the absence of which he had been unable to feel. They tried to be brave, but who could quietly endure that pain after such long sapping of his strength? One who had never worked in the operating room would suppose, to read of what was done there, that the daily witnessing of such work would have subjected the observer to greater nervous strain than that of any other department of the hospital. But I think it was not so. The patients in the operating room were unconscious, inert. One never felt as though the knife hurt them any, and the deft technique of the surgeon filled the observer with such admiration that he soon forgot the nature of the stuff this artist was working on. So, too, such experiences as burial details, after the first shock of horror at touching a corpse was forgotten, were grim but not painful. However much these poor chaps might have suffered, they felt nothing now. After one or two experiences of carrying amputated legs down to the incinerator, it was impossible to get a thrill of horror out of such commonplace events. Indeed, we developed a most unbecoming levity with regard to them. But in the

wards one was in constant contact with dreadful agony, which expressed itself in irrepressible moans and shrieks. One had to deal with cringing fear, with unreason, with selfishness, in a spirit of charity that always saw these men as not masters of themselves, but drained of their strength and courage. One had to be ready to give endlessly those unpleasant attentions which bedridden men demand. I never worked for any length of time in the wards, but what hours I did spend there gave me a deep respect for the ward nurses and orderlies, who, it seems to me, had the hardest job of any of us. It was not sufficient for them to be deft, careful, untiring; they had also to be patient, encouraging, and tender.

I shall insert here as an interlude an account of one of the poor lads who was with us during this period. It was written in February, 1920, long before this book was ever planned, and repeats many things which I have already said or shall have to say. I print it, however, almost without revision, because its unity is all that makes it worth reading, and because the recollections it contains are so much more detailed and accurate than anything any of us could achieve now.

HERBIE—AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

I FIRST saw Herbie a week after I started work in the operating room at the old Collège de Juilly, during the last of the Belleau Woods fighting. I was new enough to it then so that I saw him as a human being rather than a case: a big, well-built lad of nineteen,* but pale

* The author of this record, who talks as though he were middle-aged, was actually at this time something short of twenty-one.

and thin, with very clear blue eyes and closely cropped blond hair.

He was wounded in the knee, a serious wound, but not so pressing as some of the other cases. He lay nearly all day on a shaky old French litter on the tiled floor outside the operating room, waiting his turn. Once I found him shivering and tucked the blankets in around him. It was about four in the afternoon when he was finally brought in.

I took down the record for the operation. The boy's last name was German; his first name, Herbert. He was, as I have said, only nineteen. A marine. He had been wounded sixteen hours previously. His voice was high pitched and rather unsteady; he was clearly frightened by the operating room. That was hardly to be wondered at. Operations were under way on the tables at either side, and the room ran with blood and reeked with ether. My white gown (at Juilly even surgical assistants had luxuries) was covered with blood stains. In that gown, with a piece of bandage tied around my forehead to keep the sweat out of my eyes, I must have been a terrifying spectacle. Yet he would have died rather than admit that he was afraid. I saw the dumb appeal in his eyes as I helped lift him on the table, and slid my hand into his. He looked up at me gratefully. The nurse started to put the ether mask down over his face. His voice shook a little.

"You'll hold my hand and see me through, won't you?" he asked.

That was how my friendship with Herbie began.

The operation proved to be long and difficult. The

missile was a jagged piece of shell nearly a centimeter each way, which had penetrated the joint cavity. Once the major threw it out, but it slipped back again. But he found it again, and dressed the wound. I took the dictation. I do not know why I should remember that dictation, but I do, as well as though I had written it yesterday.

"June 16, 1918. Herbert H———, 15th Company, 6th Machine Gun Battalion, U.S.M.C. Duration of injury, 16 hrs. G.S.W. right knee joint. Missile entered from popliteal space, traversing between outer hamstring tendon and the notch of the condyles, lodging in the joint cavity. External arthrotomy. Piece of shrapnel 1 x ½ x ¾ cm. removed from the joint cavity. Débridement. Joint irrigated with Dakin solution and left open for drainage. 9 Carrel-Dakin tubes in posterior wound. Hold. Major Shipley."

I helped to carry the boy, limp and hardly breathing, to the ward, and put him in bed. Ward B was the best in the hospital. It was a long bare room with whitewashed plaster walls, and a floor of red tiles, with long windows, overlooking the old stone-flagged central courtyard of the Collège. I had to pass through it on my way to the operating room, and I always used to stop to speak to Herbie when I could.

He could not sit up, but had always to lie flat on his back with his leg in a long aluminum splint. When our work slackened toward the end of June, I used to sit by his bed and talk with him. Sometimes I wrote letters to his dictation: letters to his mother, his aunt, his sweetheart—"The little lady," he called her. In those letters

he repeated over and over that he was getting along well, was feeling better, and would soon be out of bed.

It was not true, for his case went badly from the first. The joint was badly infected, and kept getting worse: a slow, obstinate infection which sapped his strength. He had apparently been on the verge of a physical breakdown at the time he was wounded, and could seem to rally no strength to throw off the infection.

In our talks I learned a great deal about his history. His father was a successful business man in a mid-western city. There was only one other child, a brother. His people were of German descent; his grandmother spoke no English. His parents had not tried to dissuade him from joining the marines. He had been personal orderly to an officer, a major, and at the front had served as a runner, carrying messages for him. He had gone through two weeks of the horror of Belleau Woods, seldom getting anything to eat, and keyed up to a dreadful nervous pitch, for he must have been by nature timid. He had had none of his clothes off for the sixteen days before he was hit. On that morning, he, his major, and three other men were crouching in a shell hole. A shell landed on top of them. The major and two of the men were killed outright, and the other man died very shortly afterward. Herbie said that he had not been killed because he had been praying just before the shell struck.

The days went by, and Herbie got no better. Twice he had to undergo reoperation because of the infection. I was off duty both times, but because it seemed to steady him, I came back to help. He feared an amputation both times; dreaded it literally worse than death.

After the third operation his cot was moved to the windowside so that he could see the men hurrying around in the courtyard below carrying the wounded on litters, or loading the convalescent into ambulances for evacuation. On one of the old towers opposite was an ancient clock. He used to watch the slow progress of its hands all day long. I remember that one day an elm branch swung in between, and I found him almost in tears because nobody would heed his request to move his cot a few inches. A boy of nineteen, thousands of miles away from home, terribly alone, and facing the probability of death, what did he think, as he lay there for weary hours and days, watching the lacy boughs of the elms spatter the flags of the courtyard with arabesques of light, which shifted and faded as the hands of the clock crawled around?

In Juilly was one little *fruiterie,* where, for exorbitant prices, one could occasionally buy fresh fruit. One day I got a pound of big cherries for him. When I poured the beautiful red things out on his blanket, he looked up startled, struggled manfully for a moment to keep down his emotion, and then his eyes ran over with tears. He said nothing to me, but I felt sick with shame as I realized how casual the gift had really been.

On the fifteenth of July the Germans attacked furiously, and three days later we launched the counterattack which kept them retreating to the end of the War. Several surgical teams were detached from our hospital, and I was sent along. I was gone three days. I came back half dead, and found our hospital crowded with

wounded. It was three days more before I could go to Herbie.

I stumbled down the ward, and brought up with a start of surprise. Herbie's bed was empty. At first I was disappointed, and then glad, for it came to me that he must have improved sufficiently to be sent back to the base. On the way out I stopped to speak with the ward nurse, Miss O'Toole, a tall, thin, gray-haired Bostonian, who had gone from a holiday at Nice to four years' voluntary service with the American Red Cross. I knew that she was fond of Herbie.

"So they evacuated Herbie?" I asked.

She looked up, startled. Then her eyes filled—and it takes a great deal to make a woman cry after she has been seeing men die almost every day of her life for four years—

"Herbie died yesterday morning," she said.

From the ward orderly I learned afterward the story of his death. On the night of the twenty-first the infection started a hemorrhage. It was almost immediately detected and controlled, but in his weakened condition the loss of blood proved fatal. Every attempt was made to raise his blood pressure sufficiently to make an operation possible, but he never rallied from the condition of shock. He died just before dawn that morning. At that hour I was sound asleep in my billet. At the last, when he had so many things to think of, did he remember me, his friend?

So far as I know, he left just two things. One was a letter he wrote to his mother the night before he was wounded, when he expected to be killed at any moment.

He had kept it with him, and it was in the pocket of his pajamas when he died. It was the most truly pathetic thing I ever saw. You must remember that it was written by a quite normal boy under the expectation of sudden death at any moment. It had the awkwardness which any American boy of nineteen would show in trying to tell his mother of his love, but it told it so even more effectively. At the end he made a little will, giving all his few belongings to different members of his family. The chaplain took that and sent it to his mother. The other thing was one of the small buttons of his uniform which he gave me as a souvenir in the first days of our acquaintance.

A few days after Herbie's death, I walked out to the American cemetery. It was just outside the grim, gray wall of the old French burying ground, beside the cobbled highway, in a wheat field. The wheat had grown up to the very foot of the wall; it was now golden and almost ready for the harvest, starred here and there with flaming red poppies. From the foot of the wall a lane had been cut in the wheat, and two rows of raw mounds with brown crosses faced each other across a narrow path; all exactly alike except for the name plates. I had to stoop and read several before I found his—number 100. I laid a bunch of already wilting poppies on the mound, and stood a moment trying to grasp the situation, to feel to its depths what Herbie's death meant.

The sun was just dropping below the horizon, sending out dazzling streamers on a level with the eye. A skylark was soaring and singing overhead. A cart trundled by on the cobbled road, and sweet and clear from the

church spire came the peaceful notes of the Angelus. The air smelled of the harvest. I could not feel sad. My tired brain would not fix itself on the grave; it wandered off into a blissful apathy. I forgot for a moment the sight of mangled bodies and the smell of blood and ether and gas gangrene. The healing beauty streamed in upon me: the glory of the sunset, the smell of the wheat, the sound of the bell, the song of the lark. I could not grieve for Herbie at all. He was gone, forever; but for me no more gone than the other wounded men who had passed through our hospital for another.

I must have stood there a long time, for presently the dew came down and made me shiver. As I turned away, I saw far on the horizon to the northward a flash like heat lightning, and then, dull and muffled, I heard the thudding tremor of the guns.

Drill and fatigue could not consume all the time. We continued to be divided into day and night shifts, and when a quiet night allowed us to snatch some hours of sleep, the whole of the next day was left gloriously free for adventures of exploration. Juilly itself abounded in pleasant places. There was the great green park, with its solemn trees overgrown with ivy, and the various small grocery and baker shops with their fascinatingly new wares and methods. Round about Juilly the country smiled with great fields of wheat and barley, turning golden for the harvest. Fine broad white roads, shaded with evenly spaced rows of symmetrically trimmed trees, led off in all directions through the grain-covered country. Near at hand, and reached after an entrancing

walk through a green park and beside the green little stream that fed the lake of the Collège, was the old Château of Nantouillet, with its moat and crumbling wall and towers of early medieval days, surrounding an elegant Renaissance castle, built piecemeal of the older structure, and itself now falling into picturesque decay. The old gateway still stands, guarding in its niches the battered statues, and one reads over it the partly effaced Latin inscription of the ancient count who flourished centuries before America was discovered. In the old church of St. Denis in the tiny hamlet of Nantouillet (whose floor boasts a slab dated—I hope not mendaciously—A.D. 676) the gentle old curé delighted to display his pathetic sacristy with its massive barred oak door, which could be locked and counterlocked by a great key shaped like a crank. The room had suffered little change but had been despoiled of most of its treasures, though he could still display a fine twelfth-century copper box enameled in blue and green, and eleventh-century tapestries and vestments.

The largest town within easy walking distance (some five kilometers) was Dammartin, whither we often made pilgrimages. The road thither led through the most beautiful scenery—grain fields, meadows, little streams, wooded slopes, and many solitary trees festooned with mistletoe. In feudal days the Count of Dammartin had ruled all the district about Juilly. The castle was destroyed in the seventeenth century by order of Richelieu, but the tremendous mass of its ruin rises up like a fort, a great flat-topped mound with a circle of trees on the summit. Within, the ruinous passageways

and corridors served as a bombproof shelter for the citizenry of the town. There were scores of other delightful walks—St. Soupplets, for instance, where the "Coq d'Or" lured us with its occasional chance to purchase a supper of something different from army fare, to reach which we passed through the hastily built trenches and fortifications of the first Battle of the Marne, with the many solitary graves of the nameless heroes still dotting the woods and fields where they fell. Montgé and St. Mard were near at hand; farther off were Meaux, Claye, Paris itself. We were within twenty-five kilometers of the French capital, but strange as it may seem, very many of us never set foot in it. During all the time we were at Juilly, I believe not one enlisted man was given a pass to go to Paris except on some official errand, real or fictitious. There were, however, as might be expected, many surreptitious leaves.

No memories of the past can be more charming or gracious than those of these sunny quiet walks which we took alone, or in the company of some especially intimate comrade, chatting as we strolled along, or lying silently for long moments on the grass under the trees as we fared forth on these adventures of finding somewhere a spot so far overlooked by the American Army, where one could buy eggs, French fried potatoes, coarse, sweet rye bread and butter, and experiment with new and wonderful beverages. Occasionally one could rent a bicycle, and then the quest went further afield. One of these bicycle adventures was so amusing that it deserves recording. Two members of the company hired

bicycles from a somewhat furtive blacksmith in Juilly, and departed in high spirits for a tour. As they passed through a small village near Juilly, a young man spied them, gazed a moment in amazement, and then, with agonized shrieks, raised the townspeople, who surrounded the amazed tourists and prevented their further progress. An important looking person in uniform, who appeared to be the police force, arrived, listened to the young man's shrieks, and put certain questions to the Americans, which they were unable to understand as they spoke no French. Then the mayor arrived and things got even more exciting. The Americans were indignant at this unreasonable detention; the French firmly insistent that the Americans should not depart until they had arranged matters with the young man. At last a native who spoke a few words of English was obtained, who, with the help of the few words of French at the command of the Americans, made it clear that one of the bicycles they were riding was the property of the young Frenchman, and that he had taken it to the blacksmith at Juilly for repairs. Seeing it in the possession of an American he not unnaturally concluded that it had been stolen. The real culprit was the blacksmith, who had been earning a dishonest penny by letting it out unrepaired.

The French people, civilians and soldiers alike, were extraordinarily easy to get acquainted with in those early days of our active participation in the War, before suspicion and disappointment had spoiled the beautiful idealism which possessed us both then, or destroyed the affection that really existed between us. The civilians

were kindly, frank, and generous; the soldiers touchingly humble and friendly. There was nothing of the supercilious superiority which we should certainly have displayed toward a foreign army in our own country. The barrier of language prevented the development of many intimacies that otherwise might have flourished, but some of us cherish warmly the memory of brief friendships made with French soldier lads during their stay in Juilly. "I have a Croix de Guerre," says a letter, "won at the Battle of the Somme by a French artilleryman whom I came to know here—a splendid young chap about my own age. Of eighty men who started the war in his company, only five are left. I walked with him every evening for a week, and talked with him as well as I could. One night he told me that he had been ordered back to the front. I felt as though my best friend were going. Then, with some embarrassment, he said he would like to give me something, 'as a souvenir.' He unpinned his Croix de Guerre and gave it to me. Of course it didn't cost much, but it must have been pretty nearly priceless to him. I saw that he really wished me to take it, and I did. At the moment, I would have given my right arm cheerfully for the right to wear it. Then I have a piece of cloth from a German plane, with the names of several other French soldiers written on it, a souvenir from a detachment from an automobile division I used to visit evenings at their billet. And they're gone too. I think the French soldiers are wonderful."

As I read this over, it seems to me that I have exaggerated the difficulties put in our way by difference of language. Most of our Americans got along perfectly

well without a word of French. Soon after our arrival at Juilly the whole company was thought to be so alarmingly familiar with certain members of the French community that we were ordered to be confined strictly to quarters for a week. The experiment in enforced virtue was not, I believe, a success.

Our chief excitement during this period was furnished by air raids. As a matter of fact, no attempt was actually made to bomb the hospital during our stay there. But the German planes on their way to bombard Paris passed almost every night directly over Juilly, and the antiaircraft guns always took a shot for luck. What goes up must come down, and one can be killed quite as neatly by a fragment of his own shrapnel as by the enemy's. About midnight we would be roused by the firing. Then, high overhead, we would hear the unmistakable drone of the heavily-laden German bombing planes, so different in their sound from ours or the French—Br-r-r-r-R-R-R! Br-r-r-R-R-R! Br-r-r-R-R-R! Then the searchlights would crisscross the sky like mad, and the guns would roar wildly. At such times, stay indoors! I suppose sometime during the War the antiaircraft guns must at least once have scored a direct hit. But I have seen and heard tons, literally, of shells fired at German planes without the slightest damage to them. I am told, however, that the antiaircraft guns were highly useful, for though they did not bring the planes down, they forced them to fly much higher, and thus spoiled the accuracy of placing bombs.

As air raids were the nearest we ever came to being

under fire, we naturally made as much of the experience as it would stand. Indeed, rather more. Some truly remarkable yarns were sent home, including one which I believe is here for the first time recorded in its complete unvarnished truth. One night, during heavy firing from the antiaircraft guns, Mr. St. Clare, our Y.M.C.A. chaplain, looking out the window at the officers' billet, saw, in the window directly below him, a certain base-hospital major, then on detached service with us. The major combined a loud voice and great excitability with considerable honesty and amiability. At that moment, he was craning his neck wildly, trying to see the German planes. Mr. St. Clare stealthily retreated, took from his stores two or three large round lemon candy drops, and leaning carefully out threw them past the major's head. Bang! In popped the head, down slammed the window, and great excitement prevailed. The next morning at breakfast, the major entertained the company with a thrilling story of his narrow escape. More than that, he wrote home an extended account of it, which was published in a San Francisco newspaper. I suppose he is still talking about it. At any rate, he thinks he is telling something like the truth, which cannot be said for some of the lurid yarns we sent home.

On July 4, the French residents at the Collège arranged a most gracious celebration of our national holiday. The pretty little hectographed program, of which I have a copy before me, is headed by a sketch of some of the buildings of the Collège, and at the bottom a rather inadequate American soldier stands against a

background of ocean and a rising sun, lifting his helmet in greeting. The program is as follows:

Matin

Cérémonie Religieuse sous la
Précédence du Monseigneur Marbeau
Evêque de Meaux
A la Chapelle de l'Hôpital — 10 H. 30
Après la Cérémonie Religieuse
Visite aux Tombes des Soldats
Américains Morts pour
La Patrie

Soir

Jeux Sportifs Militaires
Au Parc du Château — 15 H.
Concert

The "Cérémonie Religieuse" is thus described in a letter: "We formed in line at 10.30 and marched to the service in the college chapel, a most beautiful place. A French regiment had lent their band for the occasion, and the sanctuary was decorated with French and American flags. After we had all taken our seats, the procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries came down the center aisle, from the rear. I had not learned who was to officiate, but I had supposed it would be the local curé. He came, however, near the head of the procession, with a whole company behind him, getting more and more splendid all the time, until finally we saw, bringing up the rear, the Bishop of [Meaux], unspeakably impressive and reverend with his long beautiful cope, his mitre and crozier, a splendid old man with a voice like an opera singer. He presided at the solemn high

mass which followed, and made an address to us in French. They tell wonderful stories about him—how he refused to leave his city when it was evacuated before the Germans in 1914, but stayed and protected the few of his people who remained.

"After the service, we formed again and marched to the cemetery. At the head of the procession went the band, then the colors of the Allies: American, French, British, Italian, and Belgian, all of which except the Belgian were carried by members of our company born in the country whose flag he was bearing. At the cemetery the Bishop made another short address, and our chaplain also spoke. The graves had previously been decorated with American flags and bunches of flowers. That part of the service over, we returned to the square before the village church, where the band played 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'The Marseillaise.' Something happened then which all of us who noticed it regarded as beautifully symbolic. Our flag was carried by the tallest man in the company, and it soared way above the others. As we stood at attention during the playing of the anthems, the wind caught it and swirled it around the French flag, completely enveloping it. When the music stopped they dropped apart."

Grand as the service was, it is probable that many of us missed the full extent of its significance. The average American soldier was an aesthetic barbarian, and in no respect more frankly barbarous than in his attitude toward Catholic ritual and symbolism. I remember the remark of one of our wounded men on the day of the celebration. Catholic bishops, even Bossuet's successor,

meant nothing to him, but he was intimately familiar with the great bottles of rosy-tinted Dakin solution which went by his bed several times a day. As the good old bishop in his purple cassock went through the ward, speaking kindly to the boys and distributing little crucifixes, this irreverent person called out in a loud voice, "Who *is* the old boy in the Dakin-colored robe?"

The "jeux sportifs" of the afternoon are best recorded in the exact words of a diary before me: "Fine dinner: mutton, peas, potatoes, pie. Ran relay in P.M. and French won. Sat with Miss ——— during ball game. Duty at 7.30. 8.00 P.M. boys gave musical entertainment until 10.30 P.M. Went with Miss ——— [a different lady from that of the afternoon]. Ward A had movies."

On July 14 (a Sunday) we returned the favor of Independence Day by celebrating the French national holiday. I was sick at the time, and have not the slightest recollection of what took place. A diary says, "big celebration and ball game for the French Bastille Day"; another, "dinner: steak, gravy, cakes, jam, ice cream—made me think lots of home. [I certainly don't remember the ice cream. Is it possible that by being sick I missed the one occasion on which it was served in our company?] Saw French service in afternoon. It was very impressive. Taps blown for both French and American soldiers. Rested most of afternoon, and at night went to church. Text Romans 9. 8. Talked of social progress and dance for us on Monday evening."

Does it sound shocking to read of the personnel of a war hospital planning a dance while the wards are full

of wounded men? It certainly shows one thing: that the hospital had become very quiet. As a matter of fact, there had already been a dance. A diary records it under date of July 13 (the previous evening): "Cloudy, but stood inspection, then played tennis, Miss ——— and Miss ———. Had good dinner, beef stew, mashed potatoes, peas, jam. Sat around during P.M. reading and writing. Officers gave nurses a dance. I was a silent watcher, but couldn't join. [Enlisted men cannot mingle with officers on terms of social equality.] Better times coming, said I."

The fifteenth was declared a holiday, as far as possible, so that everyone could get ready for the dance—the first that any of us had attended in months. We scrubbed ourselves and brushed our clothes, and a festive air prevailed. But the dance never was held, for the Germans upset our plans. Early on the morning of the fifteenth they launched their last and most determined offensive, the "Peace Battle" which was to end the War with a German victory. It involved a concerted attack along the Allied line from Château-Thierry eastward and southward, the object being to cross the Marne, cut off Reims, and drive the point of the salient as far south as Châlons, about one hundred kilometers to the east of us. In some of the most brilliant and heroic fighting of the War, the French and American troops foiled the assault, which succeeded in getting a foothold across the river in only one short portion of the line. But to repulse so overwhelming an assault meant dreadful casualties. On July 18 the French and Americans made a vicious counterattack, not opposite the point of the

German advance, but on our side of the salient, from Château-Thierry northward and westward, the main thrust being in the direction of Soissons. If this attack succeeded, the Germans would be forced to evacuate the entire salient between Reims and Soissons. It did succeed, and from July 18 to the end of the War the Germans were in retreat. So, by eight o'clock, when we had expected to be starting the grand march, we were carrying in the wounded, who were arriving in unprecedented numbers.

I shall take the liberty to describe the care of the wounded in the great Marne battles of the summer of 1918, by means of a letter written by a member of the company who was not at Juilly, but on detached service at Coulommiers. I do this because this letter, which he wrote on his return, is fuller and more graphic than anything which I have describing the work at Evacuation Eight. Much of it is intensely personal, and in no way a history of the experience of the whole company, but in tone and atmosphere it is representative. And it seems to me that this elusive inner core of experience is more important in our record than the bare outward details of chronology.

Since we had set up at Juilly, the American front line had not changed to any extent, but other hospital units had established themselves in localities more directly south of that part of the line which bore the brunt of the offensive. When the German attack was launched, the first great wave of wounded reached these hospitals and threatened to swamp them. Evacuation Seven and Mobile Unit One were at Coulommiers. In response to

their appeals for assistance, two surgical teams were detached from Evacuation Eight to help them out.

". . . I was sent on detached service with a surgical team to a hospital nearer the front. There were two teams of us—four surgeons, four nurses, another enlisted man, and myself. I was ill with a severe attack of tonsillitis at the time, but, as I thought I might get nearer the front, I said nothing about it, but rolled my pack and reported to go. We traveled about thirty kilometers in a Ford ambulance, leaving about supper time. I wish you could see these French roads. They are broad, hard, and straight, generally provided with a curb, white, always clean, and always lined with evenly spaced rows of symmetrical pollarded trees—sycamores, horse chestnuts, or lindens. We had hardly started when we ran into what seemed like an endless line of trucks filled with soldiers headed for the front, an unbroken procession of huge Army camions stretching back for miles, each one about thirty feet behind the one in front.* The sun was going down in one of the most gorgeous sunsets I ever saw. Our road ran through broad fields of wheat, now yellow and ripe, dotted here and there by solitary crosses, which mark the graves of poor French lads who were buried where they fell in 1914. And moving past us endlessly that stream of great brown trucks filled with brown clad men, like the endless belt of some great machine, feeding them into a gigantic hopper. As the glow of the sunset faded and the

* This was the Second Division, which after a six days' rest in villages along the Marne, was being rushed north for the Aisne-Marne offensive.

dusk came on, the dusty brown uniforms blended with the brown of the trucks, and one might not have realized that they were filled with men if he had not seen occasionally the flash of white teeth as they spoke to one another.

"We had better than thirty kilometers to go, and our driver wasn't sure of the road. It was ten o'clock and quite dark by the time we reached our destination. We drove through the unlighted and quiet streets of a town —whether large or small it was impossible to say— climbed a steep ascent, and stopped before a building on the hill top which, from its mass and the dark shadow of a grove of trees behind it, seemed to be a mansion of considerable importance.* We walked up a graveled driveway with trampled hedges and flower beds on either side, up two or three broad stone steps, and into a dark hallway. There was not a ray of light, and we stumbled over something that moaned with pain. The floor was covered, except for the narrowest of passageways, with litters on which were wounded men. We turned to the left, toward a door around which could be seen a narrow chink of bright light, pushed it open, and, shutting it quickly, paused a moment to gaze at one of the strangest sights man ever beheld. Two units were at work here on this hill top, an evacuation hospital, and a mobile unit or 'auto-chir.' This was the operating room of the evacuation. It was evidently the most splendid parlor of the château; a fairly large room, elaborately decorated with a hand-painted landscape

* Château Montanglaust, a mile or so from Coulommiers. Evacuation Seven had been here since the middle of June.

frieze, and had, at the side opposite the entrance, a fireplace with an immense rococo mantel and mirror. Now it was jammed full of operating tables, and several teams were hard at work. Bloody gauze and towels were everywhere—on the floor, in the fireplace, simply trodden underfoot. The rush was so terrific that the orderlies had had only time to mop off the top of the table as one man was carried out and another brought in. There was no electricity, the light being furnished by portable acetylene generators, bubbling smelly tanks which stood on the floor beside each table, with a bare jet of flame at the height of about five feet. The shutters (which must have been made of solid plank) were all tightly closed for fear of air raids, and the air was terribly close, reeking with ether and acetylene, and shimmering with the heat. To one slightly light-headed with fever like myself, the room was an impossible nightmare of unearthly shapes: silent and prostrate forms cumbering the tables, tense and busy groups of surgeons and nurses with their ghostly white gowns and ghoulish gloved hands, like black claws, wielding the glittering little instruments in a silence broken only by the oppressed breathing of the men under the ether, the click of the instruments, and occasional curt commands.

"I had to assist for two tables. We started with a patient. I held his arms as he went under the ether, and, as I did so, gazed uncomprehendingly at what was going on at the next table. The surgeon there (a man with an unpleasantly loud and cheerful voice) had amputated one of his patient's legs and was starting to amputate the other. For some reason, he had had the patient

laid on the table with his feet where the others' heads were. It looked to me as though he were amputating the man's head, which at the time did not seem in the least surprising. It came over me that I was about to faint. But there was no one to pay any attention to an assistant with a silly case of tonsillitis while all these desperately wounded men waited. Besides, the anesthetist just then had her hands full, and all the others were scrubbed up. And if I let go the patient, he might struggle and throw himself off the table. So I stood, holding his arms, hoping that if I fell I should go across his chest. Everything went black. I could see nothing, though I could hear the talking and the vicious gritting of the haemostats. Suddenly the lights came back with a blaze, and I was out of it. The major, seeing me sag, had flopped me down on a stool and pushed my head between my knees. He had just got himself ready to begin the operation, and in touching me broke his asepsis, which quite properly annoyed him. He told me to go out doors and stay there until I was steady enough to be of some use. I stumbled out through the hall (tripping over the wounded men again), and collapsed on the grass in front of the château. Then I got up, crawled into the hallway, found my pack and belt, and drank some aromatic spirits of ammonia. It tasted vilely of the rubber stopper of the flask, but seemed to have no effect at all. I thought that if I walked about a bit it might steady me. I skirted the side of the château, and had just got well around into the trees behind, when BANG!! a terrific explosion almost lifted me from the ground. A German plane had dropped a bomb within a hundred

yards.* In the interval between that bomb and the next, I heard the motor of the plane right overhead. Then a battery of antiaircraft guns opened fire. They were so near that for a moment I thought it was more bombs. I was standing beside a good sized oak tree, and I remember that I embraced it firmly. What good I thought it would do me, I don't know. The German dropped two more bombs, neither so near as the first, and departed. The shock had cleared my head completely. I went back to the operating room and worked without stopping until noon the next day. Just before we went off, a patient died on the table. I helped carry him to the morgue, a small white tent on the lawn. It stood quite in the open, under the direct rays of the scorching sun. Before we got to it, I could hear quite clearly the heavy buzzing, like that of many swarms of bees, made by the hordes of flies that filled it. We went off until seven that evening. I hunted up a stretcher and pulled it into an empty ward tent on the lawn. The tent was one of those fussy English contraptions with three great poles, and peaks like a circus tent. It was made of glaring white canvas, and lined with flaming yellow. It seemed to me that every ray of the blistering sun came through to torture

* "At 11 p.m. of July 15, enemy aviators bombed the hospitals at Château Montanglaust and Jouy-sur-Morin, without casualties at the former but killing 1 and wounding 18 patients and personnel at Jouy-sur-Morin, including 1 nurse. Four of those wounded by this attack died. The enemy volplaned downward toward the unit at Jouy-sur-Morin before releasing his bombs." *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War,* VIII, 354. The unit at Jouy was American Red Cross Hospital No. 107.

me. Officers and men coming off duty or going on again were continually passing by and talking. I lay in a heavy stupor, unable to sleep, and yet got some rest.

"When we went on duty again it was with the mobile unit. All their equipment was in tents, or on wheels. Their kitchen was on wheels, their sterilizer was a truck, and a portable generator furnished electric light. The operating room was a long tent with twelve tables in a row. A person who had not seen it would be unable to believe that so commodious and efficient an operating room could be set up in a tent.

"We worked twelve hours this time—until seven the next morning. My knees soon gave out completely, so that to bend them hurt me as though I had rheumatism. I walked stiff-legged. I was the only orderly for two teams of surgeons, but I managed to get through somehow. I remember only one thing that happened. I tried to remove the wet and matted hair from the head of a poor chap with a scalp wound, first using a pair of dull scissors, and then a pair of duller clippers. The clippers (which I hadn't the slightest idea how to use) stuck in the hair so that I had to unscrew the blades to get them out again. I must have almost scalped the patient, but he made no protest, though he looked rather reproachful.

"This time we had twelve hours off, but again I had no luck in getting to sleep. The heat was as bad as ever, and as soon as I stretched out my legs, my knees would cramp and force me to sit up. We went on again at seven, but about midnight the supply of wounded ran out. I got a bloody stretcher, covered it with a blanket,

and lay down on the operating room floor. I was just dropping sweetly off to sleep when an orderly waked me and made me get up so that he could scrub the floor. But I got to sleep again and rested a lot. We went on again the next noon, and worked until six, when we received orders to report back to Evacuation Eight. So back we came, to find our own hospital as jammed with wounded as those with which we had been working.* The ground space of the great cobble-paved courtyard was literally completely covered with wounded men, some lying on stretchers, and some sitting. You found them everywhere—lying in corridors, sitting on stairs, filling the wards, patiently waiting for attention. We had four awful days, but we seem now to be pretty well cleared up.

"I have run some of the impressions of that first night at the château together into a few lines of verse. Would you like to see them?"

THE MAN ON THE TABLE

Château Montanglaust, Coulommiers, July 15, 1918

THERE were four of us there by ourselves, the tired-faced nurse and I,
And the man on the table who lay with his teeth tight shut on a cry,
And the surgeon who turned to his task with a weary nod and a sigh.

* The offensive on our side of the salient having started, we were now nearer the scene of heavy fighting than the hospitals farther east.

For the man on the table was young, with a pain-twisted
boyish face,
And rounded and smooth were the lines of his long naked
body's grace,
Like the slender forms of the youths round the curve of a
Grecian vase.

As I held his hands till he breathed through the ether mask
deep and slow,
I saw as a dream the walls of the room in that old château,
With the elegant woodland frieze, and the fireplace carved
and low.

But now, how the room was filled! White tables, white fig-
ures between,
And the thick air shook with the heat of bare flames of
acetylene,
And reeked with spent ether fumes, and the stench of the gas
gangrene.

My heavy head throbbed and burned; there was not a breath
of air,
And great black circles wheeled, and met my eyes every-
where,
And I felt myself slipping and falling, but something held
me there.

For I saw how the nurse's eyes, in spite of herself, would
close,
And the surgeon's face set like a mask, though his busy
hands fell and rose,
And I knew they were tired as I, who was weary to death,
God knows.

Then I heard my voice, far away: "His pulse is bad, sir," it said,
And the surgeon lifted his eyes, then "Pulse! Great God, man, he's *dead!*"
And gathered up in a heap his instruments, sticky and red.

Then he stripped off his gloves and his gown, and said, "Get him out in the hall";
And the nurse said, "Cover his face up," and I said, "Look out, men, he'll fall";
But the man on the table lay still, and smiled, and said nothing at all.

We received greater numbers of wounded during this drive than at any time previous. But our service was now better organized, and the routine operated more smoothly. An extract from a diary will serve to indicate the mixed spirit of idealistic altruism and matter-of-factness which characterized the greater part of our war work. Caring for wounded men becomes a job like everything else, and to carry on this job efficiently for a long period demands a reasonable attention to one's own physical and mental health. This diary was, of course, never intended for public inspection. But the *naïveté* of its entries is therefore all the more illuminating.*

* I have at my disposal three diaries, which I shall hereafter designate (when I use extracts of any length) as Diary A, Diary B, and Diary C. I think it improves the flow of the narrative to present them thus anonymously, but any member of the company who wishes to spend a little time in detective work can easily identify the authors.

(Diary A.) "Monday, July 15. Played tennis until 11.00 A.M. [This man was on night duty.] Beaten once, but did not play to finish. Holiday for all the boys. Slept some. Took shower and got ready for dance. Alas! 7.00 P.M. Evac. 8 luck. Dance called off account of big drive. From 8.00 P.M. carried our boys from Battle of Marne to operating room and then to ward.

"Tuesday, July 16. 4.45 A.M. carried the last poor mate to operating room. News said Huns had crossed Marne, but were pushed back. Slept 5.00 to 7.00 A.M., then [I suppose after eating breakfast] slept all day, as I was very tired. Got up for dinner and supper. Reported at 7.30 P.M. Carried a few patients, then slept after supper [at midnight] of pork, bread and butter, lettuce, and cocoa. [This midnight mess was prepared by the sisters, and served in the refectory of the Collège itself.]

"Wednesday, July 17. Up at 7.00 A.M. Sat around and talked. Germans at Marne had advanced ten miles, but losses were great, and victory conceded to U.S. To bed after dinner and slept until 6.00 P.M. Reported for duty. Nothing to do. Slept until 12.00, then supper. 1.30 A.M. called and helped with man in A Ward. He died, then I slept until 7.00 A.M.

"Thursday, July 18. Played tennis with B. and lost 6–3, 6–2, 6–4. Slept well until 4.00 P.M. Company had dance, but did not go, account of big rush of our boys. Some had legs amputated, and litter bearing in an operating room is surely some job. Took delight in helping to make the boys comfortable. Had supper at midnight, beef, lettuce, and bread. Then back to work.

"Friday, July 19. Reported off at 7.30 A.M. and was surely tired, sick at stomach, etc., and went right to bed. Good news says we drove the Huns back six or eight miles. Up at 6.00 P.M. Worked hard all night carrying. Saw some mean wounds. Had no time for supper at midnight. Court filled with wounded.

"Saturday, July 20. Did not report off duty until 1.00 P.M. after strenuous time all night. [At least eighteen hours of lifting and carrying wounded.] Slept three hours after reading letters from home. Worked hard evacuating until midnight and was about all in. Finished work after a big night. News says our boys are still going ahead. Received six more letters.

"Sunday, July 21. Breakfast, oatmeal and bacon. To bed very tired and weak at 8.00 A.M. after short prayer. Up at 6.00 P.M. Went to church in Ward F. Grover [Walters] read text, Mark [John] 14: In my father's house, etc. No patients came in, so talked with nurses until midnight, then had supper, and to bed on litter, very tired."

This strenuous week completed our busy work for the summer. From then until we left Juilly, our days moved on in the sleepy routine into which they had settled before the Marne battles. The wards were still well filled, but the receiving office and operating rooms might almost as well have been closed, and in fact one of them finally was. Diaries speak of bicycle excursions, attempts at making ice cream without ice, movies, entertainments by infantry bands passing through, and inspections, besides such work as cleaning instruments,

rolling bandages, and burying the dead. Whether we admitted wounded or not, we had a few deaths nearly every day. Our living conditions were by no means as comfortable as they had been during the sunny days of June. From July 23 to August 6 it rained almost continuously. The French farmers were then just ready to harvest the glorious fields of grain which had been ripening so auspiciously. With cruel persistence the rain continued to pour, soaking down again and again the soggy and blackening harvest which the peasants—more than half women because most of the men were at the front—strove doggedly to save. Our kitchens were still out of doors, so that we often had to stand in our slickers in the downpour for mess. The flies and wasps were innumerable. The wasps had been rather amusing at first when we shooed them away and marveled at their persistence. By this time they had become an intolerable nuisance. They settled down in swarms over our food, and had actually to be brushed off with our hands or fished out with our spoons. There were wasps in everything we ate. One could leave nothing uncovered a moment without finding it filled with wasps. Our open latrines probably furnished most of the flies, and the flies furnished various unpleasant infections. We all suffered from painful stomach and intestinal disorders. Inaction began to get on our nerves, and rumors began to circulate to the effect that we were soon to leave.

The death and funeral of a French aviator created a diversion for at least the fatigue gang. "How do you suppose I celebrated my coming of age?" asks a letter from one of those unfortunates. "In blue denim overalls

pushing a cart around and collecting rubbish! Operating Room B is closed until another drive, and the surgical assistants are now in the chain gang. Being on fatigue has brought me one rather memorable experience. A French aviator fell last week a few kilometres from here. A wing of his plane broke off, I believe, and dropped him more than a mile. He was terribly smashed up, they say. He was given a fine military funeral in the village church. The officers of his escadrille were here, and a guard of ten infantrymen, with their rifles. As a mark of respect, we Americans were asked to furnish eight bearers. That was the fatigue gang. We carried the coffin—a plain plank box covered with the tricolor on which rested one great bunch of flowers from his family —into the church, and up to the altar. His father and mother were there; the father a short rotund gentleman with a fierce moustache, the mother a handsome woman of middle age. She was in deep mourning and wept bitterly, but the father seemed almost unmoved. The service, a high mass of requiem, was naturally all in Latin, except for a brief but very powerful address in French by the curé. We then bore the coffin to the French cemetery. I wish I could give you some idea of the procession. First, side by side, went the little crucifer and an acolyte carrying the holy water. One wore an American trench cap with an infantry button, the other an horizon-blue French cap with infantry numeral. Each wore a white cotta trimmed with lace. Then came the curé and his deacon in their vestments, chanting a Latin hymn, with pauses between the verses. (I strongly suspect that the curé timed the verses by the regularly

spaced trees alongside the road.) Then we followed, carrying the coffin on a bier, with five French infantrymen marching on each side; then the father and mother, and the rest of the funeral cortège.

"After a short burial service we lowered the coffin into the grave. The dead man's captain read a panegyric of his military achievements. Then, for the first time, the father showed signs of emotion. One big tear rolled down his cheek and was shaken fiercely off the point of his moustache. The mother gently thanked us for our services."

Sections from a diary (Diary B):

"August 9. Went to a nearby town and had a three-egg omelet with *vin blanc* and *citron* . . .

"August 10. Very little out of the ordinary happened, and in fact things were so quiet that the air was oppressive with its stillness . . .

"August 11. Sunday, and a very peaceful day. It seems anything but the war zone here. I had a very fine bath, and after the evening repast of goldfish, went to the next town. . . . We started for Dammartin, but missed the train, so went to the regular booze joint [a rather cruel name for the café in St. Mard] and played some time on the piano.

"August 10. P.S. From now on each day I will put in the various rumors and their sources, so far as possible. Reported by a nurse that we were moving to Toul very soon. It was also rumored that we were about to leave for Oulchy le Château.

"August 11, 12, 13, 14. Nothing special doing, except on the 13th. I washed clothes [in the town lavoir]. Didn't seem to suit the French woman next to me. She took some of my clothes and did them for me. Pay came about 8.00 P.M., but on account of lack of change we were not paid. Probably will be on Wednesday. The latest rumors say either Italy or Toul. Probably neither."

Our last days at Juilly are well described by the entries in another diary (Diary A):

"Thursday, August 15. Up at 6.00 A.M. Worked little all day, which was warm and bright. Took short walk at night. Bought box of chocolates [from the quartermaster at St. Mard] and to bed at 10.30 P.M.

"Friday, August 16. Beautiful day. Sat around, had letter from home. Played tennis after supper of eggs and good bread and butter. To bed at 10.00 P.M. after short walk.

"Saturday, August 17. Beautiful day. Little to do and no excitement. Rested in P.M. and to bed early, tired of doing nothing.

"Sunday, August 18. Beautiful day. Orders to move, and spend day loading an army of French trucks [with all our surgical equipment and company stores]. Took walk after shower . . . until 9.00 P.M., then to bed. . . .

"Monday, August 19. [The writing of this entry is extremely uneven, having been written on board a jostling freight car.] Roll call at 6.15. Oatmeal. Packs rolled. Carried patients until 11.00 A.M. Sat around all P.M. Pie from sisters at 5.00 P.M., at 6.00 P.M. lined up and marched to St. Mard. Hun prisoners along the way.

Piled aboard singing, and by 7.30 nurses and men were leaving Juilly behind forever."

I have before me as I write a condensed daily summary of our work at Juilly. The totals are perhaps more impressive than one would suspect from a casual reading of this narrative. During our ten weeks in the Collège we admitted 3,736 American sick, gassed, and wounded. This does not include the 1,700 admitted between June 4 and June 8, about 500 of whom were in the hospital when we arrived. Up to about June 15, all the transportable seriously wounded from the engagement at Belleau Woods passed through Juilly. Our busiest day, in number of admissions, was July 19, when we took in 608 patients. Our total deaths, June 8 to August 19, were only 71. The percentage of death for the period that we were in charge was only 1.9, which is extremely low; in fact, too low to represent adequately our more characteristic work later in the Argonne. At Petit Maujouy, where we received no gassed (unless also wounded), and only men suffering from serious wounds, our mortality was between 7 and 8 per cent. The smaller figure at Juilly is probably to be accounted for by the large number (about 800) of gas patients we received there, and the fact that many of our admissions in the July offensive were of slightly wounded.

"The best of our war time experience," says a letter I received not long ago from a member of the company, "was at Juilly." Life at Oglethorpe was occasionally more fun. Life at Petit Maujouy was constantly more

strenuous, often more exciting, but always sterner and bleaker. But when a member of Evacuation Eight pauses in reverie upon the sweetest moments of his months in France, he will linger, I am sure, upon recollections of the grand old white buildings of the Collège, the broad courtyard drowsing sleepily in the heat, the quiet green of its park, the idyllic beauty of its lake and quiet swans. And mingled inseparably with these memories will come back others, touched with pain and regret but still more to be treasured: thoughts of high idealism as yet unspoiled by cynicism, of ungrudging devotion to the labor of alleviating suffering, of friendships made among the many wounded boys whom we sent away from Juilly, or among that other company who rested in the cemetery in the wheat field.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Interlude—Coussey, Sionne and Domrémy.

DIARY A.) "Tuesday, August 20, 1918. Rode all day through large and small towns. Beautiful scenery. Dinner of jam, peaches, corned beef. Passed Mussey, Naucois-Tronville, Ligney, Menorcourt, Houdaircourt, Grand Ainville, Neuf Cheateau.* Went further to Coussey, where we unloaded cars and pitched tents. Moon shone in my tent while the bunch sang to the banjo and mandolin, and recitations were given, and midst all this I fell asleep at 10 P.M."

"Evacuation Hospital No. 8. American E. F.
Somewhere in France, August 22, 1918.

". . . Evacuation 8 left the Collège Monday. We packed up our whole shop—tents, surgical supplies, rations, surgeons, nurses, and men, and moved. A small detachment was left behind to care for the patients until a new organization arrives to relieve them. The old Collège, I understand, will now be a base hospital.

"This time we travelled much more comfortably. There were no plank seats in the box cars, and we took

* All but the first of these towns seem to be between Bar-le-Duc and Neufchâteau, and are properly spelled Nançois-Tronville, Ligny (en Barrois), Menaucourt, Houdelaincourt, and Grand-Avranville. Mussey is a short distance the other side of Bar-le-Duc.

along our straw mattresses to spread on the floor. There were only fourteen of us in a car. It was really a most pleasant trip. By a strange coincidence, we have returned to the same region, and almost the identical spot which we left when we were sent so hurriedly to the Collège. We detrained at another little village [Coussey, Vosges], much the size of that we stopped at early in June. The nurses went back to a base hospital in a large town near here [Neufchâteau], but we camped out in our pup tents. It was the most delightful experience since our enlistment. The town was on one of the famous rivers of France [the Meuse], which here is about the size of the saw-mill brook at home. There was a beautiful swimming hole in it, in a meadow, where the water ran close in under a rush-lined bank, dark green, deliciously cold, and deep enough for a plunge. We had a lot of hard work unpacking our supplies from the train yesterday in the blazing sun, the hottest we have seen so far in France. I shall never forget the pleasure, after the sunburn and the dust, of a plunge in that blessed stream.

"We pitched our little tents in the stubble of a wheatfield, near an orchard of large plum trees, and set up our field kitchens on the bank by the roadside. The officers pitched their tents under the plum trees. The moon is at full now. As I lay in my tent in the cool evening, this is what I saw: on the right, a great mysterious, flat-topped hill, covered with evergreen trees. On the left, another hill, crowned by a grand château with round towers whittled off into extinguisher peaks. Nearer, another hillside with a tall slender church spire

overlooking the meadow below, where the lazy little river wanders in the mist. That church [La Basilique du Bois Chenu]—it is more a monument—stands on one of the most sacred and romantic spots in France.* And straight down the broad white road, lined with poplars and sycamores, lies a little village [Domrémy] which I had rather have seen than any spot in France outside of Paris.

"As I lay there, and looked at the splendid slender spire, clear and solemn in the moonlight, and thought of the things for which it stands, the glamor of the moonlight and the splendor of the vision I had evoked blended and mingled with the thoughts of home and peace and love that always come to us at times like this when we have a moment to think. That night they were calm and sweet, purged of all selfishness. Such moments come but seldom, but when they do they touch one more profoundly than a sermon. Indeed, this is a spot of visions.

"Then the moon got higher, and I could see the sweet lady's face in it as plain as the profile on a coin. Down the company street a candle flickered where our 'orchestra'—a violin, guitar, and mandolin—almost wrung the hearts out of us with the sweet familiar rag tunes they were playing and singing. The music stopped, and Bill Smith's plaintive voice rose in one of his recitations, infinitely more moving because we know every word of it. Then tattoo and call to quarters, and at last (imagine the mist rising now, and us snuggling down under the

* It is erected on site where, according to tradition, Joan of Arc tended her flock, and received her visions.

WOUNDED MARINES ON THE LAWN AT JUILLY

OUR ORCHESTRA IN THE WHEAT FIELD AT COUSSEY, VOSGES,
AUG. 20, 1918

blankets), clear, and sweet, and thrilling, sad with its notes of night and sleep and death, but clear in its assurance of the dawn to come—taps."

A snapshot of that happy encampment shows the "orchestra": Parlin, Idler, and Small. Behind, easily recognizable by pose and stature, stands our favorite and always dependable entertainer, Bill Smith. Probably no other man in the company was so well known or so well liked. He was (and is) a short, small-statured Irishman from Albany, New York, his humorous face deeply scored with marks which only add to its amiability. Bill had on tap three pieces: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" (the favorite), "Whisperin' Bill," and "The Face on the Barroom Floor," besides a few others more amusing but less edifying. No man was ever more of an artist in the difficult feat of enthralling with his voice an audience of simple men. His voice would not, abstractly considered, be called remarkable, but its husky, crooning, plaintive notes contained exactly that quality which appeals to the frank sentimentality of the average man. His greatest virtue was always to oblige. Ill or tired, early or late, when there came a halt in the march or a lull in the work, the shout would always go up, "Where's Bill Smith?" And Bill, without a word of excuse or protest, would come forward, grinning apologetically, and start the familiar words of one of his classics, while his audience, like children listening to an oft-told tale, silently repeated the words with him:

> In a buckskin shirt that was glazed with dirt,
> He sat, boys, and I saw him sway,
> Then he touched the keys with his taloned hands,

And, my God! but that man could play.
Were any of you ever out in the great alone
When the nights were awful clear,
And the icy mountains hemmed you in
With a silence you 'most could hear?

Or "Whisperin' Bill":

So you're takin' the census, mister?
Well, there's three of us livin' still;
Me and my wife, and our only son,
That folks call "Whisperin' Bill";
But Bill couldn't tell you his name, sir,
And I think it's hardly worth givin';
For you see a bullet killed his mind,
And left his body livin'.

Oh, wise Bill Smith! What people in general want for entertainment is not the subtle, nor the learned, nor the sophisticated; it is sentiment and heavy-handed pathos, with much mention of the simple virtues. *Salve, amice!*

(Diary B.) "August 21. At Coussey, after sleeping in Pup Tents over night. Unpacked and moved stuff all day in a very hot sun that almost finished some of the boys. Moved bed sack, etc, to a nearby village [Sionne, whither the office staff preceded the rest of the company]. . . . I came back and after mess went with Adams, Holmes, Kratzer, Xydias, and Graham to Domrémy where Jeanne d'Arc was born, and to the church where she had her vision. It was a big hike, but a beautiful moonlight night and the trip fine."

(Diary A.) "August 22. Swam in Meuse River. Visited Domrémy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. Also church

dedicated to her and one she attended. Most beautiful windows in church. Pictures inside depicting angles giving Joan sword and armor in her vision. As she conquers town. In battle receives crown, and one where she is burned to stake. By Lionel Royal [Royer]. Had dinner at 7 P.M. at hotel where English tourists used to stop. Saw French movies, and then to camp, about 6 kilometres, 11 P.M."

(Diary B.) "August 22. Après dejeuner went swimming with Hines, Jimmie, 'Kitty,' and Graham and then up to the church again, and then to Domrémy, where we ate a five egg omelet, and had custard pie. Fine trip all told but was very tired after. Also got some lemon soda there that was fine, and real American taste. After getting up at 4.30 and cleaning up, we started for another town [Sionne], where we are now, and expecting to get away tomorrow *à le fronte.*"

(Diary A.) "Friday, August 23. Marched to Sionne for rest at 8 A.M., where we had assembly blown every few minutes. A mighty hot hike with pack. Quartered in little barn with Weisman, Weisenberger and four others. Slept in shade in afternoon, looking up a mountain where a statue stood looking over the village. Ate eggs, milk and potatoes for supper in a French hut of two rooms. Boys sang at night while I enjoyed a cigar and read until 8.45 P.M., then bed. Blue."

(Letter of August 22 continued.) "As I write this, I am sitting in the loft of an old French barn, which for the time being is our billet. As I raise my eyes, I look through two big open windows in the plaster wall, across

two tilted old red-tiled roofs, which on the further side end against a side hill; up the hillside, covered with ancient fruit trees, to a wind-swept and battered statue of the Virgin on the summit. . . ."

(The portion of the letter which follows contains a simple cipher by which the folks at home were kept informed of the writer's whereabouts. Read the first letter of the last word in each fourth line. "FN" indicates the end of the message.)

You would think by the past
tense I employed in the other
letter that we stayed a long time.
But today is only Friday, "an' we've *d*one
moved again." Only about four
kilometres, to be sure, but around a
hill so that my beautiful spire
is no longer in sight, though the *o*ld
château with its round peaked
towers is nearer than ever. We
are quartered, as I said before, in
a barn—a hay-loft. It is *m*ade,
like all French barns, of a kind
of crumbly concrete-stucco, with
wooden beams and rafters,
and a roof of red tiles. One *r*oof
covers both house and barn.
In fact they are the same building.
A narrow sidewalk and gutter
of cobbles line the street on *e*ach
side, hens scratch in manure
piles heaped along the gutter,
water drains in open stone channels

from the houses into the *m*ain
street; a flock of ducks quacks
solemnly up the thoroughfare,
and enormous cows lurch ponderously
up the street to drink with *y*ou
from the trough by the public
washhouse. I have just discovered
—not altogether by sense of sight—
that at least one pig is billeted not *f*ar
from here; in fact just underneath.*

Again and again! The bugle
just called us out, and we are
told that we may expect to move *n*ow
anytime.

(Diary C.) "Hired old hay wagon and went to Domrémy, birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc. Went through the house in which she was born, and also church which was erected to her memory on the spot where she had her visions. What a beautiful church. Never saw anything like it! Wheel came off wagon, throwing us all out. Had a fine supper in Domrémy. Leave tomorrow."

How can I hope to put into words even a part of it? How we woke in the night in the wheat field to see the great round moon flooding with tender radiance the actual slopes which the feet of the child of Domrémy, France's warrior saint, pressed, as she wandered rapt in

* R.T.J. notes from his diary: "We were scattered all over town in hay lofts, cow barns, chicken coops, etc. Dirty, lousy men. Every night it seemed as though a thousand chicken lice were crawling over me. But I could soon fall asleep thinking how absurd to worry over lice and cooties when a man was at war."

her visions of crowned angels calling her to save her country? How we toiled in the blistering sun, hot and dusty, and stood outside the one little café in Coussey waiting for it to open at five o'clock, and how we drank beer there? How we swam in the Meuse? How we stole the chaplain's cookies? How we wandered reverently through the luminous halls of the great basilica and stared in wonder at the paintings, or even more reverently paused in the dingy old house and church at Domrémy? How we ate wonderful repasts in low, dark, one-room French cottages, where everything was cooked in long-legged dishes over the coals of the great fireplace? There are memories connected with Sionne which are better forgotten. But how sad if other memories grow dim! Did all the members of the company lie all afternoon under the trees on the hilltop above the town, talking theology with a Baptist, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, and a Mormon? No, but while I did they were doing something equally memorable. And as we all gazed out on the west until it clothed itself in the regal panoply of the sunset, perhaps the mantling clouds suddenly turned themselves into the sweeping battalions of an armored host, following the Maid:

> Along these very hills once strayed
> The warrior-saint, Domrémy's Maid:
> Five centuries since her glorious deed,
> Far-called by France's bitter need,
> We see where, in the sunset sky,
> Her pennoned hosts sweep flaming by:
> The battle-cry swells clear—oh, hark!
> "Jehanne d'Arc! Jehanne d'Arc!"

On Monday, August 26, we hiked back to Coussey, and reloaded all our equipment aboard a fleet of French Fiat trucks—108 of them, to be precise. A few men went with each load, those who were left over jammed themselves into the few empty trucks left at the tail of the line, and the procession, stretching out over miles of road like a colossal disjointed snake, was entirely in motion. The roads were very dusty, and the exhaust from the motors, all of which seemed to find its way into the interior of the trucks, was nauseating and literally poisonous. We sat in two rows against the sides of the truck, facing each other, like passengers in an old-fashioned street car. The top was covered with canvas, like a prairie schooner, so that only the two men in the rear could see much, and they were soon so ill from the fumes of the exhaust that they cared little for sight-seeing. We drove directly toward Verdun, through Neufchâteau and Bar-le-Duc. At Souilly we turned off to the east, and, after passing through several small villages, stopped at an encampment of a few wooden barracks in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness. It was quite dark when the last truck pulled in. All the trucks had to be unloaded then and there. It was midnight before the men, hungry and tired, were stumbling away in the dark to hunt up some corner in the piles of supplies into which they could crawl and sleep cold until dawn. We were at Petit Maujouy, Meuse, midway between the hamlets of Ancemont and Senoncourt, and some six miles southeast of Verdun.

CHAPTER NINE

Petit Maujouy.* St. Mihiel and the Argonne.

WHILE we were at Juilly, we used to spend a good deal of time repining that we were not nearer the front. This was partly because we thought that if we were nearer the front we should find life more exciting, but mainly it was for a less selfish reason. The daily sight of the sacrifice the wounded men had made, the sacrifice of suffering and mutilation, made one feel that to be well clothed and well fed, to sleep warm and dry, to have time for carefree rambles across the countryside, was unworthy and even shameful.

It was our lot never to be stationed in a place of excessive physical danger. But no location into which an evacuation hospital might conceivably have gone could better have fulfilled our desires than Petit Maujouy. As, on that morning of August 27, some representative member of the company brushed off the heavy dew

* Petit Maujouy will be sought in vain on a map. Members of the company will recall the large group of farm buildings on the left of the road toward Ancemont, just beyond our encampment. This was "Maujouy Ferme." From it the large French surgical unit up the road took its name, and a French field hospital which had operated on the site we later took over was known as "Petit Maujouy" to distinguish it from its neighbor. The name descended to us.

EVACUATION EIGHT AT PETIT MAUJOUY, MEUSE, SEPTEMBER–DECEMBER, 1918

(The three long structures along the road at the right are the receiving hut, the X-ray and preparation hut, and the shock ward. The operating hut is at the extreme right, behind the shock ward. The upper arm of the large cross which informed aviators that we were a hospital may be seen against the line of the forest, back of the X-ray and preparation hut. Most of the wards were farther to the right, and do not appear in this picture.)

which had fallen on him during the night, crawled out, stiff and half frozen, from the crevice in the pile of stores where he had tried to fit his tired body until daylight, and took his first look at the place in which he was to spend the next three months and a half, he saw something quite different from the smiling fields of Seine-et-Marne. . . . Before him, a broad white road divides the landscape like a ribbon. Beyond the road, a meadow slopes gently down to a little stream, and then the fields rise, rocky and shallow-soiled, covered with rank growth of grass and weeds, ending against the sky in wooded slopes. Behind him, on this side of the road, and near at hand, a dense and unbroken forest (the forest of Souilly) stretches up to the sky line. In the narrow sloping space between the forest and the road are a few rough wooden shacks covered with tarred paper. Behind them, a great square cross, forty feet from tip to tip, has been laid out on the ground with broken white stone and coal-ash cinders. Tents have been hastily pitched here and there to shelter some of the equipment. Up the road a few hundred yards rise the buildings of some sort of encampment; the great cemetery behind it proclaims it to be a hospital, evidently French. Everything else bespeaks desolation and desertion. Yet the country is not completely deserted. Over there on the western horizon hang several great observation balloons, marking the general direction of Verdun, which is only six miles away. Up the road two miles or so is Ancemont, a heap of rubble and still under shellfire. Down the road a shorter distance is the little hamlet of Senoncourt, which the shells have not reached, and which is inhabited. (In-

deed, a few people manage to exist in Ancemont.) Still farther back is Souilly, the railhead, headquarters for the staff which is directing operations in the Argonne, and for various hospital organizations. Scattered off there to the west and north are Lemmes, Landrecourt, Lempire, Dugny—most of them mere names for barren acres of graves, the graves of the armies of men killed in the defense of Verdun.

The fields have been little cultivated since the dreadful day in 1914 when the Germans began hurling their shells into Verdun. The city, gaunt and ruined, has stood, and the Germans have not passed. But all her inhabitants and the greater part of the civilian population of the towns immediately behind have fled, leaving the fields to the tillage of Nature. Nature has in her way made up for the lack of their toil. The fields, which should be clothed with grain, are rioting with the delicate blooms of Queen Anne's lace, with chicory, and centaurea; down in the meadow scores of small pink leafless lilies, like large crocuses, are pushing their bells up through the matted grass; in the brilliant green tangle of the beech forest, still untouched by frost, are patches of brambles covered with sweet blackberries, and graceful unfamiliar shrubs display lavishly their load of small succulent bright red fruits, hung in a canopy of tender green leaves.

It is but natural that one, sending his thoughts back over the gap of eleven years, should remember the forest first of all. For we saw a great deal of the forest. When we arrived, there were no barracks nor tents for the men. For the time being, we were told, we should

have to sleep in our pup tents. We carried our packs far up on the slope across the road and left them there while we returned and worked at the erection of the hospital. In the afternoon we pitched our own shelters, but hardly got them up when we were told that, as this area was constantly under the observation of enemy airplanes, we must take to the woods. Accordingly, we bivouacked under the trees farther up the slope—a delightfully sylvan encampment, with our kitchen in a little clearing. Then, orders to move again. We came down out of the woods and moved into pyramidal tents erected in the field near the meadow. That, too, proved a mistake. Again we moved, this time to the woods across the road above the hospital, and pitched our pup tents the third time. Here some of us remained rain and shine, mud and damp, for more than a month. In such a place there could be no nice lining up of tents in company front. In couples the men sought out places that suited them, and pitched their tents in any fashion they liked. We showed much ingenuity in making something like permanent and comfortable shelters out of the extremely scanty cloth of our pup tents. One that I remember intimately was pitched under an enormous beech, mossy and ivy-clad, the patriarch of the forest. Its occupants, a Baptist from Maine and a Mormon from Utah, built up a rough bed of saplings two feet or so from the ground, and used their pup tent as a roof. The opening was faced close up to the trunk of the great tree, which protected half the interior and left only room for a man to crawl in. Down at the foot of the slope, just inside the fringe of the forest, the field kitchens were pitched.

They had followed us in all our peregrinations, and were still to move once more into more permanent quarters down in the meadow.

Doctor Shipley has strikingly described the procedure of setting up an advanced surgical unit. "An Evacuation Hospital," he says, "is organized very much like a circus. It is divided into different departments and each of these must look out for itself. Officers and men are assigned to these divisions, and when the hospital moves to a new site all of them work separately to get ready. The mess officer, the cook, and the kitchen police set up the kitchen; the quartermaster and his men get their supplies under canvas and in order. Different sergeants in charge of groups get the tents up. Engineers set up their mobile electric light outfits and wire the different units, and then, if possible, pipe water to the operating hut. The X-ray officer and his assistants set up the X-ray and fix a dark room with blankets for curtains. The druggists get the drug tent ready; the shock officers arrange the shock wards; the receiving and preparation tents are set up; the operating room nurses and attendants are establishing an operating room, unpacking supplies, setting up tables, etc.; the laboratory is unpacked, and the dental surgeon gets his workshop ready. As soon as the ward tents are ready, other men begin to set up the cots, and as soon as these are ready the nurses begin to arrange them and to gather their ward supplies."

By September 1 our hospital was ready to receive patients, a feat of engineering for which we had some right to feel proud. It was our first experience of the

kind. At Juilly we took over a hospital, which, though somewhat inadequate in number of beds, was already well organized and equipped. Here, with nothing except our own portable equipment and a few rough wooden shacks, we set up in four days a hospital much more convenient, rapid, and efficient than that at Juilly.

The first few days of our stay at Petit Maujouy were passed, fortunately, in perfect weather. It was cold of nights, and the air had the bracing tang of autumn. We toiled cheerfully and valiantly, breaking rock and making driveways, pitching tents, setting up cots and making beds, building the equipment for the preparation wards, X-ray room, and operating room. No wounded arrived. The front was very quiet, and had been so for months. Our principal excitement was furnished by German airplanes. Every day they came over in attempts, often successful, to bring down the "saucisses" (observation balloons) on our side of the line. It was a beautiful and thrilling sight, and one that could be seen at almost any hour of the day. Low down and unwieldy hung the vast bulk of the balloons; higher up, darting about like a little black bird, dashed the German plane, with shells from the antiaircraft guns bursting along its track, blossoming suddenly out like great soft puffs of down, and leaving a trail across the sky as they drifted and expanded like a line of small round clouds. In several diaries I find entries like the following, in which I have preserved the original spelling: "Sept. 2. Labor Day. Saw French baloon burst into flames from German aeroplane fire, and man drop until parashoot opened."

The unscheduled fighting on the Marne finished, the American command resumed its original plan for an American advance against St. Mihiel and into the Argonne. For some weeks it had been quietly concentrating men and supplies in that sector in preparation for a surprise assault. Everything this time had to move like a machine, nothing overlooked or unready when the drive opened. All the time we were erecting the hospital in preparation for wounded men, the great highway before us groaned with the steady stream of the men who were to be wounded, of men and materials of war, flowing steadily on toward the front. The activity was greatest at night. As one walked guard in the pitchy blackness, he could hear passing endlessly all night the guns, the trucks and motorcycles, the ghostly tramp of interminable columns of invisible men. Voices came out of the dark: "This is Evacuation Hospital 8. What outfit it that?" "—th Machine Gun Battalion. Hope we don't meet again!" In this concentrating of divisions we had frequent opportunities to meet old friends in combatant outfits. Our own national guard division, we would hear, was passing through, was lying in the woods over the brow of the hill back of the hospital. On some more or less precarious excuse we would slip away, scour the woods, come suddenly upon the hasty encampment strung out along the road, ask for such and such a regiment and such and such a company, pass along the column, until finally we would come upon our friend, under a bush, perhaps, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion after the twenty-mile hike of the night before. And as the dark settled down again, and with it came the rain,

we would see him line up, wave a farewell, and march off in the downpour—perhaps forever.

We got the hospital up too soon. Time hung heavy on our hands. Orders came to camouflage, for fear that some German aviator would spy our encampment and guess that a drive was scheduled. Accordingly, we spent a day or two in ridiculous activity, hacking down saplings with our hatchets and erecting them as camouflage. Nothing short of a solid forest of hundred-foot trees could have concealed our huge light-colored tents from an aviator who came over in the daytime. But we solemnly set up our pathetic little saplings, one at each corner and a few along the sides of the tents and barracks, and called them hidden. That work ran out. Many of us found opportunities to slip away to Verdun. The exploration of that great ruined untenanted city was like the experience of a vast and vivid dream come to life. I shall later find occasion to insert an account of such a tour. Something else had to be thought of to keep us at work. The weather meanwhile had changed. To the beautiful clear sunshine of the first few days at Petit Maujouy had succeeded an almost incessant downpour of rain, nearly twenty hours out of every twenty-four. The mud began to resemble that at Oglethorpe. The nights were as black as pitch, and to strike a light was a serious offense. I can still remember vividly trying to find my pup tent up in that dripping wilderness, with nothing but the mud of the little trail to guide my feet through the dense trees, knowing all the time that *one* trail (and why not the one I was on?) led directly into an open latrine pit. The mud provided us a new occupa-

tion. Our officers were established in little wooden shacks in the edge of the forest above the hospital. As the mud got bad, it occurred to the commanding officer that paths of crushed stone would enable him and his colleagues to get down to the mess hall dry-shod. Accordingly we went to work in our slickers in the downpour, quarrying and trucking stone, breaking it with hammers and constructing the paths.*

(Diary A.) "Monday, September 9. Rested in the morning. Dinner, stew. Made walks for officers during P.M. so as they would not soil feet. On guard at night, a dreary rainy night along the road. Hundreds of loaded trucks passed and cycles and cars and ambulances. Thought of the folks at home just eating supper, 12 midnight here. Overcoat, raincoat, mask, helmet, and gat. To bed after first run at 1 P.M. [? A.M.] Very tired.

* It was about this time that the Colonel was assigned his automobile. "It was a Dodge, of course of the vintage of 1918 or earlier. A ride in this grand vehicle was considered a rare favor. For some reason it proved necessary to change chauffeurs occasionally. The Colonel was once overheard interviewing a modest private who had been recommended to him by one of the sergeants. The interview went something as follows:

COLONEL: Private Blank, you have been recommended to me as a chauffeur. Can you drive a car?

PRIVATE: I think so, sir.

COL.: But do you think you know how to drive a car *like mine?* Did you drive a truck or something?

PRI.: Well, sir, I have driven more or less.

COL.: Do you know how to repair a car?

PRI.: Well, sir, I used to fix my own.

COL.: What kind of car did you own?

PRI.: A Marmon, sir." R.C.W.

"Tuesday, Sept. 10. Off guard at 7 A.M. Mess of toast and syrup. After having treatment of throat turned in, and then the rain. Tent leaked and I had rain down my neck and boots. Mud six inches deep outside tent. Mess at noon, stew, and during P.M. piled tar paper over the top. Kept it dry all night. Took walk to next town [Senoncourt] at night, had cocoa [I suppose at the little French Foyer du Soldat, a recreation barrack much like our Y.M.C.A.]. Bought candy, jam, and cigars in our Y.M.C.A. To bed 8.15 P.M.

"Wednesday, Sept. 11. Rain all morning. Went in truck for gravel. One load was enough, as we were soaked. Dinner, steak, tomatoes, potatoes. Sat around Y.M.C.A. a little, then went to bed 8.30 P.M. Heard cannon roar in distance."

(Diary C.) "Sept. 12. Saw two German planes brought down after setting one of our balloons on fire. Sky all aglow. Heavy artillery started at midnight.

"Sept. 13, 1918. Seventeen hundred German prisoners went past in trucks. Gave them the horse-laugh. . . . Big drive on, no resistance at all. Germans giving up all along the front. Some German prisoners admitted to hospital. Worked late at night getting things ready for the grand rush. Machine guns heard about 10 P.M. [This must have been from an airplane.]

"Sept. 14. Very heavy firing (artillery) commenced at 1 A.M. Many aeroplanes seen going to the front. Great number of observation balloons all along the road. American armies progress five miles toward Metz, taking more than 13,000 prisoners. Take St. Mihiel and many other important places.

"Sept. 15. Americans still advancing, take many more prisoners."

The St. Mihiel drive, here chronicled, was, in one respect, perhaps the most brilliantly successful in the history of the War. It was achieved with almost negligible casualties on the attacking side.* If we had not had the newspapers, we should have been incredulous as to the enormous gains said to have been made. Only a few wounded came into the hospital, and those mainly German prisoners. I remember one splendid young Austrian officer, wounded by a machine-gun bullet through both thighs, who quite overawed us with his excellent English and imperious manner. We expected gratitude, and even a little cringing, but he simply took us for granted as a quite-to-be-expected servile agency, especially provided for his own comfort. Only once did we see him lose his self-composure. As we transferred him from the litter to the operating table, the pain forced from him a shriek of agony for which he made no apology. But when he spoke again, it was with the old arrogance.

Our real work began with the opening of the Battle

* There were less than seven thousand casualties in the entire operation. Practically all those on the southern side of the salient went to Evacuation Hospital No. 1 at Sebastopol Barracks near Toul, and those on the western side to Evacuations Six and Seven at Souilly. However, since the official army order designated Evacuation Eight and Mobile Hospital Two as the destination of all seriously wounded from the Fifth Corps, it appears that the number of severe wounds must have been small. *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War,* VIII, 275, 457, 507, 516.

of the Argonne two weeks later. Many members of the company seized the opportunity of the interim to explore the recently captured territory, or to go farther, into the actual lines of combat. I shall include here two representative accounts of such excursions. The first is a combination from two diaries (B and C), the second from a letter.

"Sept. 16. Van, Watkins, and I started for the front by truck. (Left hospital at 1.20 P.M. Arrived in third line French trenches, Fresnes sector, 3 P.M.) We went through Sommedieu, etc., and landed up with the heavy artillery. We went up the hill right in front of the German balloon, and looked all about, finally stopping in a town all shot to pieces—Mallecourt (at 3.45 P.M. In this village the church showed evidence of the devilishness of the Germans. All statues of Christ, Virgin Mary, etc., were demolished—head, hands, feet, etc., deliberately cut off. In all the oil paintings, mural decorations, etc. in the church, the head of Christ was cut right out. Saw one of our observation balloons ascend, enormous things. In this town not a wall was left standing whole. Saw the method which the French use with their carrier pigeons. Instead of writing the message on a slip and tying it to the leg of the pigeon, they write it on the pigeon's wing, on one of his feathers). From Mallecourt we climbed a hill into the French trenches, where we found some Frogs watching. They said, 'Go no farther; it isn't safe.' We went one more town anyway, which was also all blown apart. There we found a small pear tree with 9 pears on it, and we ate them. When we arrived back at the trenches, the Frogs said that two

nights ago the town we were in was No Man's Land. We came back to the foot of the hill, and stopped for a rest. While there, a shell went overhead by about three feet and landed 100 feet the other side of us. In all there were sixteen fired, and then we started up again, but soon the shells came on the other side. We sure did put on speed and tear up the hill, and just reached the top when the Germans got range on the road and shelled it good. We arrived in the woods safely anyway and got a ride to Sommedieu, where we hopped a big 155 gun and rode to 2½ miles from Souilly. On the road a plane tried to get the gun, but was kept away by anti-aircraft. We plugged into Souilly at 12 M., and immediately started walking out, arriving at 12.30 A.M., in time to get some supper."

(Letter, dated Sept. 23.) "The other day, I hopped a truck and went 'to the front.' It really wasn't the front any longer, for the Germans had left, but only a little while before [St. Mihiel sector]. One pleasant thing about this country is that you can always get a ride anywhere you want to go. The trucks pass our camp in a steady stream, night and day. You get a map and jump aboard a truck headed your way. You ride on it until it turns off your road, and then you hop another. It's as good as a tramway system. Of course, there's some risk. You can't get permission beyond a general leave to be absent from camp, and if the M.P.'s pick you up, you are out of luck. But I was very crafty, got Mitch to take my place in the operating room (he works nights), and then waited until I saw the Y.M.C.A. man and three nurses start out. I knew no M.P. would ever molest me

in that company, and besides, it made it easier to catch trucks, for the drivers will stop to let the nurses aboard, whereas we have to hop them flying. So I and another operating assistant joined the party, got aboard a truck at once, and off we went.

"We were extremely lucky, and reached the place we had planned on—many miles from camp—by walking only four kilometers. The village we landed in [Lacroix] has been under fire for the last four years. Hardly one stone was left on another. Tall grass was growing within the areas which had once been homes, where people had lived so short a time before, and all the happy, intimate, beautiful life of a family had gone on. As one looked at those shapeless heaps of stone, and tottering fragments of walls, it was easier to believe that time, rather than the violence of man, had accomplished their ruin. They looked like the remains of a forgotten civilization. Indeed, the town had a strangely antique appearance. The public fountain was crowned with a bust of Minerva, and bore the inscription, 'A la Paix, et aux Artes.' Farther along the street stood the battered, but strangely well preserved, façade of an imposing structure with a Latin inscription over its arched portal, and colossal statues of river gods on either side. The nurses thought it must be a museum, or possibly the town hall, but a glance inside showed it to be only a 'lavoir'—the municipal laundry! Every town in France has one—simply a shallow rectangular basin of water with a sloping stone slab all the way around. The women kneel in little boxes filled with straw, and wash their clothes on the slab. . . .

"Down at the end of what had been the main thoroughfare, rose the battered tower of the church. We went into the ruins. Of all the things I have seen in France, I think I shall remember that church the longest. It had, like nearly all French churches, a double row of columns down the center, forming a nave and two aisles, and the altar was set in a recess or apse at the end. The roof was vaulted, and the part over the altar had been mainly of stained glass. But of course the roof now was nearly all gone, and the walls were full of great breaches. Down the nave had been built a solid barricade of stone and concrete, with narrow slits for machine gun or rifle fire. The graceful pillars of the church formed part of this structure. A bomb-proof shelter was built into and under the altar itself. Some of the massive oak panelling of the choir formed the roof; stones had been heaped on this, and the whole neatly lined with concrete. An effigy of a saint had been walled in where he stood, so that only his head protruded above the stones.

"The stained-glass windows had been shot in with a great flood of débris which had overflowed the little shrines, where the overturned saints lay buried, looking as though they were struggling to escape. The floor was covered with broken stone and rubbish, everything shattered and overturned, except that on a pillar above the machine gun emplacements a large cheap effigy of Christ upon the Cross gazed down on the ruin. Through all the bombardment that crucifix had survived—the only unbroken thing in sight. I looked at the Y.M.C.A. man. His helmet was off and he was murmuring familiar

words: 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! . . . Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.' And looking in the direction of his gaze, I saw, sure enough, a bird's nest in a niche of the ruined altar.

"The French trenches started just outside the town. We walked through the fields, torn here and there by shell holes, and fantastically tangled with barbed wire barricades, which we fortunately found cut. We ascended a long, gently sloping hill, crowned by a shell-torn forest. The third-line trenches were just on the brow of the hill—hardly more than dugouts for the reliefs to stay in. We went on through the battered forest —more barbed wire; then suddenly the second-line trenches, nothing but deep ditches in the earth with occasional bombers' pits, where hand grenades lay in pockets of the earth like the eggs of some iron reptile. Then came a deep ravine, then a steep climb to the front-line trenches, on the very top of the second hill, at the edge of the forest. Here the ditches were deeper, with many hastily constructed dugouts. One saw Claxon horns for gas alarms, a tripod of a machine gun, and bushels of grenades. The trees were pounded down to mere stubs, and the earth churned deep with shell holes. We scaled the parapet of the trench, and gazed out over No Man's Land. The day was gray and chilly, with occasional bursts of rain. Just in front of us stretched yards and yards of rusty tangled barbed wire, inextricably interwoven and quite impassable. Beyond, the hill, sparsely

covered with lank gray herbage, sloped down to a dismal little stream with sombre green banks. Then came the German wire, looking very low and harmless, a tiny village [Seuzey], so thoroughly ruined that it looked like a heap of blocks kicked down by a child after he had finished his play, another steep slope, its brow sliced by a trench, a battered forest, more trenches, and the leaden horizon.

"We found the wire absolutely impassable, and were forced to go back to the ravine, where we had seen a tortuous path that proved, sure enough, to lead through. We crossed No Man's Land, and reached the German wire. A tiny lane had been cut through, which we followed without difficulty. The German wire has barbs very near together—vicious stuff. We came suddenly upon their front-line trenches. No heaped-up dirt here, no sandbags, no mud. The trenches were neatly walled with concrete, and had wooden duck-boards in the bottom. There you have the difference between the Germans and the French. Both had been occupying the same locations for nearly four years.

"The little village proved to be undermined by a complicated system of tunnels that ramified back under the hill in every direction. I lighted a bit of candle, and we ventured in. It was weird. The flickering light gleamed down the posts which supported the roof, showing here and there the doors of dugouts, was reflected back once by a large mirror, went out once and left us darkling. A whole camp underground. We came upon the detachment office. A dirt wall protected it from shells. A bulletin board with notices in German hung beside the en-

trance, a headless Virgin looted from a church was mounted on the top, and in the side of the trench was a huge Iron Cross, cast from concrete, complete with its motto, 'Gott mit Uns.' I picked up few souvenirs except a variety of huge black fleas which have eaten me raw. Considering the fact that I already had the cooties and the itch, this seems almost too much."

After St. Mihiel, the American command shifted the brunt of its attack to the Argonne, on the western side of Verdun. This rapid moving in less than a week of almost the entire First Army with all its military equipment, over roads already congested with traffic, was in its way a feat as brilliant as the taking of St. Mihiel. Again our road groaned with the endless stream of trucks, and thousands of invisible feet tramped by in the dark. A few entries from diaries will show what was happening at Petit Maujouy in the meantime.

(Diary A.) "Sept. 13. Stone quarry in A.M. Mess of corn wullie hash, beans, tomatoes, coffee. Woodpile in P.M. after inspection. Sat around new Red Cross canteen in evening drinking their good cocoa. [This was the famous Smith College Relief Unit, of which more later.]

"Sept. 16. Papers tell of 15,000 Huns captured and Austria looking for peace. German plane came over at 9.45 P.M. and shots in airial combat were close to us."

(Diary C.) "Sept. 18. Was awakened at 6 A.M. by the bursting of shells near the hospital. They only sent eight over, and there was no material damage done. . . . Just at noon (mess time) a German bombing plane was observed flying directly over the mess hall. All of a

sudden, five of our planes came out of a cloud directly over him, and brought him down after a battle lasting about twenty minutes. Observer's head was shot completely off from our machine gun fire. Pilot hurt but little. All of our machines landed safely."

We seem first to have taken note of the opening of more intense activity about the nineteenth, although wounded men did not arrive in any numbers for some days after that.

(Diary B.) "Sept. 19. Awoke at 4 A.M. hearing the biggest barrage I have yet heard, so guess the French have started something."

(Diary C.) "Sept. 19. Made out 20 court martials this afternoon for AWOL's" [men found absent without leave. Evidently too many of the company had been making indiscreet trips].

(Diary B.) "Sept. 20. Afternoon quiet. About 7.30 we gathered enough material to start some fudge, which came out fine for a first time. We were busy stirring up the mess before allowing it to cool, when a boche plane came along, announcing his arrival by shooting his machine gun into the road. The anti-aircraft guns opened up, and all lights went out, so we finished the fudge outside in the dark. Things were lively for a time, but were soon quiet again. About midnight, he came back, but did no damage around here."

(Diary A.) (The author was at the time himself ill in the hospital.) "Sept. 22. Still in hospital. Ward now full, and some Germans. They talk some to us, and

FOLDING AND STORING LITTERS (EXTREME RIGHT)

After carrying the wounded into the receiving hut, Petit Maujouy.

imagined they had won the battle until they got to hospital. Some say this is like heaven to them. Another says, 'I thought Americans were in Metz now.' Others say it will please them to go home. . . . Groans from our [wounded] boys are heartrendering.

"Sept. 23. Out of hospital. Ate fine dinner, steak, mashed potatoes and gravy. Walked to Ancemont in P.M. . . . Officers had dance at night. Good band music [by a band from the 26th Division, probably 104th Infantry], but we all felt as though we were wronged. . . .

"Sept. 25. 11 P.M. big barrage started and roared all night long.* Sounded like thunder, but heavier. Trucks by the score passed. G.I. cans [literally, 'galvanized iron cans': slang name for especially large shells] and whizz-bangs heard every few moments. . . .

"Sept. 26. Barrage still continues. Planes in droves pass over us. Boys from front say we go forward in great style. Patients came all night long. I was used for wards 9, 19, 1, 2, 3. Kept me moving. . . .

"Sept. 28. 1 A.M. left in ambulance for Souilly to unload on train. Dark night, flash could be seen all around sky. Worked until 4.30 P.M., then drove back to camp and bed until 7. Breakfast, then bed again, very tired. Reported at 7.30 P.M.—raining hard. . . ."

The great battle of the Argonne was on, no sudden spurt followed by weeks of inactivity, but a steady, desperately contested, inexorable advance through the most difficult kind of terrain, one steady uninterrupted battle lasting nearly fifty days. The stream of wounded

* This was the opening fire of the Meuse-Argonne.

flowed almost without break through the efficient mill of Evacuation Eight.

Trucks, coming down the road from Ancemont in an endless line, pull up on the hard curved roadway which we had cracked stone to build. They stop before the blanket-hung doorway of a rough wooden shack. (The blankets serve both to shut out cold and to shut in light.) A group of litter bearers quickly and quietly lift out the four wounded men from each ambulance. The ambulance driver takes four folded litters from a great stack beside the road, and is off, out the other end of the curved driveway. His ambulance has been stationary only a minute or so. The litter bearers carry the wounded men inside, and set them carefully down on the floor. Then they are back to unload another ambulance. They will work at this for twelve hours, sometimes with hardly an interval except when they snatch a few minutes for meals. The reception ward is bare of all furnishings save for a rusty coal stove and two bare wooden tables for the clerical force. There is room here for eighty stretchers at once, and we have besides four reserve tents with a capacity of forty stretchers each in case the wounded arrive faster than we can put them through. A special triage officer at once surveys the patients to determine the urgency of their injuries. All of them are in need of prompt attention, but some can wait better than others. Sucking wounds of the chest, abdominal wounds, cases with active hemorrhage, must be given precedence. Men in that state of profound physical prostration called by doctors "shock" must not be subjected to the usual preparation, but rushed at once

CARRYING WOUNDED FROM THE AMBULANCES INTO THE RECEIVING HUT, PETIT MAUJOUY

to the shock ward for treatment to restore their waning vitality. Cases requiring X-ray (i.e., wounds which appear to have retained the bullets or shrapnel which caused them) are tagged with a distinctive green slip.

Every patient admitted must have some kind of record made for him, and it must be made before he goes under the ether. He has on a string around his neck his identification disks, and there should be a linen tag tied in his buttonhole giving the diagnosis and treatment at the aid or dressing station. Sometimes he has a field medical card, his permanent surgical record, with one section filled in by the unit which has given him treatment. If he has not, an orderly makes one now with fountain pen, while another orderly fills out in duplicate on the typewriter the "Form 52" of which I have reproduced an example on p. 147. The patient is sometimes unconscious; in that case we must get the information from other patients, from his identification disk, from the diagnosis slip. The field medical card is tied to the wounded man and accompanies him wherever he goes; of the two copies of "Form 52" one is put in the envelope with the field medical card and the other sent to our office as the hospital record. This system of records was invented by our own clerical staff, and proved to be a great advance over the old method, as I shall later show.

These records finished, another set of litter bearers picks up the wounded man and carries him forward the next stage. In another shack, standing end to end with the first, and exactly like it in point of construction, is the undressing and preparation room. A team of two

orderlies takes charge of each wounded man. One swiftly and gently removes the bloodstained uniform, cutting it off if necessary, and dresses the patient in a clean suit of cotton wool pajamas, while the other collects his pathetic little store of valuables (mostly "souvenirs") and makes a receipt for them. These valuables are put in a bag and kept in a locker until the patient leaves the hospital, when they are again checked with his receipt and returned to him. The litter on which the wounded man lies is now lifted upon a rough wooden rack which supports it at a level of about three feet from the ground. There are eight of these supports, with an orderly at each. If the wound is accompanied by fracture and splinted, it must be left as it is until the man reaches the operating room, but otherwise all wounds are prepared here. The first-aid dressings are removed, an area about the wound shaved, and small sterile dressings applied again to protect the wounds until they reach the operating room.

Those men with the green slip are then carried into the X-ray dark room, which occupies one end of the preparation ward. There are two tables with the Roentgen bulb over each. The patient is transferred to one of the tables and the foreign bodies located by the fluoroscope. In most cases a written description of the location of the missile, with guiding marks made with silver nitrate on the surface of the skin, is sufficient, but in more delicate and difficult cases, such as brain wounds, a negative photographic plate is made, developed at once, and sent on to the operating room. Two X-ray surgeons, and four assistants, among whom are a skilled

electrician and a photographer, make up the force. The wounded men are now ready for operation. Some, as we have seen, are in so profound a state of vital depression that they could not possibly survive an immediate operation or even much preparation of wounds. Just outside the door of the shack where the X-ray room is located, stands a brown French wall tent—the shock ward. Here, usually in their clothes just as they came from the ambulance, lie these poor fellows, with surgeons and nurses expending all their efforts to recall their vitality sufficiently to make an operation possible. They wrap them warmly in blankets, warm them further by small oil stoves placed under the cots, and give then stimulants, injections of saline solution, and blood transfusions. (The hospital has a considerable list of its members always ready to offer blood.) The shock ward is a sad and discouraging place, for the heat and rest which the patients must have furnish exactly the condition most favorable for the rapid development of infections. The air is heavy with the odor of decay, which we mask somewhat by sprinkling carbolic acid on the gravel floor. Many of these poor fellows die here without rallying at all. If they are operated, their chances for life are slight. But this intelligent and devoted care saves a percentage, and so is a hundred times justified.

So far, the patient has been moving in a perfectly straight line of progress, as though he were on the belt of a great machine. The operating room, however, a third shack just like the other two, stands a little higher up on the hillside. We have constructed a passageway covered with builders' paper, so that the patient will

not be chilled or wet in being carried across the intervening space.

The operating room is simply a long rough wooden barrack, covered with tarred paper, but it is fairly warm and almost water tight. Down the middle runs a row of eighteen white-enameled operating tables. Against the wall on one side is built a wide shelf, covered with sheets, where the instruments lie, shiny and sharp looking, and bundles of sterile towels, gowns, and gloves. This is the "sterile side"; one touches nothing there without being "scrubbed up." Against the other wall are two stoves, two clumsy looking but quite serviceable sinks cast of solid concrete, several large covered buckets for waste, and, at intervals, the tables and rough filing cabinets of the three scribes or recorders, each of whom serves six tables. Between the operating tables and the wall on the "non sterile side" is an alleyway sufficiently wide to permit the bringing in of litters without running into anyone. High powered electric bulbs with metal shades hang at the head and foot of each table. Across the room, directly over each table, stout wires are stretched. There are other electric lights with adjustable cords and hooks, which can be hung at any height and in any location. The wire is also useful to fasten up arms or legs which have to be elevated and held for a considerable time in that position. High above the wires at each end of the room hang two large signs painted with one word: SILENCE.

The eighteen tables are manned by six surgical teams, each team covering three tables. On one a man is waiting, on the second a man is being prepared and anesthe-

OPERATING ROOM, PETIT MAUJOUY

Colonel Shipley's surgical team beginning an operation on a wounded knee joint.

RECEIVING WARD, PETIT MAUJOUY

tized, and on the third a man is undergoing operation. As long as the supply of wounded holds out, there is no let-up. The surgeons strip off their bloody gowns and gloves, put on another set, and start immediately at another table. They do more work in a week than the same number of surgeons in a civilian operating room would perform in a year. On September 30, 1918, the six teams of the day shift in Evacuation Eight operated on 206 wounded men with an average of two and one-half wounds a man; thirty-four cases per team in eleven hours.

The teams are provisionally assigned to particular types of wounds. Colonel Shipley, for example, specializes in wounds of the knee joint, Lieutenant Hanson in brain wounds, Captain Foote in wounds involving the eye, Lieutenant Dillon in fractures of the jaw and teeth, Colonel Lilienthal in sucking wounds of the chest. Of course, all the tables are kept busy all the time as long as there are wounded. The litter bearers come in at one end of the shack. The surgeon in charge (Colonel Shipley on one shift, Major Bruggeman on the other) has the table nearest the door, so that all the patients pass him. He looks at the man and assigns him to a vacant table. The litter bearers move down the passageway on the right, and turn in beside the table designated, holding the litter at the level of the table. Two operating room assistants stand on the outside of the litter, facing the table, and slip their arms under the man's shoulders and knees. The litter bearers then drop the outside handles of the litter, leaving the patient on the assistants' arms; they take a step forward and deposit him on

the table. A merely incidental detail, but it took a great deal of thought and drill to work it out. After the operation the surgeon dictates to the scribe a brief summary of his diagnosis and what he has done, and indicates whether the man can be evacuated within twelve hours or should be held for a longer time. The scribe enters the record in the hospital record book and copies it on the field medical card. He then reports to the sergeant in charge of the operating room that the patient is ready to be carried to the ward. This sergeant, who has a list of all the empty beds in the hospital, assigns the patient to a ward where he will be "held" or "evacuated" according to the surgeon's recommendation. He also keeps a list of the names of the wounded men with the wards to which he has assigned them. This information he sends to the office to enable our clerical staff to maintain a complete and up-to-date directory. The unconscious patient is put back on a litter, carried out the door at the other end of the building, and thence to the ward. A few of the wards are in wooden barracks like the operating room. To these go the men who are not in a condition to be immediately evacuated: wounds of the head, fractures of the thigh, etc. The greater part of the wards, however, are tents with no floor other than the native gravel.

The work in the wards differs from that in civilian hospitals in the same way that the work in the operating room differs from that in a civilian operating room. The evacuable wards are filled with surgical patients, a fourth of them, perhaps, coming out of the ether at once; there is a tremendous turnover of patients, with

FRACTURE WARD, PETIT MAUJOUY

(The weights, suspended over pulleys, keep broken arms and legs in extension. One of the glass reservoirs for the Dakin solution may be seen beside the first weight at the left.)

a consequent heavy strain of lifting and transferring. In the "hold" wards the patients are all in very critical condition, and deaths are very frequent. Yet in spite of the difficulties, the men must be fed, kept clean, and have their wounds properly attended to. Each surgeon is responsible for all the men he has operated on, and when he goes off duty after eleven hours in the operating room, will go around to the wards to examine the more critical cases.

The final stage is evacuation, which, though the least spectacular of our activities, is one of the most important. On the way it is managed depends the smooth working of the entire hospital. The stream of patients coming in from the triage can be handled only if there is a corresponding outgo from the other end. But evacuation cannot ordinarily be a continuous performance. At Juilly, where we evacuated to Paris by ambulance, we had to wait until a fleet of ambulances was released from bringing in the wounded. At Petit Maujouy, where we evacuated back to the railhead at Souilly daily, we emptied all the evacuable wards at once. In short, when evacuation is under way, it must move rapidly so as not to hold up ambulances or delay the transit of the wounded to the rear. When our office staff began work at Juilly, it found in force a system of army "paper work" that proved on the first evacuation to be cumbersome and inefficient. As each patient was taken from the ward, a sergeant was supposed to get his name, with other necessary data. The result was either that the evacuation was held up, or the men evacuated without proper records. For this our office force has sub-

stituted the simple system—an obvious one to those acquainted with the methods of modern business, but a revolution in army procedure—of making out "Form 52" in duplicate, as already described. The original is sent to the office, the duplicate put in the patient's envelope with his field medical card. Before an evacuation, the evacuation officer places on the bed of each evacuable patient a distinctive marker. The sergeant then simply takes the duplicate slip from each envelope and returns it to the office, which knows thereby that that man has left the hospital. Evacuation is usually carried out in the evening, when the change of shifts makes more men available for carrying litters.

There are many other departments to this great factory. Opening into the "sterile" side of the operating room is the sterilizing tent where the instruments are cleaned and boiled. In an adjoining building is the great autoclave where towels, gowns, gloves, and dressings are sterilized. There is the laboratory where the necessary bacteriological work is carried on. There is the pharmacy where the various medicaments are prepared. There is the dentist's room, where the dental surgeon works on patients who do not have to be operated on the table. There is the laundry, a great complicated French machine as big as a small house on wheels, stationed in the stream by Maujouy farmhouse. There are the two kitchens, one in the main group of the hospital buildings which prepares food for the officers, nurses, and patients, and one down in the meadow which serves the mess for the enlisted men. There is our lighting plant, which the engineers set up and keep going for us.

There are the incinerator and the morgue tent up in the edge of the woods. And, finally, there is the growing cemetery on the hillside, down the road toward Senoncourt. Before we left Petit Maujouy, there were 338 graves there.

Near the ambulance entrance to the hospital stands another tent, not a part of the official organization of Evacuation Eight, but actually one of its most indispensable departments—the recreation hut conducted by members of the Smith College Relief Unit. As early as August, 1917, they had come to France to carry on relief work among the French villages along the Somme. This area was for two-and-a-half years within the German lines. When, in February, 1917, the Germans were forced to evacuate it, they systematically and thoroughly devastated it by cutting down the trees and blowing up and burning the villages, and took with them all the members of the civilian population able to work, but left behind the aged and the women and children as "useless mouths" to embarrass the French. In September, 1917, the Unit, eighteen in number, took up its headquarters in the ruins of Château Robécourt, Grécourt, near Nesle, with sixteen villages under its care. Their program contemplated nothing less than the giving of medical service to some five hundred people, furnishing stores and supplies of all sorts, reorganizing agriculture, and providing general social service, especially among the children. Two of them were doctors, three could serve as nurses, some were "skilled in children's work, carpentry and handicrafts; one was a farmer, one was a high school teacher; six were trained

social service workers, and six qualified as chauffeurs." By March, 1918, they had done wonders. Barracks were up for many of the civilian population, fields and gardens had been planted, and kindergartens were in operation. Then, on March 22, the Germans drove through and overran the territory for the second time. The Smith College Unit remained at Grécourt until the machine-gun fire of the approaching troops could be clearly heard. "Each girl was charged with the evacuation of a village, and each one stuck to her post and rescued her people in spite of shell fire." The main objective of the Unit still remained the reëstablishment of those villages on the Somme, but in the interim they made themselves indispensable as Red Cross workers in army hospitals. From May 29 to August 12 they were at Beauvais; then, at the request of the chief surgeon of the First Army they were transferred to Château-Thierry. On September 12 they moved to our area near Verdun, and set up their canteens, two others besides that at Evacuation Eight. Eight of them served with us at various times. Their most important duty was to serve the patients, both incoming and outgoing, with hot drinks, by no means a luxury, but an important part of the surgical treatment of wounded men suffering from cold and shock. One of them was always in the receiving ward giving hot chocolate to all the wounded except the poor chaps with abdominal wounds. They also were in the wards a good deal distributing cigarettes, reading to patients, or writing letters for them. Besides this they managed to do a great deal for the personnel of the hospital and for troops stationed near or on their way through to the

front. Their outfit consisted of one rather small unfloored tent, equipped with a case of books, a few chairs, tables and benches for writing, and a battered piano which members of the company foraged from a German officer's hut at St. Mihiel. Outside was erected a field stove, where once a day steamed great boilers of cocoa —such cocoa as man never tasted before or since. The Relief Unit tent soon became our one place of relaxation and entertainment. Before it had come, Mr. St. Clare had opened a Y.M.C.A. hut and canteen in the end of one of the barracks, and had done his best to make it cheerful and attractive. But since he remained until after the armistice the only chaplain in a thousand-bed hospital of seriously wounded men, he had his hands so full that he was glad to turn over this part of his functions to the Unit.

"Evacuation Hospital No. 8, American E.F.
Begun Oct. 2, 1918. Finished Oct. 6, 3 A.M.
Written in the operating room between whiles.

". . . The last week has been the busiest I have seen in the operating room. Our plant has worked wonderfully. On Sept. 30 we made a record for the A.E.F.—something over 200 cases operated in one shift of twelve hours. At first our wounded arrived very soon—wounds only six to twelve hours duration—but now we are getting some horrible cases—men who have been wounded four or five days. Nearly every case I have recorded tonight was an amputation, sometimes a double amputation. There is a man on the table now with his right arm blown off, right shoulder smashed, skull

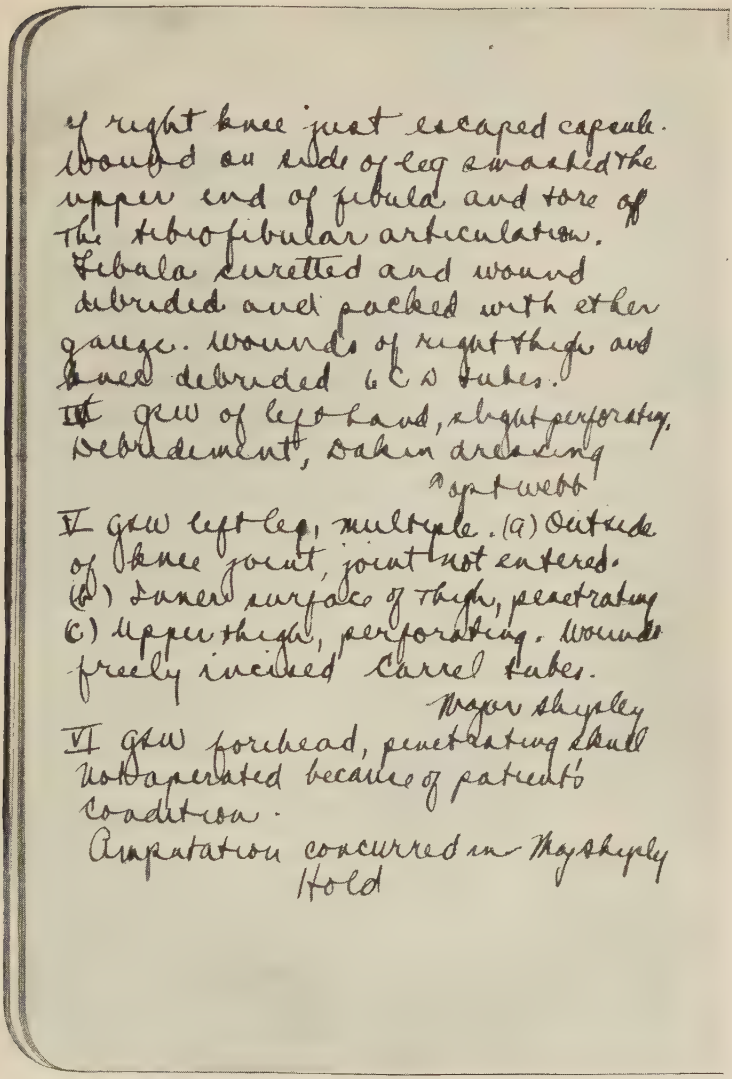
fractured, both legs wounded in thighs, knees, and calves. They are giving him a saline infusion, and think he will live. . . .*

"From these last few days one or two pictures remain indelibly stamped on my memory. The first is that of a boy with a badly shattered arm, which had been put up in a hastily improvised splint of sticks and hay. I see him as he lay on the table, telling us how, after being picked up by first aid, and bandaged, he was sent back to a field hospital. The hospital was choked with wounded, and he and many others were lined up on litters along the road. Two German planes came over, and flying low, turned their machine guns on the wounded and the men who were caring for them. Two surgeons who were splinting his arm were killed on the spot. Many of the wounded were hit again, and some died in the ambulance on the way here. The boy told it simply, as though it were quite an ordinary, matter-of-fact occurrence.

"The next picture is that of a German boy we operated on.† The prisoners receive exactly the same treatment as our own wounded. The ward reserved for them was filled long ago, and you can see them now in nearly all the wards, mixed in with our men, distinguishable

* I have included as an illustration a photograph of one of the pages of the operating room record on which this case was entered. Three teams were working simultaneously. The reason that we were getting so many "horrible cases" all at once, as I see now on examining the book, was that we were working on a series of patients from the shock ward.

† The record which I wrote for this boy in the operating room book reads as follows:



of right knee just escaped capsule.
Wound on side of leg smashed the
upper end of fibula and tore off
the tibiofibular articulation.
Fibula curetted and wound
debrided and packed with ether
gauze. Wounds of right thigh and
knee debrided 6 C D tubes.
IV GSW of left hand, slight perforating,
Debridement, Dakin dressing
Capt Webb
V GSW left leg, multiple. (a) Outside
of knee joint, joint not entered.
(b) Inner surface of thigh, penetrating
(c) Upper thigh, perforating. Wounds
freely incised Carrel tubes.
Major Shipley
VI GSW forehead, penetrating skull
Not operated because of patient's
condition.
Amputation concurred in Maj Shipley
Hold

A PAGE OF THE OPERATING ROOM RECORD KEPT BY THE AUTHOR AT PETIT MAUJOUY

from them only by the black letters 'G.P.' (German prisoner) painted on one cheek with silver nitrate. I have seen our surgeons, so tired they are ready to drop, work as patiently and carefully on these German wounded as on our own. This boy was eighteen years old. His leg was smashed, and he had a big gash on his head. He looked strangely like M. and the more I watched, the closer seemed the resemblance. When we shaved his head, he wrinkled his forehead exactly as M. used to do when something hurt him. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, and his mind wandered. His voice was thinned by fatigue until it sounded like a little boy's. Through all, he had clung to a big leather wallet full of his treasures—letters from home, a pathetic little expense account, begun with a great deal of flourish and then broken off abruptly, several photographs—his mother, himself and two chums before the war (typical high school youngsters), a flashlight of his family around the table at home (he was the only boy), a snapshot of himself in his first uniform, very swaggering and boyish, and lastly, his sweetheart. He was so tired that he didn't care what became of him so long as he got away from the trenches. The horror of it had pursued

"October 2, 1918. 9 A.M. Ward 6
LAESCHKE, HERBERT, Prisoner of War.
Private, 263 Pioneer Infantry.
Duration of injury 5 days (?)
I. GSW scalp. Dressed. II. GSW left leg, FC left tibia and fibula. Bone débrided. Fracture reduced. 4 CD tubes. Splint applied by Lt. Morris.
Evacuate Lt. Nexsen"

him and was still with him. He lay on the table, eyes shut, face pinched and wrinkled like an old man's, and murmured continually—'The artillery, always the artillery; no, hand grenades—' then, suddenly opening his eyes, 'Will they give me a book to read?' I saw him again in the ward, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, still murmuring. When he was evacuated, I went around to say good-bye. He remembered me, I think, and I hope that my being there may have reassured him somewhat in the strange and terrifying position in which he found himself. I have by now seen a good many German prisoners, and, individually, they seem quite normal, ordinary, people. Why should they shoot helpless wounded men with machine guns?

"The last picture is that of an American operated yesterday. As he lay on the table, you would never have guessed how horribly he was wounded. His face was unscarred. I think he was one of the most handsome men I ever saw, with blue eyes and long waving tawny yellow hair. He was shot nearly in two in the region of the abdomen, and died on the table. They gave him an anaesthetic, of course, and the surgeon attempted a hasty operation. I remember how he took up two large gauze drains sheathed with rubber tissue, and held them a moment in his hand pondering whether he should waste them on this patient or not. The nurse discontinued the anaesthetic, wiped his face and smoothed out his hair, and we all stood there a few moments watching him as he died, quite peacefully, with only a little sob or gasp at the end, like a child dropping off to sleep after

a fit of crying. I wonder what you will think when I say that the only feeling I experienced was an eager curiosity to know what he was experiencing. I felt no sorrow, and no horror. . . .

"I have just taken a piece of shrapnel as big as the end of my thumb which the surgeon pulled out from a man's leg all red and sticky, and have wrapped it in a bit of gauze to put in the man's envelope. He will find it there when he comes out of the ether. He will be immensely proud of his 'souvenir,' and will compare its size with all the others in the ward. . . .

"Sometimes it seems as though I had been gone hardly a month. I dream sometimes that tomorrow I shall go back to work, my intimate knowledge of amputating knives, and saws, and haemostats a thing of the past. I am tired of writing all day such things as this:

'SMITH, 1679423, JOHN H. Ward 6.
Pvt., Co. H, 1— Infantry. Duration of injury, 24 hrs.
GSW left thigh, perforating, severe. FCC (compound comminuted fracture) of femur, left, upper third. Excision of wounds of entrance and exit, débridement of tissue and bone. Femoral artery found lacerated, ligated. 6 CD tubes. Dakin dressing.
Hold Major ———' "

An important daily event at Petit Maujouy was the burial detail, to describe which I shall fall back on a piece of verse written by an eye witness. I believe it to be entirely accurate in detail, and also in atmosphere, if one makes proper allowance for the inevitable simplification incident to any poetic presentation.

BURIAL DETAIL

Evacuation Hospital No. 8, Petit Maujouy, Meuse.

"The truck's so slow; it's only just got back
From Souilly, with our rations for the week."
"But, sergeant, can't you hurry? These men here
Are badly needed on their other jobs."
"Here she comes now. 'Tention! who's got the flag?
All right. The ropes? Yes. And the bars? Up there?
Back the truck up against the bank. Slow, slow!
You'll get into the ditch; that mud is soft.
Easy! My God, man, can't you wait?"
"But sarge,
I've been out since five without a bite."
"You can eat afterwards. This won't take long.
All right, men, rush 'em out! How many are there?
Fourteen? You'll have to pile 'em up a bit."

(A cold gray day; a dirt road, deep in mud;
A battered truck backed up against a bank;
A tangled wood of drenched and stunted beeches,
Half leafless, steaming in the misty air;
A tent pitched in the trees, the front thrown open;
Within on litters, decently covered up
With dirty blankets, yesterday's crop of dead.)

"Right on the bottom of the truck, sarge?"
"Yes. No—spread a blanket out. But hurry up.
It's going to rain directly. That's the stuff!
Jump up into the truck, you; roll 'em off.
The litters won't go in. God! that one's heavy!"
(Long rigid forms, some wrapped in sheets, some not,
With gunny-sacks pulled on from either end.

The tired men bring out the litters, hoist,
Roll off the burden, bring another one.)

"All in? Spread out the flag. The other way.
Fall in behind. Is Mose here to blow taps?
Bring all the shovels. Ready, chaplain? March!"

(A lumbering truck with canvas cover on,
And tail-gate up; you can just see the flag.
The detail with the shovels on their shoulders,
Wearing their slickers, wet boots sucking mud.)

"Turn up the hill. You haven't got your chains?
You'll never make it. Give a boost here, men.
Oh, snap into it! We want to get this done.
Another heave! I think she'll make it now."

(A sodden hillside, two bare apple trees,
Three rows of sour mounds with crosses lined;
Part of another, then the gaping graves.)

"Bring that one here. You've got the ropes beneath?
All ready; pull the bars out. Lower slow.
Lord! He went under water two feet deep.
Look out! you're dropping that one. How he sags!
No wonder. Feel his leg. He's hardly cold. . . .
Quick work. Fall in! We're ready, chaplain, now."

(The truck stands empty, driver fidgeting;
The chaplain midway in the line of graves,
Uncovered, with his bald head in the rain;
The men, with caps off, leaning on their spades,
Their weary shoulders drooping, thoughts afar
From the clear droning of the parson's voice.)

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. . . . I go
To prepare a place for you. . . . Then shall the body
Return to the earth . . . to ashes, dust to dust. . . ."

(A handful of wet earth in every grave
He casts, and takes his place among the men.
The bugler steps out, softly tries his horn;
The silver notes ring out across the graves:)

"Go to sleep! Go to sleep!
Go to sleep! Go to sleep! Go to sleep!
Till the dawning shall come
It shall come!"

(The chaplain walks away; the truck pulls off
With much backfiring. Then upon the ear
The heavy thud of earth on earth beneath;
While at the road the truckman waits his turn
Among the ambulances pulling in.)

Once the Argonne started, there was almost no let-up. The hospital was now a great efficient machine grinding steadily along with an unfailing supply continuously pouring into its hopper. The clear tonic sunshine of autumn dimmed and thickened into the gray, misty, cheerless atmosphere of a French winter. The leaves, which by rights should have gone out in a blaze of glory, dispiritedly withered into lifeless browns, which under a bright sun were of a surprising somber beauty, but the sun seldom shone. There was as yet no snow, but it rained almost continuously, a cold, drizzling, deliberate rain. The sullen roads, fields, and woods clothed themselves with heavy wraiths of mist, and the mud

deepened. We plodded on from day to day, forgetting what day of the week it was, paying little attention to the weather. The nurses (who had no pathways of crushed stone) bravely faced the mud with rubber boots or spiral puttees. Fortunately, we had a fairly good wash house with hot water in the afternoons, but it was so hard to get a complete shift of clothing at one time that cooties multiplied apace. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see a colonel in the operating room, too proud or bashful to ask someone to scratch his back, and unable to do it himself because of his asepsis, furtively scraping the itching spot on an exposed timber of the wall. Yet our life at Petit Maujouy was not all one of somber toil. Even after working twelve hours, one does not feel like sleeping all the remaining twelve. We often hiked to Senoncourt, to Lemmes, to Ancemont, to Verdun. We met for moments of real comfort and pleasure in the bright warmth of the Red Cross tent, or sat around a fire in our tents chatting and munching bread and jam illicitly furnished by a benevolent cook. It is probably fair to say that, in spite of the horror and suffering with which every moment of our days was surrounded, Evacuation Eight was as cheerful and unmorbid a company as any in the army. If we had not been, we could not have done such good work.

I shall cover the history of the company from the opening of the Argonne to the armistice by a series of extracts from diaries and letters.

(From a letter by a member of the Smith College Unit.) "An evacuation hospital is often made up of

tents, but sometimes the baraques used by the French for hospitals in the great battle of 1916 are taken over by the Americans. Whether in a baraque or a tent, the receiving ward is a perfect hell, floors crowded with litters, great piles of foul, blood-stained garments, another pile of rifles, the clerks at the desk taking down the names and the record of the wounded as they are unloaded from the ambulances and trucks, and from a corner one or two of our girls serving hot chocolate. . . . One night Dot Brown was lighting cigarettes for the men in a receiving ward; a bright-eyed boy whispered to her, 'Pull down my blanket.' She, thinking there was a dressing to be adjusted, drew back the cover and saw a baby rabbit nestling in his wounded arm. He begged her to keep it until he should come out from his operation. She had it waiting for him as soon as he was conscious and the next day the other girls further down the line, as they fed him on an evacuation train, saw him again with the little rabbit close to his side."

(Diary B.) "Sept. 28. Gen. Pétain of the French Army paid us a visit. Heavy artillery all day.

"Oct. 2. Heavy frost in A.M. On the previous night, there was an air raid, and several shells near Ancemont."

(Diary A.) "Oct. 9. Still news of advance, and some peace talk. Beautiful day, crisp and nice."

(Diary C.) "Oct. 9. Pvt. Victor R. Newhouse of our company died of nephritis."

Newhouse was the first of our losses after we reached France; indeed, the first since the earliest days of our

organization. He was not a member of our original company, but joined us at Juilly two months to a day before his death. His home was in West Virginia.

(Diary A.) "Oct. 10. Heard 100 planes in formation pass over. My, what a sound. One did a few stunts, and then dropped mail for nurses."

(Diary C.) "Oct. 11. Ancemont shelled."

(Letter, Oct. 13.) "I had hoped to begin at least one letter without an apology for its being late, but I'm afraid it's been more than a week since my last. Since Oct. 1, I have been on night duty. We have been terribly rushed. The ambulances bring us our wounded just about as fast as we can operate. But the steadiness of the grind begins to tell."

(Diary A.) "Oct. 13. Rumor has it again that Germany agrees to 14 Wilson terms, but outside of little excitement about hospital, all remained the same. Many gassed entered at night. . . .

"Oct. 15. Boys tell of machine gunners capturing 'Dutch' in dugout and how they cut his legs off." [I have included this shocking entry to show that a sufficiently credulous or unscrupulous person might have collected a fine list of "atrocities" from the yarns of our wounded men. Nearly all of them were certainly fictions. Some, I fear, were true. The same thing may be said of those related of the Germans.]

(Letter, Oct. 16.) "I saw an operation tonight that exhausted my ideas of the marvellous. A wounded man was shown by the X-ray to have a bullet either in his heart or in the pericardium, for it beat with every pul-

sation of the heart. Colonel Lilienthal* performed the operation, under local anaesthesia. He opened the ribs nearly from breast bone to spine, and spread them several inches apart with retractors. The man was perfectly conscious and suffered no pain. The colonel repaired the lung punctures, found the hole in the pericardium, but failed to discover the bullet, and decided that it was in the right auricle, where he was forced to leave it. The patient left the table in good condition, and the surgeons seemed to think he had a chance to recover."

In many ways the most spectacular operations we saw were those performed daily by Lieutenant Hanson, the brain surgeon. Like that just described, these operations were performed under local anesthesia. There are no sensory nerves in the brain. That is, though the brain is itself the seat of sensation, it has no means of feeling any contact with its own tissue. When a man was

* Doctor Lilienthal, though not a member of our original organization, became one of the best liked of our officers. I am sure he will not mind my adding this characteristic anecdote: "Col. Lilienthal had been in civil life for many years the surgeon-in-chief of a famous Jewish hospital in New York City (Mt. Sinai). At one time a division made up of recruits from the large cities on the Atlantic coast was in the line in front of us, and wounded from it were coming in. On one of the tables in the operating room a badly wounded Jewish boy was lying, suffering greatly as he waited his turn for operation. He kept quietly repeating to himself, 'Oi, Oi, Gewalt, Weh ist mir,' over and over again. Col. Lilienthal happened to pass the table and overheard him. He turned to him quickly and said, 'Oh, for goodness' sake, keep still! You make me homesick.' " R.C.W.

brought in with an X-ray report or plate showing foreign bodies in the brain, he was placed on the table in a sitting posture, and towels arranged around the wound in the usual way. The towels were allowed to fall down over his eyes so that he could not see what was going on. The surgeon with a hypodermic syringe anesthetized the scalp (which had been entirely shaved of hair) with novocaine for a considerable distance in three lines radiating out from the wound. He then made incisions along these lines, dividing the whole top of the scalp into three flaps, which he peeled off the skull and folded back, revealing the bone with the jagged aperture of the wound. The skull was usually cracked like an eggshell. With an instrument exactly like a carpenter's burr drill and bitstock, he bored a circle of little holes about the hole made by the missile, and with bone-cutting forceps lifted out the disk so made. If the X-ray showed that the missile had gone through the head and lay near the surface on the other side from the wound of entrance, he made an incision and took it out there. But foreign bodies within the brain tissue were removed by an ingenious technique invented by Harvey Cushing of the Harvard Medical School, then a colonel in the Medical Corps. A rubber catheter was put on the tip of a glass bulb syringe filled with warm sterile saline solution, and inserted into the wound. The soft rubber followed the tract without causing further damage, and the liquid, gently forced in, washed out some of the mangled tissue and small indriven bone fragments. Such of the lacerated tissue as was not flushed out by the saline solution was sucked into the catheter when the pressure on the

bulb of the syringe was released. Larger bone fragments and pieces of shrapnel in the wound could be felt by the catheter, and could sometimes be expelled by having the patient cough; if this failed, they were carefully removed by a special kind of forceps. Meanwhile, the patient was quite conscious, though he felt no pain, and had no idea what the surgeon was doing except from the sound of the instruments. A surprising percentage of these cases recovered completely.

(Diary C.) "Oct. 18, 1918. As soon as the rain cleared off, saw two boche planes brought down. Landed just outside hospital grounds. Machine gun bullets flying thick and fast during the scrap. One struck the Red Cross hut." [It permanently silenced one key of the German piano.]

(Letter, Oct. 19.) "Yesterday the sun came out for the first time in two weeks, and we had one glorious Indian summer day. The beech trees have turned a tawny russet, and the slopes were either green with short grass, or showed the rich brown of plowed land. The scene had a sombre subdued beauty wonderfully encouraging to us who have seen so much rain and mist and drizzle and mud. We are having a rest today. It seems too good to be true. For three full weeks our factory has been running day and night without a let-up. We're all a little tired. . . . Something nice to tell you. The man whose opinion counts most of anybody's was here yesterday, and said that we had the best outfit in France. I heard him. . . . It's raining again. If it weren't for the clouds the moon would be full. As it is, the light is

gray and indistinct. A long, long line of French charettes and camions is coming down the road. They come out of the mist like silent gray ghosts, hardly a chain jingling or a strap creaking, the men hunched up on their horses' backs or on the seats of the carts. The horses' hoofs sound muffled. Occasionally a white one passes, his driver a dark blue blotch, shapeless, unhuman. . . ."

(Letter, Oct. 21.) "My tent floor is an ocean of mud. Thank God, I only have to sleep there."

(Letter, Oct. 24.) "Last night the boche came over with a big moon behind him, and dropped three dandies in our general direction. He did no damage at all. But at least he gave us something to talk about. We worked hard today—mostly shrapnel wounds from the barrage, which is the loudest and deadliest of any we have encountered since the war began. I can almost believe that the guns on both sides stand hub to hub. We are trying out a serum for gas gangrene, and it seems to work."

(Diary B.) "Oct. 24. Nothing unusual, except that in the wee hours of the morning Pvt. Rossetti with helper took a body to the morgue. The place being quite full, some bodies were left outside [in the path, the morgue tent being in the woods], and over one of these Rossetti stumbled. He dropped the litter and man he was carrying and ran for the operating room, where he informed the major that he would never carry another man up there at night."

It would have been worth while to have heard the words of Pvt. Rossetti to the Major. The roster called him "Rosati," just as it called Henry Angelo "Maestrangelo" throughout his military career, I suppose be-

cause in the beginning he tried to tell someone that his name was Mr. Angelo. Rossetti was an excitable little mustached Italian (Neapolitan, I think), who could speak only a word or two of English. The experience of falling over one corpse in the dark and having another embrace him as it rolled off the litter must have given occasion for a most brilliant exhibition of Italian words and gestures.

(Diary A.) "Oct. 28. Slept all day, and took walk to Senoncourt with wash at night, then to duty. Slightly colder and a silver tint on the ground. . . . Watched several boys die. Slept a little.

"Oct. 29. Meals good and troops advanced to north of Verdun."

(Letter, Oct. 30.) "Today I'm supposed to be digging ditches. No wounded coming in. But I took time to write. . . . We have been having glorious weather for more than a week, a true Indian summer. Hoar frost in the mornings, smoke from the hospital hanging low and blue over the motley collection of tents and shacks which stands to me in the place of home, steam over the little creek with its fringe of rushes, the woods a rich russet against an autumn-blue sky, and overhead tiny fleecy white clouds, where a slender silver airplane, indescribably graceful and dainty, skims across, pursued by a swirl of black crows."

(Diary A.) "Nov. 1. Beautiful day, stood inspection after off duty. Slept 2 hours in P.M. Good meals, steak, etc., all day. 6 P.M. dark as pitch, we stumble in the mud and over ditches to mess. Started fire in stove in ward 5 and read until midnight. Chow of hash and real brown

gravy. Lantern in hand with Sgt. Schill we tramped along the road like farmers. A little weird. Turkey signs the armistice. Still no pay."

Indeed, one of the most memorable experiences at Petit Maujouy was the hazardous nightly excursion for supper and midnight mess. The mess hall was now down below the road beside the meadow stream, nearly a quarter of a mile from the operating room. One went out from the blaze of the nitrogen bulbs, the glare of which was carefully shut in by heavy shutters, and found himself in utter, blanketing, palpable darkness that seemed always to overhang the sky at night. A faintly illuminated sign showed the entrance to the driveway. Then we tramped up the broad road toward Senoncourt, keeping out on the side to avoid being struck by the ambulances and trucks that ran lightless through the dark with astonishing speed and accuracy. When well past the group of our tents, we turned to the right, and felt our way gingerly down to the brook, which often announced its presence only as we slopped into it. Then we were in the mess hall, a great bare shack with dirt floor and trestle tables but no seats, dimly lighted by candles and shaded lanterns, warm with the steam of food. And as we ate, wounded boys were patiently lying on the white tables, waiting for us to come back and attend to their injuries.

(Letter, Nov. 1.) "Speak about gruesome happenings! John Martin, who works in the lab here, went up to do an autopsy yesterday, and found that the corpse was

that of a friend of his, a man he had been in college with three years."

Could one have guessed, in penning those words, that it was only half of the story, unrolling inexorably to its conclusion? For John Martin himself took the influenza a few weeks later, was critically ill in bed when the company moved to Germany, had to be evacuated, and died. He came from Oklahoma, and at the time of his enlistment was pursuing advanced study in the Massachusetts Agricultural College—a man of superior education and abilities. He had also one of the largest circles of warm personal friends in the company because of his unassuming and genial presence. Was that macabre meeting in the morgue tent a *memento mori?* I think the news of his death, which reached us long after the event, shocked and saddened us almost more than that of any man we lost.

(Diary A.) "Nov. 2. Rain, so to bed until 6 P.M. Full ward during night, and 4 Germans, one only 15 years old. One 23 could speak English, said Kaiser is in bad and will abdicate. Ludendorf started the war, he said. One fellow fell from bed, and then some real sweating to get him back again. Got some souvenirs and pictures, etc., all good."

(Diary C.) "Nov. 3. Learn of Kaiser's abdication. Austria ready to accept our terms. Boche plane brought down in the afternoon."

(Diary A.) "Nov. 6. Walked about, had fire call and read paper of Austrian armistice. Received 2 letters from home, Sept. 15 and Oct. 5. Full ward, plenty of mud, but with hip-boots I should worry."

(Letter, Nov. 6.) "I have described several cemeteries to you; suppose I try another. This is the best yet. It is the cemetery of a large French evacuation which has stood near here for four years. It is laid out with the utmost precision and elegance, with neat gravel walks and grass borders. Beautiful old trees shade the whole area. In the center stands a great concrete cross, from which the paths all radiate. In one corner there is a block of graves of French Algerians—Mohammedans—marked with white head and foot boards, scrawled with Arabic characters, looking toward the holy city and awaiting the great day when Mohammed shall summon the faithful to Paradise. And, so that they may not feel too much the shadow of the great cross, there has been built in the center of their section a beautiful little shrine tipped by a slender crescent. Another monument marks a third group of graves. On one side appears a recognizable copy of the Statue of Liberty, and on the other are these words: 'Que la terre de Lorraine soit douce a nos Alliés.' These are American graves. On each cross hangs a shield with the soldier's name, 'Mort sur le champ d'honneur,' and a large round medallion of the American flag. What wonderful, wonderful people the French are!"

(Diary A.) "Nov. 7. Lots of talk of peace, but no official news. Full ward at night."

(Diary C.) "Nov. 7. Heard from an unofficial source of Germany's surrender.

"Nov. 8. Officially confirmed."

(Diary A.) "Nov. 8. Had my bed decuddieized. Slept some but looked for news of armistice, which gives 72

hours for deciding. Full ward. Lots of mud outside. Cloudy all day but warm.

"Nov. 10. Up at 3 P.M. after short sleep. Walked to Senoncourt and back, beef supper, then to ward, and patients arrived in droves it seemed, but only slightly wounded. Rumors of armistice being signed seemed vague but possible.

"Nov. 11. Heavy barrage put over at 3 A.M. Patients still arriving. To bed at 9 A.M. but awakened by noise, fellows yelling about armistice."

(Diary B.) "Nov. 11. 7.30 A.M. Report armistice signed. Terrible barrage on now. 10.30, barrage still fierce and getting worse.

11 A.M.

Finie la guerre!"

(Letter, Nov. 14.) "I suppose you would like to know how the war ended. Our papers are a day late, and we always ended the war every day while we waited for them. We knew that Germany had until 11 o'clock to sign, but the night before the guns roared and flashed, and when I got up a heavy barrage was still going over. I went to the operating room and found the receiving ward choked with wounded waiting operation. It didn't look like the end of the war. We started in, all the tables full, everybody working at top speed. About nine o'clock we got the rumor that Germany had signed, hostilities to cease at eleven o'clock. But meanwhile the barrage was getting fiercer. We hardly believed the news. Besides, we were too busy to think anyway. I forgot all

about it. At eleven o'clock I was writing down a dictation. Here it is:

" '223. November 11, 1918. 11 A.M. Shock Ward.
JONES, (number) JOHN H.
Pvt. Co. G. 3— Inf. Duration 27 hrs.
GSW right shoulder, machine gun bullet perforating from above clavicle, through neck, apex of lung, and scapula. Extensive injury to scapula and adjacent muscle. Débridement of posterior wound. CD tubes.
Hold Maj. Shipley.'

"I was about half-way through when it suddenly seemed strangely quiet and still—almost uncomfortable. It took a moment for me to realize that the guns whose roar and concussion had kept the operating room shivering like a leaf in the wind almost without interruption for two months had ceased firing for ever."

(Diary C.) "Nov. 11. In the evening the French hospital was lighted brightly, no shutters on the windows."

(Letter, Nov. 11.) "When I heard the guns stop, the first thing I thought was, 'Well, we can leave the operating room curtains up this evening!' And they're up! Can you imagine how glorious it seems to see *light,* light *everywhere,* and have no fear of a boche airplane?"

Every document I have seen which was written at Petit Maujouy on the day of the armistice records, as the most striking incident of that memorable day, the triumphant emergence of the light. For four years France had braved the darkness. The pouring out of the light again through unshuttered windows was a sym-

bol. Men cannot live in the dark without the darkness' having a profound effect on their moral nature. With the setting free of that light which illuminates the physical darkness of men, there seemed to us to come another great light, flooding with its radiance all the morally dark places of the world, making clear as day a highway which we called the Highway of Peace. Was it only, after all, the mirage of our own longings? *Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord.*

CHAPTER TEN

Interim. Hikes at Midnight; Exploration of Verdun; on Leave in the Auvergne; Trip to Germany.

IT was five-thirty on the morning of November 12 before the last of the main wave of wounded reached Evacuation Eight, and noon or after before the operating room was cleared. Many of these men had been wounded in the very last moments of the fighting. Although the order for the cessation of hostilities reached the majority of the units early on the morning of the eleventh, the order carried with it an injunction that there should be no slacking in the attack up to the very last minute. Indeed, the intensity of the artillery fire was increased, and on many parts of the line our troops continued to drive ahead against the stiff resistance of the Germans. The Wildcat Division (Eighty-first), a unit in the recently organized Second Army east of Verdun, must have suffered heavy casualties in attacks launched between six and eleven o'clock, for through the whole of the eleventh and part of the twelfth our operating room was jammed with seriously wounded boys from this division; boys, who, as far as we could see, need never have been wounded at all. We were at the time disposed to be rather bitter about it. Our experience was partial. We were not in a position to

judge the military necessity or expediency of the order which called for the brisk operating of the military machine in the last few hours allowed it, but we were in a position to see only too well the effect of the order on the human beings who constituted the machine. Men whose duty it was to stand in the operating room of an army hospital through the last twelve hours or so of its activity, and to look attentively at each wounded man as he was brought in, could hardly fail to have some doubts whether the price we paid for our Armistice Day gains was not excessive. It is in no spirit of rancor that I wish our high officers might have had that experience. So, too, I wish that all those amiable civilians who speak of the terrible mistake the Allies made in not "smashing Germany up a little to give the Huns a taste of their own medicine," might, by the sight of those wounded men, have learned at what cost only could the desolation of Germany have been accomplished. As the guns ceased on Armistice Day, a severely wounded man lay on the table, awaiting the anesthetic. I, or someone else, thinking that he did not seem sufficiently joyful, rushed over to him and shouted, "Don't you realize what has happened? The war is over." "No," he said bitterly, "not for me. Look at my arm."*

* The following anecdote is more amusing, but perhaps its touching pluck covers a situation no less disastrous: "Usually the first question the surgeon asked a wounded man preparatory to operation was what outfit he came from. This was because we were so busy with our shift in the operating room and with seeing our patients in the wards afterwards that we could hardly follow the progress of a battle in any other way. The Wildcat Division from

The total of our admissions at Petit Maujouy was close to five thousand, our deaths in hospital, 338. After the twelfth we received few operative cases. A group of American engineers near Verdun had the misfortune to build a fire over an unexploded shell, which burst, killing several and horribly wounding the others. This gave us one considerable lot of wounded to work on, some days after the armistice. There were also occasionally cases of reoperation. But in general there was little more work for the operating room. A tent fly was stretched across one end of it to save heating the entire space, and here the scribes gathered about the stove, to digest and compile statistics from their record books, "where for two months and a half," a letter says, "we have been writing those innocent-looking technical words that mean the maiming of men and the breaking of hearts." On one or two occasions the officers held dances here, the great SILENCE signs hanging unheeded over their festivities.

On the thirteenth we evacuated all our patients who could be moved. We still continued to have plenty of patients, both seriously wounded who could not be evacuated, and an increasing number of medical cases, colds, influenza, and pneumonia. But for a large part of the force the cutting off of the supply of wounded meant another period of rather tedious holiday such as that which occupied our latter days at Juilly. Our numbers by now had been greatly augmented. Because up to the

South Carolina was in front of us at one time, and when one of the wounded men was asked about his outfit, he replied, 'I was a wildcat, but I ain't so wild now.' " R.C.W.

time of the armistice not more than 25 per cent of the authorized quota of evacuation hospitals had arrived in France, those that were there had to handle four times as many patients as they were supposed to, and consequently had to be expanded both in size and in number of personnel. As officially prescribed, the personnel should have consisted of 34 officers, 237 enlisted men, and no female nurses. An assignment sheet (undated) for the company during the period that we were at Petit Maujouy shows that we then had 311 enlisted men; the number of officers must have been increased in proportion—say, to about 50—and the corps of nurses could not have numbered less than 40. Our last lot of recruits consisted of a detachment of infantrymen, some of whom had been in the old army before the War, who had been wounded, gassed, or otherwise incapacitated at the front, and were sent to us for "light duty." What they got was litter bearing, about as heavy duty as it is possible to imagine. When they came, we were afraid, I think, that they would treat us mere medical troops with superciliousness and scorn. As a matter of fact, they were among the most modest and humble men we had, worked faithfully and uncomplainingly at tasks for which one would have expected them to have had only disgust, and developed a considerable affection for the outfit and a pride in its accomplishments.

Most of us now went back to fatigue.

(Diary A.) "Nov. 13. Up at 6 A.M. quite cold and seemed as if I were on some long holiday. Off night duty, so helped evacuate, then sat myself by fire until

noon. Woodpile in P.M., got quite cold. Mail call brought 5 letters. . . . Sang at Redcross tent at night. Then around my tent stove talking and eating toast and jam.

"Nov. 14. Up at 6 A.M. Mack truck took us to break stones in quarry, and a funny sight we made, 20 in all. Woodpile in P.M. until released for night duty, again in tent 35. Mumps. . . .

"Nov. 15. Got pass to Belleray and went to Verdun. Cold but pleasant. Saw a complete city underground, surrounded by water. . . . Saw returning prisoners from Germany in many allied uniforms, looking haggered and hungry. . . .

"Nov. 18. Rumor we are to go to Germany.

"Nov. 19. Officers had another dance which we could not attend.

"Nov. 22. Up at 6 A.M., served mess to mumpses, then walked to Senoncourt for airing."

The most vivid memories that remain of these weeks at Petit Maujouy after the armistice are unquestionably those of the occasional excursions we were now allowed to make with something like official sanction. I have chosen the following account as typical of many.

"Until the armistice was signed, we never got any passes. But as soon as the work let up a little, we were allowed passes of 36 hours to travel around a little. I, Red Johnstone, E. E. Martin, a barber from Iowa, Shorty Weiss, a little German pharmacist from New York, Russell Smith, a traveling salesman from Philadelphia, and Copeland, a tailor from Ohio, all got passes for St. Mihiel. We planned to take the train from Ance-

mont in the morning. Someone suggested that we walk up to the gas hospital at La Morlette, on the way to Ancemont, and sleep there, so as to be nearer in the morning. So off we started. There was a beautiful moon, and the road was frozen as hard and smooth as glass. We had hardly started when a black cat ran across the road ahead of us. Shorty, who is somewhat given to faith in omens, wanted to turn back, but we persuaded him to keep on. Will you believe that that cat followed us, and ran in front of us no less than six times? I got worried myself. It was almost like a ghost. We never saw it until it ran across the road, and then it was as silent as a spirit. If we had seen it seven times, I think we should all have agreed to go back.

"We found the gas hospital dark, no one stirring. Martin urged us to keep on to Ancemont; said we could find some place to sleep there. On we hiked to Ancemont. When we got there, we found that an unscheduled train for St. Mihiel had pulled out just before our arrival. 'That damned black cat!' said Shorty. 'Well,' said Martin, 'let's hike to St. Mihiel!' and off we started on a twenty mile hike. The night was clear and frosty with a splendid moon. The houses looked white and ghostly as they stood deserted in the moonlight. Everything was quiet; our feet on the frozen road made echoes against the walls.

"We went by a freight yard where negro stevedores were hustling freight in the glare of acetylene lights. We passed a little kitchen where a K.P. was cooking coffee, and were refused a drink. We went along the Meuse canal, and found it frozen over enough to hold up a fair

sized rock. The ice looked beautiful in the still moonlight.

"By one o'clock we struck Génicourt, a little deserted village well on the way to St. Mihiel. At that rate, we figured, we should arrive at St. Mihiel before daylight. A large house stood before us, with the door open. I went in, flashed my pocket torch, found a back room which turned out to contain two dilapidated bunks with straw ticks, and a pile of straw on the floor; a place where either French or American soldiers had been quartered. Martin and Smith and I lay down on the straw and pulled the ticks over us, for it was pretty cold. Red lighted a little stump of candle and humped up in the corner, professing to be entirely disgusted with the whole show. A little cat came in to keep us company. There was a sort of stone oven in one corner of the room. Shorty was possessed with a desire for fire. He ripped off a cupboard door and attempted to ignite it. But he had no kindling, and nobody had brought a large knife. My clearest memory of the night is that of seeing Shorty trying to set fire to a two-by-four over the candle. Somehow he succeeded in starting a fire, which promptly smoked us out, for the oven didn't draw at all well. My feet began to freeze. So about three o'clock we hit the road again. We came to Lacroix where the ruined church was that I described in another letter.* Just as we got to the town in the early dusk, we heard the bugles blow first call and reveille, and off on a side street we could hear the men falling in, the non-coms

* See p. 216.

grumbling and cursing: 'Fall in, you ——— ———! Atten-shun!' And in a moment, the rattle of the mess kits as the men rushed off to breakfast.

"We went into the church. I was impressed even more than the first time. For all its ruins, the church looks stately, noble. The machine gun fortifications still run up either side of the nave. The dugout is still under the altar. We went out through a great gap in the wall. I had never been farther on the road than this. Just outside the town we struck some large dugouts. 'Let's go in,' said Martin. So we went down the stairs. There were two tiers of bunks here, with bottoms of chicken wire. Shorty hopped up into a top one, tucked his head under his wing like a canary, and went to sleep. None of us intended to stay more than a minute, but before we knew it, we were all napping. We must have stayed there half an hour. When we did climb out, we were terribly stiff.

"The sun was up now; the trees sparkling with frost, and mist hanging over the shell-torn fields. Shorty stumped along, his cap pulled down over his ears, his nose as red as a cherry. He found a French rifle in a trench, and a clip of cartridges, and we had literally to take the gun away from him to keep him from firing it. I have no doubt that the rusty old lock would have blown his head off. A little way out from St. Mihiel we hopped a French cart and rode into town. On the left of the road tower great cliffs, with fortifications on top. Here the German lines cross the road.

"We found St. Mihiel pretty well battered, but with a large part of the inhabitants still there. It was eight

o'clock and we were hungry. Red and I had got it into our heads that we were going to Paris, and we wanted to find out about the trains. The rest of the bunch agreed to wait for us while we went across the bridge to the railroad station. So we went over, found that a train left for Lérouville at 8 P.M., and that at Lérouville one could get a train for Paris. We came back—no bunch. Red and I ran up one street and down another without catching sight of them. Finally, I agreed to stay on the corner where they were supposed to wait for us, while he scouted around. He had hardly left when a soldier came along. 'Say, what does that black A on your shoulder stand for?' 'First American Army, army troops (i.e., not attached to any particular division),' I replied. Ours seem to have been the first he had ever seen. 'Well, I saw four fellers with A's like that goin' into the kitchen over there,' he volunteered. Kitchen! visions of hot cakes danced before my eyes. I waited impatiently for Red. When he came, I cussed him for being gone so long, and he cussed me for not shouting when I learned where the others were. We were as hungry as bears.

"We rushed over to the kitchen, and found our faithless friends munching corned-wully sandwiches and drinking black coffee which the mess sergeant had grudgingly set out. The cooks did not only not offer Red and me anything to eat, but they ignored our rather pointed hints that we should be grateful for a bite. For courtesy, kindness and generosity, the American mess sergeant rates the lowest in the world. For that matter, don't ever apply to an American comrade when you want a favor. Go to a Frenchman. He'll walk ten miles

to show you the way to a place. He'll stop his truck to give you a ride. Anything he has is yours if you need it. Well, Red and I were out of luck for breakfast. We saw a little shop at the end of the street which appeared to be selling something, so we went across. All they had was hot chocolate and ginger cake. We filled up at an expense of about five francs apiece.

"The place was badly shell shocked; the big front window smashed and boarded up, and most of the plaster gone from the ceiling, but one great mirror remained intact on the wall. There was a little red-hot stove, which we gathered around. The people who ran the place were wonderfully kind. There was the madame, two daughters, 17 and 12, a boy about 14, and another about 6. The older boy had just been returned from Belgium where the Germans had sent him. The older girl—a strange thing—preferred to talk German with us instead of French. The joy of that family at being reunited and safe again was pathetic. You could see in their faces what four years of German occupation must have been like.

"Copeland went to church—it was Sunday—and the rest of us sat around the stove. Shorty had heard that there was a kitchen nearby that would feed casuals. He went over to see. The cook—a rare specimen—was only too glad to feed us, but he said that he would have to have an order from the major, a regular old hard-boiled veteran.

" 'Sir,' says Shorty, 'I want to know if I can get a feed.'

"*Major.* 'What the hell do you think this is, a casual camp? Anyway, breakfast is all over.'

"*Shorty.* 'Don't want breakfast. I want dinner, sir.'

"*Major.* 'And if I feed you, how many more will come trailing in?'

"*Shorty.* 'No more, sir. Only me and my five friends.'

"*Major.* '*Five friends!*' (a dreadful storm gathering).

"*Shorty.* (quickly) 'Yes, sir. We're here on pass, and there's no place to buy eats.'

"*Major.* 'On pass? Why in hell didn't you say so in the first place? Let me see your pass.'

"Shorty hands it over. The major writes an order: 'Please see that Pvt. 1st Class Fred F. Weiss and five are given dinner.' Shorty returns to the five.

"At noon we waltzed over to the kitchen and presented the order. The cook was ready, even anxious, to feed us, but we had no mess kits. We stood by the pail of dish water and asked several of the boys who had finished eating for the loan of theirs, but they were all in a dreadful hurry. Back I go to Madame. 'Madame, est-ce que je puis emprunter trois assiettes et trois fourchettes?' 'Mais oui, monsieur, certainement!' So in short order I got three china plates, and three forks. Madame refused pay. 'Vous allez les rendre, n' est-ce pas?'

"We ate well and mightily. After dinner we made a tour of the town and then went up the slopes to the German fortifications. Those trenches and dugouts ought to be preserved as a permanent exhibit. First we investigated a great natural cave that had been used as a first-aid station. I went down and down until I found

myself in a great room or grotto as large as a small concert hall, and as high, for all I know, for my light made only a blur in the shadows. Passageways led off everywhere. The whole place had been wired and lighted with electricity. The big grotto must have been forty feet under ground.

"We followed up a trench. The dugouts were no sandbag-and-log affairs, but were cast of solid concrete. The bombers' pits and machine gun emplacements were made in the same way. The sides of the trench were supported by wattles, and the bottom floored to keep the men's feet dry. We saw bushels of potato-masher grenades, minenwerfer shells, and a machine gun belt of cartridges all of twenty feet long.

"We climbed out of the trenches, and came upon a little German cemetery. A large monument had stood in the center, with urns of flowers on the pedestal. The crosses over the graves were metal replicas of the Iron Cross. I suppose the men buried here were all recipients of that decoration. We dropped over the brow of the cliff into a little crater, perfectly sheltered from the allied fire. Here were the German officers' quarters, not dugouts at all, but pretty little wooden houses. We approached the finest, which stood in the center of the row. It had a veranda, windows with lace curtains, and a door with a frosted glass panel. We went in. Hardwood floor, wainscot, wall paper, a sheathed ceiling, a piano, a black walnut sideboard, a carved table, plush-covered chairs—Oh, that officer had a cruel place to live in. There was a stove, on a square of tiles, with tiles let into the wall behind it. In the next room was a great

double carved bedstead and mirrors. Shorty immediately started a fire. The place got warm. I was sleepy, and in a minute, as it seemed, I fell asleep. It began to get dark, with a cold, drizzling, misty rain.

"We left the house before it got too dark, and retraced our way to the village. By good luck we found a store that had a few canned goods to sell, and bought some canned chicken, green peas, and sardines and we held up the friendly cook for a loaf of bread. Then we went back to Madame's and she fixed up a supper for us that was a supper.

"There were nearly three hours left to kill until train time. A beer palace nearby was supposed to sell good beer, so we waited outside until it got ready to open. When we got in, we found that it was a fairly large entertainment hall, with a stage and a balcony. The beer was German, left behind in the retreat. Russell Smith went over to order for the party. The beer was 30 centimes (six cents) a glass. He gave the woman a 5 franc note, and she informed him that, as she had no change, he would have to take it all in beer. Back he comes with sixteen beers. Shorty: 'She cheated you 20 centimes, Russell.' Russell goes back and demands another glass—and gets it after a ten minute argument.

"*Madame.* 'Mais non, monsieur! Seize verres pour cinq francs!'

"*Russell.* 'I don't know what you're talkin' about, but gimme another glass, or gimme my four cents! Vank sonteem! Vank sonteem!'

"*Madame.* 'La bierre vaut trente centimes le verre!'

"*Russell.* 'But what becomes of my other four cents?'

Russell was a traveling salesman, and gets what he wants.

"The place was very chilly and cheerless, and unlighted except for a candle over the bar. Red found about half an inch of candle in his pocket, and we stayed until it went out. Then we went over to the station to wait for our train. We found more Americans waiting; convalescent wounded going back to join their outfits at Toul. The train finally arrived, and we commandeered a second class compartment. They never make us pay fares on the railroad.* We settled down on the cushions, and had just got comfortable when we reached Lérouville. I got off, supposing Red was to follow. He came to the door and looked out. It was raining, there was a wait of an hour and a half for the Paris train, the compartment was warm and cosy, all the others said we were crazy to try to see Paris without a pass, and, to make a long story short, he renigged on me. I wouldn't go alone, and so I had to stay.

"We cuddled down and went to sleep. None of us knew where the train was going, and we didn't care. We were out of the rain. I dimly remember reaching Toul. Some one shouted, 'This train goes back to Verdun!' So we stayed aboard. I went to sleep again, to be awakened by Shorty shouting, 'This is Bar-le-Duc! Let's get off.'

"That was about 3.30 A.M. We got something to eat, and went out to find a bed. Every hotel in the city was full. We went to the Y.M.C.A. and found a crowd in the same plight as ourselves sleeping in chairs around

* Unfortunately this happy state of affairs did not last long.

the fireplace. About six they chased us upstairs while they swept and cleaned up. I washed my face, and felt pretty good again. We got something to eat at the Y. and I stayed there all the forenoon writing Christmas cards. We went to a regular hotel for dinner, the first hotel dinner I have eaten since I left Chattanooga. We got an excellent meal for seven francs. After dinner, we toured the town. Bar-le-Duc is a nice city, but there's nothing very remarkable to see there unless you have a guide, which we didn't. There's a little chapel in the middle of one of the bridges. Shorty says he supposes the contractor did a bum job, and wanted to blame the Virgin if the bridge got washed out.

"At four o'clock we took the narrow-gauge for Souilly. It was all of 7.30 when we got there. Now Souilly is about nine kilometres from camp, and Lemmes, the next station beyond, only three. So we all agreed to go on to Lemmes. But Lemmes is off the highway, none of us had ever been in the station, and we got lost in the dark. We asked a Frenchman the way, and he directed us, but when we came to the turn he had told us to take, as I understood it, the rest of the crowd all said I was wrong. I may say, with all modesty, that I was the only member of the party who made much of a pretense of speaking French, but that didn't matter: I was wrong.

"A Frenchman walking guard happened along. We inquired of him. Oh, yes, he knew the way. He took us about half a mile up the road, pointed to a little muddy track, and said 'Voilà!' triumphantly. We set out, not without misgivings. It was dark as pitch, the mud was all of a foot deep, and I felt sure we were on the wrong

road. We had podged along for about half an hour, all badly disgruntled, when Shorty let out a howl and fell over a bank for a drop of about ten feet. Our road ran to the cut of the railroad track, and stopped. Well, there was the track itself. I said Souilly lay in one direction, they said the other. Red had a pocket compass; it backed me up, but they said you never could depend on those things anyway. So we started hiking up the track, straight for Verdun. We had gone perhaps three-fourths of a mile when we struck a railroader's shanty, an American's, for the Verdun division is entirely run by our army. We went in. His light was burning, but he was nowhere to be seen. We sat down to wait for him, and had waited a few minutes, when I saw on his desk a letter addressed 'Lempire.' Now I knew where Lempire was, and announced that I was going home. They followed. We started back over the track, and had nearly covered the three-fourths mile, when Copeland remembered that he had left a box of Bar-le-Duc gooseberry jam in the railroad man's hut. Back he went, while we waited. When he got back with his jam, we hit it up again. It seemed miles before we got anywhere. They were all sure I was wrong, and I was beginning to think I was, when we came to the underpass where the Lemmes road goes under the track. We took the road, hiked to Senoncourt, and from there home, getting to bed about eleven. That is the end of our Odyssey."

Thanksgiving Day, November 28, "and a rainy muddy day," found us still at Petit Maujouy. But in spite of the gloom of the weather, the day was one of

festivity. "Thanksgiving Day in France!" says a letter. "If anybody had told me a year ago that I should eat my next Thanksgiving dinner in France, under such circumstances as today, I should have called him crazy. But the thought that before long I shall be home is enough to make the day happy. And we had a wonderful feed. Capt. Tupper and Col. Shipley went to Neufchâteau and got stuff that I didn't suppose could be found in France. We had roast duck with onion dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, butter for our bread, apples, grapes, nuts, candy, cookies, and cigarettes. The candy was made by the Smith College Unit, and they were responsible also for the cigarettes and cookies. Our officers must think we'll be out of France by Christmas, for they spent the whole mess fund on this feed! I have a seven-days leave beginning Saturday. Forty of us are being sent to La Bourboule, near Clermont."

Although only forty members of the company went on this memorable leave, that seems to me a sufficient percentage to warrant inclusion of an account of the trip, for which I have unusually full records. The following is compiled from Diary B and letters.

(Letter.) "We left Petit Maujouy on trucks the morning of November 30, and went directly to Verdun. We were supposed to take a train immediately for La Bourboule, but on arriving we found about 1,200 men waiting for the same train, and no train in sight. We have had no snow yet, but the day was chilly. The station is completely in ruins. We gathered such scraps of wood as were lying around, and proceeded to build fires inside the station and on the tracks to warm ourselves

by. Word came that the train could not possibly come before 3 P.M. Six of us started off together for a tour of the city. I had been through Verdun before, but this time I saw a great many things that I hadn't seen previously. The gate we went in at was furnished with a draw bridge—a quite practicable one—over a moat at least thirty feet deep. Verdun is entirely enclosed by walls, the only entrances being through massive gateways. I also noticed a large portcullis on the bridge over the Meuse canal which runs through the center of the town.

"We entered from the northern side. The destruction in this quarter was complete; the houses mere heaps of rubble, with occasionally chimneys or angles of walls standing up like ragged obelisks. We found a large Jewish synagogue, the first I was ever in, and we made a tour of the Bank of France. The money, of course, was all gone, but inside the drawers of the counters were personal papers belonging to the clerks, quite undisturbed, and in dark musty rooms beyond were thousands of bundles of papers, filed away in pigeon holes. We climbed a ladder to the roof, and got a wonderful view across the roofs of the city toward the cathedral. From the bank we crossed the canal, and turned down toward the cathedral, which we reached up a flight of narrow stone steps. As we climbed, we came suddenly upon a little house that commanded the whole city from its front windows. In front was a blind courtyard all of seventy feet deep; then the tilted shattered roofs stretched away toward the hills. Not a tree on those

hills, not even a bush. They are like the dreadful country in Browning's *Childe Roland.*

"We came out in front of the Cathedral. A shell had exploded in the street, laying open a huge vaulted passageway beneath it. Where it leads, I have no idea. The whole city is undermined by such tunnels. In the bottom of the cavity lay a baby carriage, tipped over, with the wheels in the air. We didn't go into the Cathedral, for we had all been there before. It is not a very favorable specimen of architecture; very heavy and ornate, with a great baldachino over the altar. Beside the Cathedral is a large Ecclesiastical Seminary, which had some fine museums of art and natural history. The window where I had crawled in before was boarded up, and the doors were strongly barricaded. The buildings were arranged in a huge semi-circle around an open court. We found the door open at the further end of the court, and wandered about hoping to find a passageway into the museum rooms. It was like a dream. We went up rickety, half tumbling stairways, through windows, into forgotten rooms in an interminable series, and had about given it up, when I ran down a long corridor, turned into a blank room, and was about to go out, when I saw a half-hidden opening in the corner. It proved to be a secret stairway in the wall itself. We ran down, squeezed our way out from behind a huge barricade, and emerged at the doorway of the main room of the museum. Here were original Roman sculptures and casts from originals, a medieval tomb on which a crusader and his lady slept with folded hands, and ancient burial slabs galore. The next room con-

tained huge paintings: the miraculous draft of fishes, and Paul superintending the burning of the conjurers' books. Several of the paintings had been removed since my first visit. The next room had been the library. It was in indescribable confusion: books, pamphlets, and manuscripts literally knee-deep. In the débris I noticed several Smithsonian Institute Reports. The room beyond was more library. A large painting, totally undamaged by four years of war, had met its fate at the hands of a souvenir fiend, who had neatly cut a square out of the exact center of the canvas. Names—American names—were scrawled everywhere.

"The natural history museum was on the second floor. I found it in much worse condition than formerly. At least one more shell had come through the roof, and where part of the things I had previously seen had been there was now only a gaping hole in the floor. Stuffed animals, reptiles, birds, fish, insects, on the floor everywhere, mingled with débris, torn and mangled in the most ludicrous fashion, shattered glass cases, overturned tables, no roof, only part of a floor: utter, absolute ruin.

"We left the Seminary and started back for the railroad station. On the way I found several chapels (of monasteries, I think), and a school, one room of which contained jars of chemicals and chemical apparatus. We passed along a street of houses, the fronts of which looked comparatively uninjured. As we passed the open entrances, however, we saw that the roofs were entirely gone, and that the débris had run in rivers down the wide stairways. In one such house I found a splendid

library rotting in the rain, surrounded by the magnificence of great gilt framed mirrors (unbroken) and a great carved mantel.

"At 3 o'clock, no train. It began to get dark: no train. As long as I live I shall never forget the sight of our fires burning in the ruined station at Verdun. The red glow threw queer lights and shadows on the circles of men around, each blaze marking off in sharp relief their slim puttee-wrapped legs and the short skirts of their overcoats, flickering on the battered walls and roof. Everyone joked and laughed and sang.

"About nine o'clock a train pulled in, and we were lined up to go aboard. Our bunch came last, forty of us. Twelve hundred men make quite a line in a column of twos. The train was made up of first, second, and third class compartments. I, Bill Smith, Mitchell, and three other fellows got a second class, with a cushion on only one side. A French compartment is about five feet wide, its length being the width of the car. Two long seats face each other, and there is a door on either side. They have cars with a vestibule running the whole length of the coach, but they don't use them for transporting soldiers. This compartment was supposed to seat ten persons. Above each seat, on the wall, was a rack for baggage, of string netting supported by iron brackets, perhaps a foot and a half wide. Bill, who is small, crawled up in one, spread his blanket, and soon was asleep. I sat in one corner and stretched my legs across to the other side. That compartment was constructed in such a manner that, no matter how I lay, it was always just

six inches short. If I managed to get partly to sleep, my legs would cramp and I would have to shift my position.

"We managed to pass the night. Of course we all expected to wake up well on our way to La Bourboule. But the train never stirred from the yards. About six o'clock, some one yelled, 'Fifteen minutes to unload!' It was all a mistake, it seems. The train wasn't for us, but for returning prisoners. So out we piled—to wait.

"All this time we had been living on the rations we had brought with us: bread, canned beans, corned beef, tomatoes, and jam. We had supposed that two days rations was all that we needed. So the first day we ate jam and bread, and the second day bread and beans, and after that corned beef—and nothing to go with it. For we stayed another day at Verdun. About nine o'clock in the evening, another train came in. As before, we were last in the line. This train was mainly American box cars. Fifty-one men went into ours. There was a flat car of baled hay on the track near us, and somehow or other the bottom of our car got covered with a good thick bedding. We went to bed at once. There were so many of us that we had to lie dovetailed, somebody's feet under your chin, and yours under his. We were wedged in so tight that we stuck together. Some one would yell, 'Turn over!' and the whole row would turn at once. I had the misfortune to be opposite a door. We shut the door when we lay down, but unfortunately few of the men seemed able to stay down. We were terribly thirsty from eating corned beef, and we hadn't brought our canteens. So at every stop, a line would come crawling the length of the car to hop out for a

drink. The fellows on whom they stepped with their hobnails cursed and howled and threatened murder. They *all* stepped on me.

"We were two days and three nights on that train. Aside from the food and the nights, it was really pretty comfortable. But the hay chaff got inside my underwear, and I slept beside an artilleryman who certainly 'had em going wild over him.' In my fitful slumbers I scratched my bosom and stomach all raw. . . . I managed to lock my door during the day, and announced that it was stuck and wouldn't open. One or two tried it and decided it was. So the fellow on the other side got trampled on the next two nights, much to my delight. . . .

"We struck Mont Dore about two o'clock on the morning of December 4. La Bourboule was full, so we were sent here, one station above. We were all asleep when the train stopped, and hated to get out, but out we got. The night was misty, the stars all haloed with rings, but there was light enough in the sky to enable us to see a great rim of mountains reaching all the way around the valley where we were, with a mighty peak towering high toward the north.

"After about a couple of hours of getting lined up, getting our passes stamped, etc., we were sent to the hotels. Eighteen of us were assigned to Villa Guillaume. An old boy with a tam o' shanter, shepherd's cape, and staff took us up. It was up, too, straight up the side of the mountain. Our villa overlooks the whole village. A beautiful old lady met us and took us to our rooms. When I saw that bed, a great high affair with

white sheets and a feather bed two feet thick, I almost cried.

"Breakfast was served for us immediately. Oh, the pleasure of a table with a cloth, china, knives and forks! It's a delight only to touch such things. After a fine hot breakfast, I went outside. The sun was just rising. At the end of the valley rose a splendid snow-capped peak (Pic de Sancy), 6,000 feet elevation. The sun shot great streamers out behind it, and the snow gleamed like silver. On the left of the great rim of mountains a fairy cascade shot over the mountain brim, sprayed down for a hundred feet, and then, as a little mountain stream, wound down the valley. On the right a massive bare rock soared up, a spur in the rear formed exactly like a kneeling monk, and from the resemblance called the 'Capuchin.' Behind me Puy Gros, a great flat-topped monster, closed the panorama.

"This town is one of the most select watering places in Europe. It has a wonderful history. It was only a few miles from here that Vercingetorix arose. He defeated Caesar just down the valley. Up the valley about four miles are the remains of Caesar's camp. The whole region is of volcanic origin. There are thousands of extinct craters in the neighborhood. Here at Mont Dore are innumerable hot springs. The Romans built a splendid bath here, and a great Roman road wound up the valley. Feudal castles crowned all the summits; robber barons extorted and pillaged. The English entered the valley under Henry V.

"The Y.M.C.A. has taken over the entire town, under the supervision of the Army. The great Casino, or

gambling palace, is the headquarters. I am now in the Salle de Baccara, engaged in nothing more adventurous than writing a letter. The baths are thrown open to us. For fifty centimes we can get clean towels and floods of naturally hot water. The bath stands on the site of the old Roman structure, and many remains of the Roman building are preserved. There are at least eleven different varieties of hot water in the great courtyard, each guaranteed to cure some specific infirmity. . . .

"Every forenoon and afternoon the Y.M.C.A. conducts excursions to places of interest. Yesterday we climbed up to the Grand Cascade, passed behind it, and down by another route. In the afternoon, we visited three smaller cascades, the Rossignolet, the Queureilh, and the Saut du Loup. The Queureilh (a Celtic name) is splendid. It dashes over a cliff of five-sided basaltic columns tipped at an angle. The whole trip was through forests of beech and massive evergreens, firs and spruces. It was so much like Maine that it startled me. This afternoon we scale Pic de Sancy. Tomorrow we have a seventeen mile hike to Murols Castle, one of the most impressive medieval castles in existence. On the way we pass Caesar's camp, and a splendid little lake. . . ."

(Diary B.) "Dec. 4. The spirit of the 'Y' people here is great and makes a man feel right at home. There are several 'Y' ladies around, and such women I haven't seen for a long time, since May 8, to be exact. They have a 'good morning' and a smile that makes you want to shout for joy. Here a private is the same or better than an officer, and a man *is* a man until proven otherwise. . . . In the afternoon saw some movies early,

played cards and heard a band concert in the Casino. Three of us had canes and were like wild men at being so free again. We were playing 500 and a 'Y' woman came over and put her hand right on my shoulder and asked us all if we could play bridge. Well, I was the only one who could, so she said, 'Let's play some night this week.' She will furnish one player, and I am to find another. Boy, that was a great treat, to seem like a human again, and I am not over it yet by any means.

"In the A.M. I purchased much handmade lace, three chemise tops I think they were called. Also a wrist tag and a cane. Went to bed about ten P.M. and surely did sleep some, right up to 8 A.M.

"Dec. 5. After eating, Small, Sanders, and I went hiking up to the cascade. We were all in except Jack when we arrived, but it was beautiful up there some 4,000 feet above the town. We arrived back just in time for dinner. We had steak and scalloped potatoes for dinner. This is surely a very tough life to say the least. . . . Went to the show at night up to 10 and then came out to watch the dancing. There was a need of women so the 'Y' man asked for volunteers on the piano and fiddle. Some one said I would with Berlfein, so he played fiddle and me piano until 11 and had a great time. . . .

"Dec. 6. Hung around Y all morning; the only work I did was to play two hymns at a little service at 9.30. After dinner Quinto said he would make some apple pie so we hung around to assist. There were two French girls next door who were sociable and we talked almost all the afternoon to them and they sure were nice girls. . . . After supper I went down to see the famous

'Bucket of Blood' of this town, which is a fearful joint. All sorts of awful looking women and men and full of soldiers looking for odd sights as you never see anywhere else. It was a dive for fair. . . .

"Dec. 7. This morning a gang went on an 18 mile hike [to Murols Castle] which sounds too good to me so instead Small and I went 'swimming' in the sulphur baths. They were fine. After finishing we came here to the Y to rehearse for the big show of Monday night given by Evac. 8. In the afternoon Small and I went to La Bourboule for a walk and on the way saw the Petrified Spring. We strolled about the town and into the casino there which isn't as beautiful by far as this one here. . . .

"Dec. 8. Went to church and heard a very fine sermon on Le Vision. The speaker was very good and I much enjoyed the talk. In the afternoon Jim Adams, Small, and myself went down to the 'Bucket of Blood' to watch the goings on. The worst joint I believe I ever was in. . . .

"Dec. 9. The boys of No. 8 are putting on a show tonight as stunt night. Berlfein playing a violin solo first. Fred Pottle as a female impersonator and then a little sketch with Berlfein, Pettit, Velie, Oldhauser, Weiss, Small, and Bill Smith. The sketch is called the 'Black Cat.' [Letter: It was supposed to represent the back room of a notorious saloon in New York. The characters were the little waiter, the Jewish bell hop, an ex-gambler, a negro, an old professor, Rip Van Winkle, and The Man from Nowhere (Bill Smith). There were all

kinds of gags and stunts, and Bill spoke 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew.']

"All the 'Eight' boys not in the show gathered early to get good seats way down front, and waited from 6.30 to 8.15 to hold the seats. The show was very good and Bill Smith as a Dutch comedian was fine.

"Dec. 10. For those who hadn't been able to get into the show on the previous night the performance was repeated. In the morning I climbed Capuchin all alone and was very tired at noon. About eleven A.M. Idler, Parlin, and I decided to play for the show down in the pit. We played before the show and I played for three solos, so had quite a busy time, besides presenting Pottle with a head of cabbage. After the show Idler and I went over to the Base Hospital and played in three different wards for the wounded. One poor fellow broke down and cried like a child, as the music made him homesick, he said. . . ."

(Letter.) "The show pleased the Y.M.C.A. manager, Andy Smith, so much that we had to repeat it, and the next day we went to La Bourboule at the Y's expense and put it on there. Andy is a young Princeton man, a wonderful chap. We called ourselves 'Andy's Army.' He wrote to Paris recommending that we be transferred to the Entertainment Section of the A.E.F. and that he go along as manager."

(Diary B.) "Andy Smith took us to the Splendid Hotel for dinner. It is the best hotel in the town and we had a great dejourner from soup to nuts. After dinner we hung around the parlor of the hotel, playing and singing until almost 3 P.M. The show went well, and

after it was finished we all gathered in the Manager's office and he talked to us for some time. We were taken to the hotel again for dinner at 7 P.M. and given a private dining-room at which 19 of us sat down. Evac. Hosp. 8 was very ably represented by ten men. During the meal there was much singing and speaking of the impromptu sort. After the meal the boys opened up in great style and sang all sorts of great songs. One bass sung the Turnkey's Song, the Bell in the Watch-tower, etc. The spirit was great, and the meeting ended at eight by all singing the Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner in such a way that I never heard before. The National Hymn surely never sounded better and the tears came to everybody's eyes. The singing continued all the way back in the train.

"Dec. 13, Friday. Wilson should reach Brest at 1.30 P.M. today. . . . No particular excitement until night, when we learned that we were to leave next morning at 6.45 A.M. so most of the evening was spent saying good night and getting ready.

"Dec. 14. Up at 5.45 and ready for breakfast at 6. The landlady presents us with a bill of 12 f. for baking a pie, the entirety and then some furnished by us. We had a good breakfast, and by 8.30 had been registered and were on third class coaches ready to leave the town where we had had such a great time."

It is time that we leave the carefree tourists at Mont Dore, and return to their less fortunate comrades at Petit Maujouy, then working in an incessant pouring rain tearing down tents and packing equipment for the

trip into Germany. Soon after the detachment had left for the South, the drab monotony of the camp was disturbed by another death in our personnel. The following entry is from a too scanty selection furnished me by the Rev. C. J. McCarthy, our Roman Catholic chaplain who joined us shortly after the armistice:

"Dec. 10. Buried Bodden a company cook. He died of pneumonia the previous day. He was a native of some island off Honduras. Whole outfit turned out from Col. Hall down. At ten we left camp for the French burial ground, where in grave 900 we laid poor Bodden to rest. I improvised on the ritual I am accustomed to, as Bodden was not a Catholic. Preached touching the matter of conscience making cowards of us all. In the cemetery Mohammedans are buried in the shadow of a miniature mosque. . . . Requiescant in pace!"

The following from the same source gives a vivid picture of life in the officers' barracks:

"Dec. 12. Writing this in our present barracks, the late X-ray room. We were put here over a week ago, expecting at that time to be on our way at any hour for Germany. But here we are, and the Lord only knows when we shall get gone—if ever. The barracks at this minute would make a great picture. . . . Army cots and what goes with them are ranged up and down both sides of the hut the French used before we took it over, I suppose as the ward of a hospital. Now in several stages of disarray. Walls are variously adorned with impedimenta. . . . I'm trying to write this behind the stove in the shadow of my own hand as I race the pen. Immediately behind me at the table Lt. Cronan of New

Orleans and Adam Reier are evidently at writing letters home. Opposite the stove Capt. Summers of Memphis and Lt. Chambers of Wanston, Ill. are playing Rummy on Summers' cot. Summers is discoursing the while on how fine it would be to be out in French box cars going to Germany on a night like this. It has been raining for several days, and we have just heard that the going may be in box cars, and leaky ones at that. Just in front of the stove, Capt. Foote of Nebraska watches from another cot the interesting poker game participated in by Capt. Tupper, Lt. McCall, 'Lars' Hanson, Tolson of the Red Cross, and Lt. Davis. Lt. Bryant of Washington State takes the game in from another cot opposite where Foote has been sitting, but as I look up I notice Foote has changed places and is beside Bryant. Someone thrums a banjo giving us La Paloma from another part of the building where the enlisted men have their sleeping quarters. Often from the same region we get a bit of a quartette. But tonight they are in Senoncourt, having supper with a young widow and smoking some Camels I gave them this afternoon."

(Diary A.) "Dec. 16. Up at 5 A.M., no breakfast. Packed our rolls and took a truck with detail to railhead. Bunks in train, 'litter with mattress,' 3 bunks high. Nurses fed us bread, coffee, and jam at train. Bed on train 7 P.M.

"Dec. 17. Slept on train fairly well. Ate beans, jam, bread, and coffee. Started 5 A.M. Saw Verdun, stopped at Etain, 5 P.M., Buzy 6.15, Conflans a large city 7.15 P.M. Then to bed and slept though we rocked and jolted all night.

"Dec. 18. In Germany. Perl 7.30 A.M., Besch, Nennig, Palzem, 8 A.M. Wehr, Wincheringen, Wellen, Temmels, Oberbillig, Wasserliesch, Karthaus, 9 A.M. Stayed here a few hours. Still rain. (From another itinerary: Triersud, Pfalzel, Ehrang, Quint, Schweich, Föhren, Hetzerath, Sehlem, Salmrohr, Wengerohr, Bullay, Coblenz, Andernach, Mayen.) Arrived in Coblenz a large city 8.30 P.M. Awoke in morning at Mayen."

(Chaplain McCarthy.) "Left Petit Maujouy December 18 [17], 1918 for the Rhine. The nurses used litters in a third class French coach; the men of No. 8 had the usual French box car, the officers an American box car. De Luxe going it promises to be.

"Meals were taken at odd intervals along the line whenever we stopped. I suppose there was some head and tail to the arrangement, some guiding mind and brain, but it did not seem so. Ours, of course, 'not to reason why,' for though the dying is over, the doing is yet on, and will be, no doubt, for months to come. 'Quid sit futurum,' however.

"At one of the stops made along the line we had sauer kraut, got from some of the natives for cans of corned beef. More than a fair exchange. Most of the officers seemed to enjoy it around the stove which we had rigged up in our de luxe American box car. To keep this stove going after our original supply of fuel ran out, some kind fellows of the enlisted personnel 'swiped' briquettes of coal wherever they were found doing nothing along the line. Officers also participated in this 'policing.' Any port in a storm. War and its concomitants do wear the moral fibres. Yet because of the cold when

asked banteringly about it, I was instant in justification. Moreover, I am suffering from loss of voice induced by the damp and the lack of creature comforts.

"The nurses had the worse time coming. The pipes in the car froze and burst en route, so they froze all the way up to Germany, save when we stopped and they had a chance to hop into our car for a little warmth."

Miss Biddlecome, of the Smith College Relief Unit, rode with the nurses, and has given a more extended account of their hardships:

"There arose a great discussion among the hospital personnel as to how the nurses were to travel—in box cars or in a disreputable third-class coach. The latter won the day and, after our departure had been twice put off because of accidents beyond Verdun, we left the meed of Maujouy, sans lights (disconnected), sans heat (stoves packed), and stowed ourselves in a heatless, wet, and airy third-class car to wait for an engine. We waited a day and a night and sometime in the early hours of the morning rattled into Verdun.

"We survived the trip, but, as I look back, it seems impossible. We were three days and three nights on the way, it rained continuously, there was no way of heating the car, so that it was impossible to keep warm. As to toilet arrangements the less said the better. Except when rained on, one had nothing to do with water.

"We were visited three times a day with much the usual assortment of black coffee, wet tomatoes, and corned willie, and of course that made life a bit messier. One slept on the mats and on litters slung about promiscuously. . . . Mabel and I cultivated an amiable de-

tachment to our surroundings. We went to the officers' cars, where they had stoves, from time to time, to get warmed up, and in Verdun, Lemmes, Kochem, and Coblenz, where we made long stops, sprinted about the freight yards."

We will now pick up the tourists at Mont Dore.

(Letter.) "We left the morning of Dec. 14 in 3rd class compartments, ten in a compartment. Now ten is all that can squeeze in, so you can imagine what the nights were like. The trip to Clermont Ferrand was beautiful—over the mountains, with many trestles and tunnels. The first sight I had of the city took my breath away. We came out on a shelf on the side of the mountain and the whole scene seemed to burst on your sight at once. It was just like William Morris's *Hollow Land.* Far, far below us stretched an immense broad smooth valley, with sides gently sloping away to range after range of mountains, blue and dim on the horizon. In front the land was cut up, as all French landscapes are, into tiny variegated patches, dotted with trees; then the city, low and wide-spread, with the twin spires of the Cathedral soaring up black and slender over the red-tiled roofs. We wound down into the city, and stopped in the freight yards. We were there all afternoon. I took a chance on getting left, and went into the city. Clermont is a beautiful place, the finest French city I have yet been in. It has a trolley system, excellent shops—and few Americans. I went directly to the cathedral. It is Gothic in style, with three large rose windows, built of the native basalt, so that the interior

is dim. Most of the windows had been removed, either for protection or to be cleaned, but even with that handicap the interior was most beautiful with its soaring Gothic columns, lofty arches, clerestory windows, and carved black oak. Down near the altar I saw several tapers burning, making a pool of light in the shadows. I walked down the nave, and saw that they burned before a shrine to the left of the altar. Hundreds of photographs of French soldiers were fastened up wherever a place could be found, or piled in heaps in the niches. Several women knelt there praying, the warm light of the tapers on their rapt faces. I wanted to see the Vercingetorix statue in the Main Square, but was afraid of being left behind. So I hurried back, only to have to wait two hours more."

Four members at least of the party actually did miss the train. The account of the enforced adventures of two of them is so amusing and told with such zest, that I make no apology for inserting it:

(Diary B.) "A detail went for rations and the trainman said it would be 6 before the train left. Johnstone and I went over town for dinner and a big town it was. After looking around a while we found the Cafe Riche and had a fine steak with French fries. From here we went all over the place watching the crowds. It being the day Wilson arrived in Paris, it was a holiday.

"We arrived back at the station about 5.10 where an M.P. said the train had pulled out, which we believed, as we went way down the yard and could find no train. He advised us to grab the train then ready to pull out. It was the beginning of some experience which has not

finished yet. Here we are now at Bar-le-Duc and don't have any idea where our company is.

"Well, we went into a first-class apartment for the trip, and had it all to ourselves almost all the way to Nevers, where we changed for Paris. Here there was a wait of about 3 hours normally, but the train was late one hour and packed when it did arrive. We stood all the way to Paris, where we arrived at 9 A.M. and had no trouble getting registered up, where we were informed we had to wait until 8 P.M. for a train. That was good news as we could have all day in Paris. The sad part was that we had 13 francs between us. We met two other fellows from No. 8 who had been left at Clermont as we had, so all went to a Y.M.C.A. to wash up and shave. After eating, which cost 7 francs, we went out to find friends. Red had a cousin in the Red Cross service but soon found that he had not been in Paris since October, so No. 1 hope was gone. He had another friend in the Y so we went for him and found his hotel or office but no one seemed to know where he roomed or was at the time. It was 2 P.M. and not much hope left of seeing anything as we had no money. We went around the Place de la Concorde while I hunted for the Am. R.C. headquarters formerly at No. 4 Place de la Concorde but now at the Regina Hotel. It was an awful walk and I sure was tired but I finally arrived and asked for B.G. but she had left no address at the desk. However at the Nurses' Bureau upstairs I found that on Dec. 2 she left for Cannes for a vacation. Red came down and tried to cash a check, but being Sunday the man said he didn't have the money. Well our last hope

was gone but we started for the University Union where Red was registered. I had 56 francs in the Guaranty Trust so we figured there was a chance. Going down thru the mob on the Bullevarde Montmartre we were discussing our hard luck and being tired with no eats and a nurse overheard the talk. She turned around and asked us our troubles and said she would give us money. We felt cheap taking the money but needed it so did and she refused at first to give her name, saying she would gladly give us the money. She did give her name however and refused to take ours. She said she didn't want it back but she sure is going to get it.

"Right away we went to a café to eat and couldn't find a reasonable looking one at all so piled into a swell one. Well we ordered veal cutlets with F.F. potatoes, had lemonade and Red had 2 beers. For desert had fancy chestnuts, four of them. We had just 23.40 francs and asked for a bill figuring that our stuff came to about 10 francs. The Frog said first the potatoes were included with the meat but discovered his mistake and after putting every thing on including a tax said 23.90 or half a franc more than we had. I sure felt bum but there was nothing to do but tell him which I did and he said give him 20 and pay the other four some other time which we agreed to do. No time was set however. Well that sure was a knockout as we figured on saving enough for staying here at Bar-le-Duc over night and a good breakfast but we had only 3.40.

"There was an awful mob out in Paris celebrating Wilson Day or something comme ca. We almost lost our hats as that was the game, grabbing American soldiers'

hats. Confetti was flying and some night it was with 3.40 in our pocket. We had a good time and went for the train at 7.15 where we found a good seat and slept until the first French conductor I had ever seen since leaving Clermont came around for tickets. He said our passes were no good and we must pay 5.50 apiece. Some chance with only 3.40 between us. We presented the conditions in mongrel French to him and he couldn't throw us off so left us and said meet him in Bar-le-Duc to fix it up with the Am. R.T.O. 'Somehow or other we missed' him there and were held up trying to get out of the station. As long as you stay on a train or in a station you are O.K. in France but getting out is impossible. Well he said we couldn't pass and called an M.P. We told him our passes said R.T.O. to furnish transportation but he said pay so we said we had not even a centime and finally the Lily Pad Jumper let us pass.

"There were no beds at the 'Y' so we found two unoccupied benches and fell asleep toute de suite. Soon however the only part of me asleep was my arm and I was almost frozen so after waking up the arm I went up to a fire and sat up awhile until I heard of a couple of beds across the street so went over and sure enough beds, blankets, and all comforts. I fell asleep and awoke hours later when a darkie said it was about 7 and our train I knew left at 8 so I hustled and found Red tearing his hair over in the 'Y.' I said 'Let's hurry for the train,' and he said that it had been gone 2 and ½ hours. Sure enough it was 10.15 and the next train for Souilly at 4 P.M. The eight one this morning would have reached Souilly so we could have arrived in Petit Mau-

jouy for dinner. Here we are now in Bar-le-Duc and will not get home until 8.30 and then are not sure that the company is still at Petit Maujouy. I will tell you this has been some experience but still we have 2 francs. ½ a franc apiece will buy a dinner here at the 'Y' and still one franc left.

"Dinner over and now we are going to try our luck at getting a truck out instead of waiting for a train at 4 P.M. Arrived at the American distributing mail office just as a truck of mail was leaving for Souilly so the driver agreed to take us if we got a pass. The Lieut. gave us a pass and out of Bar-le-Duc we flew. Arrived at the Senoncourt road about 1.45 and caught a truck there for camp. There were four of our nurses on the seat and a fellow in the back said Eight had moved so when the truck branched off on another road we stayed on and down it went to a waiting train. Sure enough the train had No. 8 all packed up on it and ready to leave. I fell in, found a bed and in five minutes was all set to go."

The delegation which had remained on the train at Clermont had considerably more of a trip before it overtook the company. The following extracts from letters are included because they give a fuller account of the trip to Germany than any records to which I have had access made by members of the main body.

"On the way to Germany! Our U.S. Pullman is lying in the yards at Conflans for a few hours. We never traveled in such luxury before. It's a new U.S. box car with only thirty of us inside. There's about a foot of clean straw on the floor. We've closed one door, and against

it is placed a big open cupboard full of our rations. By the other door is a stove, going full blast, the pipe running out through the crack in the door. We have a charcoal brazier and make hot coffee for every meal. You see we passed a salvage dump at Verdun, and if there's anything left there that would have added to our comfort, it's because we didn't see it. One man is shaving, two card games and one checker game are in progress, a bunch is reminiscing around the stove, several are reading, and I am writing to Hebron, Maine. I will try to catch up with my last letter which left us at Clermont.

"I wish you could have seen us trying to sleep that night. All you could do was to lean your head on the shoulder of the man next to you, and he did the same with the next man. We sat five in a row facing each other. Two men in each row were out of luck, because they had to bear the weight of the entire line. Every few minutes one of them would wriggle out, and the line would collapse like a row of dominoes. A dim light burned all night. I remember having my head fall with a jerk sometime in the night, and seeing all the others nodding their heavy heads like big solemn birds. The second night an empty box car was discovered on the train, and five of our ten went back to sleep in it. A pair of seat cushions found their way mysteriously into the compartment, so that we passed the nights in considerably greater comfort.

"Our progress was slow. We traveled mostly by night, lying over nearly every day in freight yards. We came back by way of Dijon, Neufchâteau, St. Mihiel, to Ance-

mont. At Coussey I saw the Basilique du Bois Chenu again, perhaps for the last time. We reached Ancemont on the night of the fourth day, about 10 P.M. We detrained, and the sergeant phoned the French Hospital, to learn that our company had left the day before from Lemmes station for parts unknown. We had been so long separated from our organization that we had pretty thoroughly acquired a hobo frame of mind. We weren't much cast down by the news. The R.T.O. gave us a truck to Verdun, and washed his hands of us. We landed in Verdun at midnight, a ruined station in a ruined town, no place to go, miles from our company, casuals in a cruel world. In the old civilian days I should no more have known how to meet the situation than I should know now how to wear civilian clothes. As it was, five of us found an old salvaged motor truck with the canvas cover still intact, rustled some bundles of dry straw, crawled inside and slept serenely the sleep of the almost cootie-less. (I am writing by candlelight on an old tin box, and the candle just tipped over.)

"The next day was cold and rainy. We spent a miserable day around the station, which is so badly ruined as to afford little protection. I had three big pennies in my pocket, and one of the other boys had four. We started matching them. I have seen crap games going on openly with perhaps a thousand dollars in bills being tossed around. And there, in that ruined station, with only a possible seven pennies in the game, an M.P. came up and threatened to arrest us if we didn't stop. Take it all together, I have seen enough of Verdun. About supper time we came aboard this car, and during the

night we came to Conflans. We have lain here all day. You see, we are one car in a freight train, and we move no faster than the freight moves. We don't care. It's warm and cosy here in the car, and outside is a driving blizzard—the first snow I have seen fall this year.

"Here beginneth the third chapter: America, France, Germany. What adventures the future has in store for me, I don't know, but I expect them to be joyous."

(Written from Mayen, Christmas Day.) "We went all through Conflans. It was pretty well ruined, but nothing like Verdun. The only signs of the German occupation were the signs and road maps they left painted on the walls. There was a fair sized civilian population, who had done their best to decorate for Wilson Day. Across the main street a flimsy arch had been built, wound with greens and smothered with tricolors. In the center of the arch, between banks of French flags, was a home-made American flag, manufactured to all appearances from a piece of skirting striped in red and white, and boasting six lone stars, each as large as the palm of your hand. The French seem quite unaware of the fact that any particular number of stripes or stars is essential. But how fine of them to make the flag at all! You will never be able to realize what a friend America has in France. I can't believe we deserve the excess of affection she displays for us. Did I ever tell you about the old man at Sionne who told me that 'the Americans were the Joan of Arc of the Allies?'

"Our train pulled out about noon and landed us in Trèves, Germany. It was dark when we reached the border. At Audun the Germans took over the train, to my

inexpressible relief. Our American engineer had been accustomed to running with air brakes, and our train had none. The American box cars are all equipped with air brakes, but there were a few French cars mixed in, and that spoiled everything. The train was long and had an engine at each end. It was something in the predicament of an angleworm between two chickens. But that German! He could sneak away so easy you didn't know when you started. We had a few hours in Trèves, or Trier, as the Germans call it. We were not allowed into the main town, but a part of it lies south of the Moselle, and that we were allowed to see. As I got there my first impression of Germany, I think it worthy a note or two. I was hardly prepared for what we met. The German cities are almost exactly like American cities, with all modern conveniences, years ahead of the French in such things as public sanitation. The shops look American. They dress their windows as we do in America. The attitude of the civilians was surprising. Everywhere we met smiles, salutes, cheery 'good-mornings.' The very little children seemed afraid of us, those a little older, frankly delighted. I thought the young ladies of sixteen or so seemed a little snappish and disdainful, perhaps because they cannot dissimulate their feelings like their elders. Among the returned soldiers I have seen no signs of sullenness or animosity. The towns appear prosperous and the people well fed. There is a great shortage of meat, fats, soap, white bread, and chocolate. A cake of soap or a bar of chocolate will eagerly be taken in exchange for perhaps a dollar's worth of merchandise. There was every evidence of a desire to trade with us.

Signs of 'English spoken' and 'Money Exchange' were frequent. The windows were filled with war souvenirs to tempt the American; lavishly decorated with the motif of the Iron Cross, pictures of the Kaiser, Hindenburg, and the Crown Prince being much in evidence. Genuine Iron Crosses are 15 marks, but may be had for a cake of soap. The rate of exchange given us in the shops at Trier was six marks for five franks. I think it should have been somewhat better than that. [On Christmas Day in Mayen the official rate was 1.42 marks for one franc.]

"From Trier to Coblenz Sam Hitchings and I rode outside the car in the brake box, a little cupola built on the end of the car, where the brakeman sits to apply the brakes. This part of the trip was supremely beautiful. The track followed the Moselle all the way. On each side of the river were steep cliffs of jagged stone. The left-hand side was planted with vines, all the way up, terrace after terrace mounting to the dizzy top. The soil looked like shale, and I was surprised that vines should grow in such a place. The ingenuity displayed in reclaiming each little spur and pocket of soil was amazing. The terraces were banked with walls of stone and concrete, with little paths zig-zagging back and forth up to the top. There was just room enough between the cliffs for the road and the coffee-colored river. Part of the way the line ran on the trestles, and tunnels were frequent. Every summit seemed to be crowned with a medieval castle, and here and there on crags one saw lonely crosses outlined against the sky. All the way I thought of the Lorelei.

"We reached Coblenz at dark. People along the line hailed us as though we were an army of deliverance rather than an army of occupation. There was no long stop at Coblenz, and sometime in the night we reached Mayen, our destination. And here we are, helping to keep the watch on the Rhine."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Mayen. The Watch on the Rhine.

ONE might well question why we should ever have been sent into Germany at all. We had been trained and equipped for surgical work, and our experience had been almost entirely in the operative treatment of wounds. Wounds (unless accidental) were now a matter of the past; what could we find to do in the Army of Occupation? Well, if wounds were fortunately a thing of the past, pneumonia and influenza were not, and the Army of Occupation found itself as susceptible to disease as any other group of mortals. Post hospitals were urgently needed. The base hospitals had received more training for this work, but the evacuation hospitals were much more readily mobile and hence more eligible. Besides, the base hospitals still had enough to do in caring for convalescent wounded. There was not much for us to do in France, for the sick men there could receive better care in the more permanently established units. Consequently, we were among the first medical troops to move up with the Army of Occupation. The site allotted to us was Mayen bei Coblenz, where we were to furnish post hospital facilities for the Fourth Corps of the Army of Occupation, Mayen itself being mainly occupied by the Third Division.*

* An army is divided into corps, a corps into divisions, a division into brigades, a brigade into regiments. Besides the men belonging to regiments and divisions, there are also "Corps Troops,"

The old city of Mayen (fifteen thousand inhabitants) is one of the quaintest and most charming in all the romantic region of the Rhineland. This area has known the presence of the human animal almost longer than any other part of Europe. "For ages that make all history seem a thing of yesterday" (to borrow a phrase from H. G. Wells), the Neanderthal men hunted, fought, and died in this region, to be slowly but relentlessly replaced—centuries before the dawn of history—by the true men of the Paleolithic Age, who in turn faded away before our Neolithic ancestors. Before recorded history the Gauls, pushing in from the east, overran the country. Caesar's legions passed through Mayen as he went to fight the German Ariovistus, and he built his famous Rhine bridge only a few miles away, near Coblenz. Most of the names of the present-day towns are old Roman place-names in disguise. Coblenz was "Confluentes" ("Junction," i.e., of the Rhine and the Moselle); Cologne, "Colonia Agrippina"; Andernach, "Antonacum" (short for "Statio ante Nacum," "Station be-

or soldiers not divisional attached to corps headquarters, and "Army Troops" attached to army headquarters. We were "Army Troops," i.e., we never belonged to any division or corps. The bright shoulder patches worn on the uniforms distinguished these classes, by indicating the division, the corps, or the army. Divisional and corps troops made no change in their shoulder insignia on going into Germany; we did, because we were changing from the First Army to the Third. Our new shoulder patch was an "A" circled by an "O." I find that American civilians generally think that this was the distinguishing mark of all members of the Army of Occupation. As a matter of fact, only a small part of that army wore it.

fore the Nette"). Caesar's disciple, Napoleon, annexed the region for a brief season to France. The monuments of all these occupations, from burial urns of 4000 B.C. to Roman household furniture, Frankish weapons, and French tricolors, are carefully preserved in the remarkable museum in the old Capelle on Stehbachstrasse by the curator, Peter Hörter, Schreinermeister.

The country is still of absorbing historical and scenic interest. Mayen lies something over fifteen miles west and slightly south of Coblenz; northwest about ten miles is Andernach. The famous university of Bonn is twenty-five miles or so north, farther down the Rhine; Drachenfels and the rest of the Seven Mountains lie still nearer; the Laacher See is only five miles away to the north. The region is volcanic in origin. The Laacher See is a crater tarn; hot and mineral springs abound, and the mining of tuffstone and basalt forms the principal industry. The great quarries are at Niedermendig, three and a half miles north, but those at Mayen are extensive, the stone found here being especially adapted for millstones. The city is still astonishingly medieval. On the height commanding the whole expanse of roofs, rises the ruin of the Genovefaburg, ancient castle of Siegfried, Count Palatine of Mayenfeld, who lived in the eighth century. Like many other objects in the vicinity, however, it has acquired the name of his much-abused wife, St. Genovefa, who, legend says, was driven out through the machinations of Siegfried's wicked steward to find shelter with her infant and a tame deer in a cave in the wilderness near Niedermendig, there to be discovered by her sorrowing husband, who supposed

her dead. One wing of the ruin has been restored and modernized, but the crumbling mass of the huge round donjon tower, battered and ragged but still good for centuries, rises up to mock the newer portion. Below the castle the narrow streets radiate out from a large open market square. The most interesting is the Marktstrasse, with its fifteenth-century church of St. Clement, the spire of which is tilted like the Tower of Pisa and twisted like a stick of candy into the bargain. Access to the town must still be made through medieval gates, surmounted by defensive towers. A large part of the old wall (some of it Roman) is still standing, though a large part of the city is now outside. Everywhere one turns he sees relics of the Middle Ages in sharp, unsymmetrical gables projecting over the street, in tilted tile roofs, and in worn cobbled streets.

Evacuation Eight awoke in Mayen on the morning of December 19, 1918. There was some trouble about finding quarters. Diary A records that the "sun was shining, 1st in many days. Train lay in yard until 7 P.M. 60 men forgotten in cold without feed. Walked about town and visited stores and hotels. Then to bed in train about 10 P.M. tired and hungry." Quarters were finally found for the nurses in two hotels, the officers were billeted with civilians, and the men occupied one of the school buildings of the city. We took over three schools: the Knaberschule, the Gymnasium, and another the name of which I have failed to record. As our main hospital building we appropriated the new and splendidly equipped Kaiserin Auguste-Viktoria Krankenhaus (which was conducted by nuns, the Sisters of

St. Charles), on a hill above the city. As it was soon found to be too small to accommodate our patients, we converted two of the schools into wards, the third continuing to serve as a barrack. Miss Biddlecome and Miss Grandin of the Smith College Relief Unit had followed us from Petit Maujouy, and set up their recreation hut in the yard of one of the schools, near which our mess tent was pitched. Mr. St. Clare helped open the theater of the town as a Y.M.C.A.

On December 21 General Pershing came to town very quietly, and the wanderers from Mont Dore returned with a good deal of noise. Both events furnished some excitement, that caused by the arrival of the members of the company being principally as to how they were to be lodged, the one schoolhouse barrack being already filled beyond its capacity.

Christmas came on. All of us had now been a year in the army. For those who had passed their first army Christmas at Slocum, this, though one could hardly help feeling homesick, was comparatively paradise. The inhabitants of the Rhineland are mainly Roman Catholic; to a deep religious fervor they add the rich strain of sentiment that is characteristically German. If one were not in the army, Germany would be the finest place in the world to spend Christmas in. But, alas, we were in the army. "Was somewhat homesick in the evening," says Diary B, "upon seeing all the people coming home with their presents, and all the windows lighted up with colored lights which displayed the beautiful trees all decorated." In a letter I find a paragraph in much the same tone: "Last night was pretty awful. All the people

were getting ready for Christmas. I went to a Gasthaus-Restaurant. . . . A young German and his sweetheart came in and sat opposite me, whispering, with their faces close together. I got out. I walked the streets—warm houses with drawn curtains, where people were getting ready for Christmas. It got worse and worse. I went to bed to forget that it was Christmas, but I was not allowed to sleep. At midnight clear and sweet (and *not* sad) came the chimes—'Silent Night'—and great soft snowflakes began to fall like angels' feathers. There was no reveille this morning in honor of the day. When I did get up, I found everything three inches deep in fluffy white snow. I went to the big Catholic church for mass at ten o'clock. . . . When I came out, I found the German youngsters and the Americans engaged in a snowball fight. We can't help falling for the kids; they're so spontaneous and delightful we're beginning to spoil them already. Of course, we're supposed not to speak to civilians except for business purposes, but what is one to do?"

Diary A can always be depended on for a record of what we had to eat. "Dinner," it says, "pork, potatoes, tomatoes, filling, preserves, fudge, and pie; tobacco from Y.M.C.A." (The nurses made the fudge.) We had a Christmas tree, with an entertainment of company talent. The entertainment, indeed, turned out to be better than anyone had expected. A few of the nurses and men who had gathered for the tree began an informal dance, which grew until everyone was dancing. As such promiscuity was strictly against regulations, we feared the wrath of the colonel. But it all blew over, and, as a

diary says, "the night was called a big success." In fact, at least three more "secret" dances between the nurses and men were engineered while we were at Mayen. One diary makes an entry that is almost indecent in its levity: "Pulled one on old Jim with a dance at 8 P.M. Had a wonderful time, most of the nurses were present. . . . Locked out [from billet], but to bed at 11.30 P.M. happy as a lark." The poor nurses were almost danced to death in Mayen. As the only eligible partners in the whole region, they were in demand for a dance almost every night by the officers of some company or other. They regarded it as a duty not to refuse. No matter how tired they were from their long day's work, they were always ready to do what they could to make the lot of the army more endurable.

Another institution which came into being on this Christmas Day had a less happy effect on the morale of the company. This was the opening of a special mess for the noncoms, who thereafter ate by themselves, with special food and table service for which (it is only fair to add) they paid something extra out of their own pockets. There was more or less resentment among the privates at this rather pointed daily reminder of the inferiority of their status, but it would probably not have lasted very long if it had not been accompanied by an immediate and alarming decline in the quality of the general mess. Formerly there had been two grades: officers' mess, good; enlisted men's, fair. Now the cooks had to devise three grades, with the result that ours became and remained extremely bad. It seems to me now that we were served day after day at Mayen the same in-

variable menu: soggy potatoes boiled in their jackets, square chunks of beef served in the watery slop in which they had been boiled, and tomatoes just as they came from the can. The seats in our mess tent were the children's desks which had been removed from the schoolhouses. I shall never forget the look on the face of one of the men who had vainly tried to eat one of these dinners, as he slowly and pensively poured his tomatoes down an inkwell.*

Christmas brought us some presents. The army, which had forbidden the sending of parcels to the A.E.F., so far relented as to allow each soldier one Christmas box of standard size—about the dimensions of a brick. But even that much from home was something to dream about for weeks before it came and to have heart failure over when it arrived. None of the parcels, I believe, actually were on hand for Christmas Day, but they began to drift in soon after, and by January 10 had practically all been received.

On December 29 the congestion in the barrack was relieved by the billeting of a large part of the men in German families. "My military address," says a letter, "remains unchanged, but I now boast the splendor of a civilian address. 52 Marktstrasse is the clothing store of Frau Lichtenstein and Fräulein Paula. The other members of the family are Grossmutter, aged 82, and two soldier sons, one in a German hospital recovering from a

* The officers' mess also had its scandals, though of a different kind: "One of our prominent officers suffered from autointoxication, for which he considered it essential to drink each day a quart of milk inoculated with bacillus bulgaricus. The whole company

wound; the other a prisoner with the British. Mitchell, Sam Hitchings, Foy, and I live on the third floor. We have two rooms, one large, the other small. We have German beds with feather-ticks above and below, as is the German custom, sheets, and goose-down pillows. We even sport the splendor of pajamas, the first I have worn since December 25, 1917. Mamma Lichtenstein is 52, plump, rosy, gay, always smiling, apparently happy. Paula is 23, a rather striking blonde, with a face that fairly sparkles when she smiles. She is soon to be married to a clothing salesman who met her in a most romantic manner. He was a soldier, and got into correspondence with a girl here in Mayen whom he had never met. He came here to see her, saw Paula and was captivated. They will be married as soon as the boys get home. . . . Evenings we sit in the little kitchen and write, talk German, sing, and *eat*—German cakes and coffee; last night waffles! Tonight being New Year's Mamma has made a huge cake, and we shall sit up to watch the old year out."

Shocking! Less than fifty days before the American Army had been engaged in a most earnest and uncompromising effort to kill all the Germans it could; now we sat in their kitchens breaking bread with them, every

in Mayen was allowed only eight quarts, but one was set aside for this purpose. Some one conceived the scheme of adding a drop of croton oil besides the culture. When the effect was reported, the other officers were to blame it on some tropical disease, and advise the evacuation of the sufferer to a base hospital for adequate treatment. Visitors happened to arrive on the morning of the first dose. The commotion aroused was so extensive and so alarming that the campaign was not continued." R.C.W.

shade of bitterness past, watching together for the dawn of a New Year. It was inevitable. If you want to make people hate properly, you must keep them out of sight of each other. Our company was perhaps prepared to fraternize with the enemy a little sooner than the combatant units, because we had for months been caring for wounded Germans, and discovering that they were very like our own men. What are you going to do about an enemy who turns out to be so very like yourself? Tales of atrocities simply became incredible when you saw the German children standing wide-eyed before their Christmas trees, or heard the German chimes sounding "Stille Nacht" in the hush of midnight. Grossmutter summed it all up very well. She was an old, old lady; not very wise, perhaps, but very good, and with a vision clearing in the new light which poured in through the chinks Time was making in her soul's dark cottage. At first she sat quietly in the little kitchen (we always gathered there of an evening because it was warm), speaking seldom, but listening; devoutly reading her Hebrew Bible (the Lichtensteins were Jewish), standing for some parts, with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth. One night, as though she had pondered the matter long, she deliberately pronounced her conclusion: "We were told," she said, "and we all believed, that the Americans were very fierce and cruel. But I see that they are not. We believed even worse things of the French, and many people here still think that, although we were mistaken about the Americans, we were at least right about the French. But there is a French soldier billeted with Familie Treidel (Frau Treidel was

her other daughter, Frau Lichtenstein's sister), and he is a middle-aged man, very gentle and kind, who plays with my little grandson and is so sad and lonesome at being away from his family that one must pity him." She paused to sum it all up. "I think most of the people in the world must be good. There are bad people in all the countries, but most people everywhere are good."

Indeed, the Germans went beyond us in complacence. We had every reason to condescend; we were an army of occupation. But we expected them to show open resentment at our presence, and were completely disappointed. In some instances their complacency went beyond the bounds of dignity, and looked too much like servility or hypocrisy, but in general I think it was genuine. "I really think," says a letter, "that there is little hatred here for America. Foch and the English are held responsible for the severity of the Armistice terms, while the belief in Wilson's sympathy for Germany is universal. I don't mean by that that they think Wilson actually pro-German, but they think he is disposed to let Germany out more easily than the others—that he is willing to have a 'you-pay-your-bills-and-I'll-pay-mine' kind of peace. Many of the people are genuinely glad that we are here to prevent the disturbances that are afflicting Berlin. Then, too, we have plenty of money and a willingness to spend it, and also many things that can't be bought with money in Germany which we are willing to barter. We get along perfectly; there is never any friction. In fact, you might think we were allies rather than conquerors."

There would be no use in attempting to disguise the

fact that the majority of the members of Evacuation Eight, like the majority of other American troops, felt more at home in Germany than in France, and had no hesitation in saying that they liked the German people better than the French. The causes for this monstrous fickleness are infinitely complex, and they have already been much written upon. They all reduce, however, to one general cause: the culture and tastes of the majority of Americans are Teutonic rather than Latin. To the average person of Anglo-Saxon, German, or Scandinavian descent, the French will always appear to be distressingly insanitary and immoral—generally indecent and incomprehensible. Some of us who, like the writer of the following letter, were given to idealism, were revolted at what seemed to us such blatant treason to the ideals the Allies had invoked.

"You ask me to tell you all about the Germans. Well, I can tell you one thing, and that is that I am becoming every day more and more disgusted and enraged by the attitude the majority of my comrades, and (if one can judge from the press) the people back home are taking with regard to France. I have a most extravagant love for France myself, but I believe I am not prejudiced. It grates on me more than I can express, the way we swell around saying 'We won the War,' and 'We came over and saved the Frogs.' ROT! The American may be the best *fighter,* but the Frenchman is the best *soldier* in the world. It's pitiful to hear people who ought to know better talk the poisonous nonsense they do. We came into this war half-trained (a soldier can't be trained in six months), came in at the ninth inning, came in with

no artillery worthy of the name, with no aircraft (we had a glorious *program* for an air fleet), and the French gave us artillery support and turned over half their air force for our use. The Americans went in and fought like devils. The Canadians are their only equals at that kind of fighting. But where we get our license to call the French 'yellow' and 'quitters' I don't know. The kind of fighting the French did for four years was necessary, absolutely necessary. The spectacular stuff we pulled off, if it had been resorted to in the early part of the War, would have landed the Germans in Paris before six months were up. It was necessary to hold doggedly, to retreat stubbornly, to give one man for the enemy's two, or three, or five, and wait for the cracking point. Of course it finally came. And then there was a chance for the spectacular stuff. And because we got in on *that,* 'we won the war.' We should stop to consider that the German Army of 1918 was a vastly different army from the splendid machine of 1914. I don't know whether the Allies would have lost if we had stayed out. When I see the spirit of the French and the English, I doubt it. But this I know: that France has given more, suffered more, and deserves more, than any of the Allies except Belgium. . . .

"I have always thought that one of the most important things we did in the War was to give fresh hope and spirit to France. They say that France was at the bottom of her morale last spring. The first successes of the Americans at the Front operated like an infusion of blood. They have always had a great admiration for us. When they saw our boys maimed and killed in defense

of their beloved country, it braced them more than anything else could have done. They used to come to the pathetic little cemetery at Juilly and weep over the graves. It was all so fine—and now we, and you people back home, are trying to throw it all overboard. For what? For no other apparent reason than to bind ourselves to Germany.

"I don't hate the Germans. They are using me very well. I don't believe a great deal of the stuff that was circulated as propaganda. But in the things that really count, they are miles below the French. Things are more comfortable here—why shouldn't they be? What do the Germans know about the pinching poverty that has always been the lot of the average Frenchman? Do they go home to find their villages heaps of crumbling stones, their fields untillable, their families lost? . . . The Germans *don't* strike me as being cruel or beastly. The French picked the right word; they aren't the 'Huns,' but 'les boches'—the squareheads. . . . The secret of such German atrocities as actually were committed lies, I think, not in a malignant spirit of cruelty, but in a stupendous unimaginativeness. If they had had any brains, do you think they would have treated Belgium as they did, or sunk the Lusitania? The Germans are very ordinary, well-fed, sentimental, rather stupid, people—people very like us. There simply isn't in them a spark of that divine idealism that makes the French the most admirable nation in the world. Do you think a Frenchman would swap his Croix de Guerre for a pound of soap?"

There is far too much heat in this tirade. One won-

ders, "why so hot, little man?" The reason is clear enough. It is because he feels the treason at work within his own heart; because he realizes that, in spite of his fine resolutions, he is coming to think as affectionately of some of the Germans as of his friends in France. They have been so good to him!

"I have been a little sick with the influenza," he says in another letter, "but am fully recovered now. I had to stay abed and got a temperature of 103 one day. Frau Lichtenstein took care of me as though I had been her own son. Paula and Grossmutter were sick too, with no one but her to care for them, but she climbed up and down the steep stairs to my room every few minutes, and brought me coffee and soup and eggs (which cost her one mark each), and worried about me in a way that was beautiful to see."

On New Year's Eve we repeated at the "Y" our Mont Dore show for all the soldiers in town. There were some notable additions from the nurses, and the Thirtieth Infantry band furnished music. The entertainment received a gratifying amount of praise. "Every detail was a success," says the Fourth Corps *Flare* (of which more later). The hilarity of the evening ended with a prank described in the *Flare* of January 4 as follows: "American soldiers on New Year's Eve tore down and made off with the statue of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm on Unterringstrasse. [They dragged it with a cable behind a truck over most of the cobbles in town.] The statue was found the next morning near the Wilhelm I monument."

We began the new year with a distressingly large number of patients in the hospital. Although the

weather was mild, there was a remarkable prevalence of heavy colds, influenza, and pneumonia. All three of our buildings were soon full to capacity, and deaths occurred daily. As most of the members of the combatant units now had little to do, the men who died were given full military funerals. The band, playing Chopin's funeral march with muted horns, led the way through the rough narrow streets; the flag-draped coffin followed on a rumbling caisson; the dead man's company marched solemnly behind, up to the German cemetery on the heights across the Nette, where, behind the grim ranks of black basalt stones topped with crucifixes bearing the tortured figure in startling white, the cemetery of our own dead was ominously enlarging. The procession usually started from the great hospital on the hill, and wound down through the city, passing both our other ward buildings. The effect of the funeral dirge was terrific. Bill Smith used to say that every time a procession went by one of the hospitals, two more patients died of fright. Sgt. Corwin later printed a little poem which expresses very well the feelings the poor fellows must have had as they lay there and listened:

I wish, I were ———
Well, here it comes again:
Dum, Dum, De-dum.
Dum, Dum, De-dum.
That makes the second time today.
They always walk as if
The cobbled street were laid with ties,
And they must not miss one.
'Tis said all roads once led to Rome;

Well, here the graveyard has but one,
And that leads by our ward.
I hear the bugler on the hill;
There is a quiver in his Taps
By day, that is not there
By night, impersonal and cold.
They say the war is finee now;
And yet the firing squad
Still volleys o'er new dead. . . .
I asked the Doc if I was nuts.
He said, "No more than I;"
But that's not saying much.
I wish I were a hexagon,
I get so tired lying on
The sides that God gave me.

From the *Flare* for January 18 I find that there were seventeen deaths in Evacuation Eight in the week January 4–13, nearly all from pneumonia. Not all our patients, however, suffered from epidemic diseases. In the *Flare* from week to week I find a list of men admitted to the hospital for various injuries due to accident or violence. For example, Pvt. James Sullivan suffered a fractured nose in a fight with a comrade; Lieut. Cleland Lauren's horse fell on him; Sgt. 1st Cl. Edwin J. Hardin was stabbed with a pocket knife by a comrade; Band Leader Gaetano Capria was struck in the left temple with a clarinet by the Sergeant of the Band, receiving thereby a lacerating wound; and Pvt. Nugent Kesseler suffered a severe contusion when a mule stepped upon his foot.

I quote these, I say, from the *Flare*. The *Fourth*

Corps Flare, official organ of the Fourth Corps Artillery Park, first American newspaper in Germany, made its bow to the public on January 4, 1919, and continued to be published every Saturday and sold for fifty centimes or the equivalent until April 12, the fifteenth number.* The *Flare* throughout its career was a very creditable piece of journalism. In its four pages (varying in size from week to week according to the paper supply and the whim of its editors) it presented to homesick Americans all the familiar details of the American newspaper. No one looking at its scare heads and leaded sub-heads, its boxes and rules, would have believed that all the details of composition were managed by German printers who could not read a word of English. But they were, at the press of Louis Schreder, 25 Brückenstrasse, where the *Mayenische Zeitung* was printed. In the editorial office at 27 Keutelstrasse (the front room of a civilian dwelling) we produced "copy" on a decrepit German typewriter. The clever German compositors rapidly set this up without understanding a word of it. There were, to be sure, plenty of mechanical handicaps. Herr Schreder had a very limited supply of Roman type; just enough, in fact, to set up two pages of the paper. We had to get our copy ready for the inside pages, set those up and print them, and then distribute the type before the front and back pages could be set up. Even then there was a shortage of Roman "y's," for which German characters had to serve.

The editor-in-chief of the *Flare,* Cpl. Herbert M.

* I am not quite sure of this, for the paper continued publication after both Davidson and I left Germany.

Davidson, a graduate of the Columbia University School of Journalism, was, until recently, feature editor of the Chicago *Daily News,* and is now part owner and editor of the *News-Journal,* afternoon daily at Daytona Beach, Florida. His editorial policy in the *Flare* seems to me even now astonishingly mature. We (I became one of the editors with the third number, and Leslie Foy was soon after added as reporter) by no means restricted ourselves to recording merely local events. On the contrary, we printed the freshest and frankest news on world affairs of any newspaper in Europe. I quote an announcement which appeared on the front page of the *Flare* for February 1: "The Flare announces a unique news service, unequalled possibly anywhere in the world. Through the courtesy of Second Lieutenant Wallace W. Smith, Fourth Corps Radio Officer, this newspaper is enabled to publish the very latest press dispatches, received through the air from all over the world by the powerful radio operated at Cochem by Company A, 310 Field Signal Battalion. This enables the Flare to get this news to you on Saturday mornings about three days before you can read it in the civilian newspapers." We not only got it earlier, but for a time we were entirely free from censorship—an unheard of license in a European newspaper at the time. The French papers and the American papers printed in Paris were by no means allowed to print such frank and ample news reports as those sent by wireless to America, which we intercepted. Our news on the Peace Conference finally got us into trouble. In the issue for February 15 we printed an account of the friction which

had developed between President Wilson and the French leaders, and mentioned Wilson's unexpected and effectual threat to move the Conference to England or Switzerland unless the French press ceased its open hostility. This was all perfectly true, and was printed in the United States. But no French paper had a hint of trouble at Paris.

From the *Flare* this news quickly got into German papers and came back to the French, who were naturally annoyed. We received a reprimand, and thereafter had to submit all our copy for censorship to the corps commander. Davidson's editorial for the next week (February 22), a quite harmless comment on the stupidity of the debate in Congress as to whether the men who had served abroad should be allowed distinctive service chevrons or not, was ordered deleted after it had been printed. We imposed another block of type, inverted, over it, which still left it legible enough for those who were willing to spend a little time in deciphering it. Probably that editorial was the most generally read of any we published.

Almost as soon as we reached Mayen, our company began to be disbanded in the discouraging fashion adopted by the army for such units as ours. We had, from the first, been a well-organized unit with a very strong cohesive sense. We had naturally hoped that at least the original outfit that landed at Brest might be kept intact and returned together. It soon appeared that this was not to happen, but that the company would be disbanded piecemeal. First the officers began to go. Mr. St. Clare, our Y.M.C.A. chaplain, who had been

burying dead at Juilly when we arrived and had been the sole chaplain for both patients and personnel until after the armistice, a man of extraordinary devotion to the company and who filled a most difficult and anomalous position well and courageously, left us on December 28. Captain Chaffee left on New Year's Day. "Our officers are being sent back every day," says a letter. "Capt. Chaffee goes tomorrow. I shook hands with him, and never felt more choky about saying goodbye to a man in my life. He's been the most consistently kind person I have met in the Army." In the *Flare* for January 18 I find that Captain Summers, Lieutenant McCall, and Lieutenant Hanson had left us, and that Lieutenant Cronan and Lieutenant Reier were temporarily in the hospital as patients. Colonel Shipley, who left Mayen on January 26, received half a column in the *Flare,* from which I quote:

"Colonel Shipley has been with the Company since its inception at Fort Oglethorpe, more than a year ago. During that time he has won the ardent affection of every man of the Unit by his interest in Company affairs, his never-failing humor and kindliness.

"As surgical director, he was responsible for the organization and efficient management of the operating theatre. At Petit Maujouy, Meuse, where the whole hospital had to be erected, the system he evolved won high recommendation for its efficiency. In addition to the arduous duties of this position, he found time to establish one of the largest operating records of the hospital.

"Evacuation Hospital 8 unites in wishing him God-

speed, and hopes by this token to express in some small measure its affection and esteem for him as an officer and a gentleman."

We were to suffer losses sadder still. Before the end of February two members of the company, both from the original Oglethorpe delegation, had been buried in the now populous American cemetery at Mayen. On January 19 Diary C records the following: "Pvt. 1st Cl. Bettis died at 12.35 of empyema." David Bettis was one of the National Army men who joined us at the barracks in Oglethorpe. His home was in Port Huron, Michigan, and before enlistment he had been, I believe, a pharmacist. His death was a severe shock to the company, in which he had been popular. Only a month later (February 22) Ed. Pettit died of pneumonia. According to Leslie Foy's obituary notice in the *Flare* he was twenty-five years old, and before the War had been associated with his father in a cement and quarry business at Nazareth, Pa. In the company he had been an assistant in the X-ray room. He was buried with full military honors on February 24. Every record I have contains some note of affection. "Pettit died last night at 9.20," says Diary B. "One great fellow and a very severe blow to [the] fellows.

"Feb. 23. Morning as usual and all boys very blue about Ed. . . .

"Feb. 24. Morning cloudy but cleared about noon. Ed. buried at 2 P.M. with a huge funeral. Full Military Band, caisson and firing squad. The most impressive funeral I have ever attended. The chaplains [Lieutenant McCarthy and, I think, Lieutenant Heugel] were

especially touching, as one was a close friend of Ed's. It gave me a very different view of death and hope that I can go with the same esteem that Ed. did." Pettit, if he had lived, was to have been a clergyman. Grover Walters, one of his closest friends, says that he had come to this determination only a little while before his death. "Ed. and I and Berlfein, and I believe, one other, assisted Chaplain Heugel at the burial of a lieutenant at Mayen on Jan. 5. Ed. and I had been assisting the Chaplain in services of various kinds. Ed. had been thinking much of Christian service. That night he wrote in his diary, 'I have seen the great need of the world to be brought closer to God. Would to God that I could help in this work!' A day or two later he decided that he would return with me to the seminary to prepare for the ministry. But on Feb. 24 we buried his body within a few yards of the grave of the lieutenant at whose funeral he had in some way been led to his decision. His body was returned to the States during the latter part of the summer of 1920."

In the same issue of the *Flare* that records Pettit's death, Foy has written the following: "News of the death of Burnett Smith, who was evacuated because of sickness when the company left Maujouy to join the Army of Occupation, has been received by one of the boys. No particulars are yet known." So far as I know, no further particulars ever were received, though the roster compiled by the Adjutant General's Office shows that he died of pneumonia on December 16, 1918, at Army Red Cross Hospital No. 114. Burnett Smith was one of the pleasantest of our many pleasant members

from the south. He came from Newport, Tennessee, and had been with the company from the beginning.

By January 11 Diary B reports the hospital full of patients. Ward men and nurses were as busy as ever caring for the sick. Office men had no release from the tyranny of paper work. As there was very little operating to be done, the majority of the surgical assistants went back to detail. Only two who had served as scribes started on the long task of digesting the surgical records of the hospital and compiling therefrom various statistics. But work at Mayen, even though it kept one incessantly busy, was much more like a civilian job than anything we had known previously. The great Kaiserin Auguste-Viktoria hospital, with its linoleum floors, its gleaming tiles, its private rooms, its telephones, bathrooms, and dumb waiters was a luxurious place for a soldier to work in. The improvised wards in the school buildings were less comfortable and convenient, but much less trying than the unfloored muddy tents of Maujouy.

The nurses were billeted in the town's best hotel. Most of us were in civilian quarters. We slept (if we chose to) between sheets; we usually breakfasted in our quarters, often sharing the table with our German hosts, who were glad to exchange their own fare for such dainties as white bread and butter which we could (by more or less transparent deceit) secure from our commissary. We had exciting times collecting souvenirs. Iron crosses and spike helmets could be procured for cash or soap (plain yellow laundry soap preferred), and for those of any degree of affluence the windows dis-

played alluring beaded bags, silver brooches, and pocket-knives. One could (and did) buy gloves and twirl a stick. We had two movie theaters, the Y.M.C.A. and the K. of C., and the Smith College Relief Unit had come to Mayen with us to continue the recreation service which had so endeared them to us at Petit Maujouy. Regular religious services were conducted in the Lutheran church by various members of the company, notably by Walters, Harry Kreider, and Sam Hitchings. Or you could sit at home and engage in such devilish sports as Schwarzer Peter. "Do you know Schwarzer Peter? It's nothing but Old Maid! We played it with ordinary playing cards. The Jack of Spades was Black Peter. If you lost you must either pay five pfennigs or black your face. We all pay. We're going to play every night, and when we get enough, somebody's going to take the money for a trip to Coblenz. We've got 80 pfennigs now—enough for the first station."

It was not difficult, especially after our relief arrived, to get off for short hikes over the surrounding territory, or to obtain a pass for a day in Coblenz.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light—
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroy'd what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain,
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

So wrote Byron in 1816, viewing the great fortress just after the downfall of Napoleon had permitted its inglorious demolition. If he could have returned a century later and stood again at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, he would have seen floating high in the air above Ehrenbreitstein an object at the sight of which he would have rubbed his eyes in incredulous amazement—a gigantic American flag, suspended between the fortress and a captive balloon, visible for miles around. In 1816 the United States was only forty years old, a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic coast. Anyone who had then predicted that within a century that nation's flag should float by right of conquest over the proudest fortress in Europe would have been regarded as simply insane. And I fear that there can be little doubt that Byron (whose *Childe Harold* is far from being a vehicle of narrowly nationalistic sentiment) would have been as much grieved as surprised to see us there.

(Diary C, January 26, 1919.) "Went to Coblenz with S——— in an ambulance. Had one puncture. Arrived in Coblenz at 11 A.M. What a wonderful dinner we had too: soup, steak, potatoes, real Brussels sprouts, wine, and apple sauce—all for five marks. In the afternoon we went to Ehrenbreitstein and all through the fort. Walked over on the pontoon bridge, and came back on a ferry which cost us six pfennigs. (Diary B: On the way over I gave a German 10 Camel cigarettes for a silver emblem ring, which was a very good cheap souvenir, I think.) Saw wonderful view from top of fort.

Directly below us was the Kaiser Wilhelm I Denkmal, at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle rivers. What a wonderful view to follow the Rhine up the valley. Saw the dungeons, moats, draw-bridges, etc. from the fort. After we finished this trip we went over on the K. W. Denkmal—what an enormous thing! The base of it takes up a whole city block. During the afternoon we had beaucoup ice cream, cake, hot chocolate, etc. (Diary B: The ice cream was a fine dish of frozen water. We also had some cake that would have been called shoe leather as far as the crust went. German cake is some on the line of Washington Pie, only different. The crust on the bottom may be made of flour and other good things, but it isn't by any means. The top or ingredients of the fluff, I have not been able to determine.) Back to the hotel again for supper, another excellent meal. Went to the cafe at night, heard some great music, like being in N.Y.C. again! Also went to Y.M.C.A. services in the Festhalle, heard a wonderful organ recital. Left for Mayen at 11.35 P.M. after a great day's trip."

I am surprised to find that I have so few full records of these jaunts to Coblenz. The reason, I think, is given in the diary I have just quoted: it was "like being in New York City again." One had a fine, comfortable time, but the experiences there lacked the spice of novelty which impels one to record them. Coblenz is a modern, handsome, up-to-date city, with broad clean streets and stores dressed quite in the American manner. The amusements provided for the American troops there were much like those we should have expected in

Chattanooga or New York. The "Y" conducted sightseeing tours to places of interest in the vicinity, notably to the Kaiser's castle, Schloss Stolzenfels, not far from the city, but most of the men preferred to amuse themselves at the Festhalle, where, as the *Flare* of January 18 says, there was "a cloak room and orchestra on one floor, a pipe organ, stage, and motion picture machine on the second. . . . Other features of the Y are a large canteen, where money can be exchanged, and jam, cigarettes, and chocolate bought, an extensive library, and a restaurant of excellent cuisine. In another part of the city, the Y has a smaller branch for overflow, and nearby the K. of C. has small, but comfortable quarters."

The following will serve as a sample of our hikes to places of interest in the country surrounding Mayen:

"Mitch and I have finished the reports, and are now free. It seems pretty nice. Yesterday I walked over to Schloss Bürresheim, an hour's walk down the Nette, with Foy and Peter Hörter. Peter is a master woodcarver by trade, but an archaeologist by avocation, the curator of the museum, most of the exhibits of which he has collected himself. He is a member of the International Archaeological Society—I understand the only member who isn't a Doctor of some sort. He is a mild, child-like person, very likable and approachable. On the way he entertained us with folk legends about the surrounding country, especially about two boulders known as 'Hans Knecht und die Dicke 'Trein' who were once a bad young man and his sweetheart. He was a little hard to follow because of his whiskers and his meerschaum

pipe. Schloss Bürresheim was first built in the 11th century, and restored several times since. It is now owned by a Belgian count. We entered the portal in the thick wall, went past the porter's lodge, along a sort of vaulted passage-way or tunnel, until we came out in the central courtyard. Just before we reached the end of the tunnel, we came face to face with five tall portrait burial slabs—life-size relief carvings in the most delicate and exquisite detail of five people, two knights in armor, two ladies, and (I think) a priest. They were taken from an old church near here, and were probably of the 15th or 16th centuries. They are not of the dark Mayen stone, but a light stone, the color of concrete [Niedermendig tuffstone]. They looked as fresh as though they were made yesterday.

"The castle is built around a great central courtyard, paved with uneven flagstones. At the upper end, in a sort of passageway through the castle itself, was a great stone water trough, the overflow from which ran in a shallow open drain all the way across the courtyard, down the tunnel through which we entered, and out under the gate. Everything looked very moist. It seems that 250 Americans had been quartered in the castle until the day before, and the Countess was having the place cleaned. Scrubwomen were running everywhere, slopping water about from big pails. As we stood there, the Countess herself came out. She was about fifty, distinctly Belgian in appearance, wore a disreputable black dress, and a pair of men's overshoes on her feet. She, too, looked very moist, and was apparently not in a pleasant humor. A great wolfish dog leaped about her;

she spoke to him in French, but to us in English. Herr Hörter was clearly a privileged character, for he obtained grudging permission to show us through the castle. After I saw the rooms where the Americans had been quartered, I didn't wonder at her lack of cordiality. Only a few rooms were furnished. The greater part had been dismantled when the doughboys came. There was the great kitchen, with a fireplace larger than most modern kitchens, and a flagged floor; the living room, with its two great genuine Gobelin tapestries, inlaid cabinets, armor, statues, and pictures of all the ancestors; the music room, with more Gobelins and old masters, a mantel and fire frame of carved stone, said by Herr Hörter to be one of the finest things of its kind in Europe—and so on and on. Everything has been kept as nearly as possible in the spirit of the Middle Ages. Save for the tapestries and pictures, the walls show the bare stone, and the floors are of plain boards, waxed to a beautiful finish."

Politics, which had engrossed very little of our attention as long as the fighting went on, now became with us a matter of interest. On January 7 we received the news of Roosevelt's death—news which could not fail to make a great impression on Americans wherever they might be. The company held a formation on January 9 in honor of his funeral, and the *Flare* for January 18 printed a really admirable editorial (by Davidson), "T.R." "Good-bye, Teddy. Life was bully, wasn't it?" The first German national election under the republic came on January 19. It was exciting to witness the birth of a new nation. Some jottings in a letter of January 16

may be useful to show the state of the public mind as a foreigner understood it:

"This section of Germany is strongly Catholic (Centrist), and opposed to the Social-Democrat party and régime. One of the articles in the program of the Socialists is the complete severance of church and state, and the removal of religious instruction from the public schools. This is especially resented by the Catholics. I was in St. Clement's church at mass Sunday. The priest gave a long address, wholly political, in which he forbade his flock to vote for the Socialists, and urged them to report to him any of their acquaintance whom they knew to be of socialistic tendencies, that he might reason with them. Scheidemann seems to be the most popular presidential candidate here. Ebert isn't much in favor, because he is thought to have usurped his present position, and because he is a Jew.* Liebknecht is hated and feared as a bolshevist. [He was assassinated on the very day this letter was written.] The people here are genuinely afraid of 'Bolshevismus.' The Kaiser is represented as a sentimental, rather good-hearted old fool who let his military staff lead him by the nose. Hindenberg is thought of as a purely military man, not a politician, and something of a figurehead, while Ludendorff and Tirpitz are held up as the monsters responsible for the

* This was a mistake, but I think the writer of the letter was accurately reporting what he had been told. President Ebert was born of Catholic parents, and is said never to have completely broken with the Church. But since the majority of the leaders of the Socialist party were Jews, it is easy to see how the misapprehension arose.

blunders of the war—not for starting it, for England did that. This propaganda is so universal and uncontradicted that I think the Germans really believe it."

The opening of the Peace Conference with our president in attendance filled us with enthusiasm and an extravagant hope, but the newspaper reports of the actual proceedings soon brought to a head the pessimism and cynicism which were the inevitable reaction from the intoxication of idealism in which we had been living for a year. It was a bitter experience. "Before the armistice," says a letter, "I was very optimistic. The unity of purpose among the Allies, and their affection for one another seemed so genuine and eternal that I really thought the time of wars was at an end. But now, when the war is so splendidly finished, and we have such an opportunity to make the world a safe place to live in, I see (if one can trust the papers) such growing fears and jealousies, such jingoism among the nations that seemed so inseparable, such outcry that 'England wants to run the world' and 'America is trying to hog the whole show' that I begin to see that men aren't any better than they used to be, and will never be any better. President Wilson's first point—open covenants—has already gone by the board. I expect it will take them only about a week to decide to knock the League of Nations on the head and 'hide it in a hole.' You see I had developed quite an idea that we had really done something that was going to make the world better. But if this thing doesn't go through, it will have robbed my Army service of all the idealism I had built around it,

and make me think I merely transferred jobs, and didn't make a very wise choice."

Our cynicism and disillusion were made worse by the usual lot of men in the army—not knowing what was to happen next. Until the armistice, no one, no matter how homesick, had gone as far as to set a definite date for what seemed almost the consummation of perfect felicity: going home. But as soon as the fighting was over, there seemed to be no reason why we should not go at once. There were, of course, plenty of good reasons why we could not go at once, and I think it would have helped matters if they had been made more public. As usual, we were the sport of cruel rumors, the effect of which was to keep us in alternate fits of exaltation and depression. As early as January 3 there was a rumor that we were to leave on January 15. Then it was hinted that we should move up to Berlin, or even be sent to Siberia—the last a joke which appeared in the *Flare,* but which some of the men believed. On January 6 we were considerably brightened by receiving two months' pay, marks then being 8.13 to the dollar. The rumors died down, to be vigorously revived at the beginning of February. The fact that they were semi-official made them worse.

(Diary C.) "Feb. 4. A phone call from C.S.O. from Coblenz tells us that we are soon to be on our way to the States! My God, what a grand and glorious feeling!

"Feb. 5. Sure enough, orders came in in the morning for the return of the original company and all others

attached who have served in the A.E.F. for one year or more."

By this time army experience had made us extremely skeptical. No matter how much a rumor might flutter the heart, we hardly put our faith in it until it received the stamp of authority. This order, however, was official, and things proceeded quite as though we really were leaving within a day or two. The office force was put upon a hasty preparation of service records, pay books, and rosters. On February 8 (Saturday, a very cold day) the company stood inspection, and heard the order for moving officially read. "Feb. 7. My souvenirs will be home in a month or a little more," says a letter with naïve confidence, "I'm going to bring them personally." "By the time you get this," the writer continues in a letter dated February 16, "I hope to be far, far away from Mayen. Our relief left Is-sur-Tille 24 hours ago on their way here. By the end of the week we may be on our way HOME." On February 18 orders came that we were to be ready to leave on February 21, and the same night our relief, Evacuation Hospital Thirty, arrived from Coblenz. I quote from the *Flare* for February 22:

"Evacuation Hospital Thirty arrived in Mayen Tuesday night to relieve Evacuation Eight, and took over the management of the Post Hospital buildings Thursday. Colonel James F. Hall, Commanding Officer of Evacuation Eight, remains in Mayen as Commanding Officer of the new unit, replacing Major Price. . . . Captain Cushman, Evacuation Eight's adjutant, with

the men formerly attached to Number Eight—about a hundred in all—are also to become a part of Number Thirty. [The nurses also remained behind. This had been mentioned in a previous article.]

"Mayen's new Post Hospital unit was formed last summer at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia, from men most of whom were sent from Camp Greene, N. C. . . . They arrived in France by way of England on the day the armistice was signed. Since then they have been at Lemans, and at the large hospital center near Nevers. . . . About two hundred and fifty men, composing the original Evacuation Eight personnel, and about fifty attached two-stripe men, were scheduled to leave yesterday for the United States. It is popularly believed that they are to sail from Amsterdam. Evacuation Eight has been in Europe since May 23."

The "yesterday" shows that we did not depart as scheduled, if we ever were scheduled to leave on February 21. As a matter of fact, we had three weeks more in Mayen. On February 19 we had a physical inspection; the next day inspection of clothing and packs; on the twenty-first two more inspections. On the night of the twentieth a farewell entertainment was held in the Red Cross hut; the next night the company had a dance. Roll calls (9.30 A.M. and 1.30 P.M.) and inspections continued. There was nothing now for most of us to do but sit around the Red Cross tent and wait for the train. It was just at this time that poor Ed. Pettit died. The spring rains began and continued. Our cars arrived and stood waiting on a siding; after a while they were taken away again. It became clear that no one really knew

when we were going. At this juncture an attempt was made to lighten the general atmosphere of despondency by the announcement of a long list of promotions among the enlisted men. We were obviously intended to regard them, not as necessary appointments to administrative positions, but as rewards for meritorious service. Previously, the number of promotions had been limited by the army regulations applying to companies such as ours; now (we were given to understand) it was possible to show by this means that faithful and intelligent service in any department of the hospital had not passed unnoticed. Unfortunately, such a policy, if properly applied, would have resulted in the promotion of nearly every man in the company instead of twenty or so. The majority of the men drew blanks and were deeply angered and hurt. Promotion in our company, as in all companies in the army, had from the first been an unpredictable affair. Ability sometimes won the stripes, favoritism secured them about as often, but sheer chance assigned them oftenest of all. Under such a system nobody felt too badly about being passed over. Previously a failure to be promoted had not been regarded as a reflection on anyone's abilities; now it certainly was. No man who had been passed over could dodge the intended implication: the company had been combed for the men who had done their work well, and he had been found wanting. The noncoms' mess aggravated the trouble. The new noncoms, before promotion, had all growled about the iniquity of the institution; the first meal after they put on their stripes found them all there themselves. More could hardly be ex-

pected of human nature. But what with promotions and the apparently interminable delay in our departure, Mayen ceased to be the most pleasant of places. A small group of men applied for leave to attend the new A.E.F. University then being organized at Beaune. Nine were given permission to go as students, two as enlisted instructors. The student members, discovering that being a student at Beaune in the early days meant constructing concrete barracks in the rain, forswore the charms of education, and petitioned to be returned to the company, which they overtook at St. Nazaire.

Just before the first of March, the ladies of the Smith College Unit (Miss Biddlecome and Miss Grandin), who had so loyally cared for us for six months, decided that they could now begin reconstruction work in France, and turned over the recreation tent to Miss Coleman and Miss Frances, Y.M.C.A. workers who came on from Allerey.

The *Flare* for March 8 printed the following notice:

"Major Henry O. Bruggeman, who was transferred for duty with Evacuation Twelve, has been retransferred to Evacuation Eight with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and will be Commanding Officer of Evacuation Eight when it leaves Mayen. Lieutenant (?Captain) Toulson is appointed Adjutant, and Captain Alleman will remain Detachment Commander.

"Captain Foote and Captain Lore have been promoted to Major. Nor have the promotions stopped with the Officers. Twenty-two men have been warranted from the ranks, and thirteen non-coms have received a higher grade. Non-coms are commoner than bucks in Evacua-

tion Eight now." [Then follows the sad news of John Martin's death, which had just reached the company.]

On March 10 the company was paid, and genuine orders arrived, designating St. Nazaire as the port of debarkation. On the twelfth the baggage went aboard.

(Diary A.) "Thursday, March 13, 1919. Up at 6.30 A.M., turned in bed, etc. Left No. 9 [his civilian billet] amid tears. Lined up while Colonel spoke, then marched to station where nurses greeted us. Left at 10.45 A.M."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Vertou and Savenay; The Trip Home; Getting Out of the Army.

ON March 11 I left Evacuation Eight forever and proceeded to Beaune in Burgundy, where the A.E.F. University was being formed. For constructing a record of what happened between March 13, when the organization left Germany, to about May 20, when most of the men had sailed home, I have plenty of material in the three diaries with which the reader is already so familiar. But I have chosen not to make the record long, for those days are the least significant and interesting of our history. We went over as a unit, with a fine *esprit de corps;* we straggled home in small detachments, the real Evacuation Eight long since dead. The hospitals were particularly unlucky in this regard as compared with the combatant units. When the War was over, there was little for fighting troops to do; nothing was gained by splitting up their organizations, everything by keeping them intact. Therefore they came back by divisions as they went over, were paraded and made much of. But medical troops never cease to be useful, for soldiers, whether in action or not, never cease to require medical attention. Transports were now carrying back to the United States the patients from the base hospitals, convalescent wounded and gassed men, and a surprising number of "mental" cases. The readiest

way to secure trained attendants on the transports for these patients was to break up such units as Evacuation Eight. The great majority of the men ultimately came home as casuals, a skeleton force of only forty-one men preserving the name of the organization.

The order for our return did not include the nurses, who had already been transferred to Evacuation Thirty. We found them at work when we arrived at Juilly, and we left them at work when we started home. Not literally at work, for they were all at the railroad station that morning to see us off and wave good-bye, but when the last car had pulled out of sight, they had to go back to the old routine, with no immediate prospect of going home themselves. No finer or pluckier group of women was ever collected together than the nurses of Evacuation Eight.

The troop train of third-class coaches which took the company out of Germany made better time than the train that took it in. Leaving Coblenz at noon on March 13, it pulled into the ruins of Verdun about twenty-four hours later, then passed through the familiar towns of Ancemont, St. Mihiel, Coussey, and Neufchâteau. On the morning of March 15 Evacuation Eight awoke in Issur-Tille, changed cars, and passed south through Beaune (though none of us there knew about it until later) and Le Creusot, then east by Tours, St. Aignan, and Saumur. At 7.30 on March 17 it detrained at Vertou of evil memory. Vertou is a small town in the province of Loire Inferieure, within six miles of Nantes. "Of all the damn places," says a diary, "this is the worst!" Perhaps the company was unfair to the beauties and com-

forts of the camp, which was then suffering from the spring floods. At any rate, the entries in all the diaries, except for records of excursions to Nantes, are gloomy in the extreme. During the first month, it seems to have rained nearly every day.

(Diary A.) "March 19. Rain. Then stood two inspections. Dinner at Vertou restaurant, steak and bread. . . . To bed [in hayloft] at 9 P.M. Still raining.

"March 20. Roll call at 7 A.M. . . . No inspections all day. Another walk to town at night. Some rain. Bed 10 P.M.

"March 21. Raining. A run for roll call. Eggs for dinner, steak for supper, but oh such a long day. . . .

"March 23. Little to do but guard. Had 3rd shift 5.30 P.M. to 9.30 P.M. Not a soul passed. . . . Slept fairly well, but caught nasty cold in the rain.

"March 24. Sat around billet all day half sleeping, half reading. Took walk to town at night, watched the water [the Loire] rushing madly along . . ."

(Diary B.) "March 24. Had a hard night fighting cooties. . . . Fine day all day—rain from A.M. to P.M. . . .

"March 25. Sun shone for fifteen minutes in morning then rain as usual for the day. . . .

"March 26. Drill in A.M. by company. . . . Raining as usual . . ."

(Diary A.) "March 29. More rain, confined to quarters, sat by fire all day. Got package ready for home. Played lotto at house with old lady until 9 P.M. . . .

"March 30. Up at 8 A.M., answered sick-call, signed

payroll. Eggs for dinner. Fairly clear, but some snow. Short walk at night to Vertou. River Loire much swollen. People row to houses, enter by 2nd story window."

On the first day of April came a great inspection, which was generally supposed to have been held to determine whether the company was fit to embark immediately or not.

(Diary A.) "April 1. Up at 7.30 A.M. Policed around company. Big inspection and failed though we tried so hard. . . ." (Diary B says it was because our "infantry packs"—a new kind of equipment for us—"were not uniform, also three dog tags not even." But considering the day, it may be that the inspecting major was having his little joke. In view of what followed, it is hard to believe that there was ever the slightest intention that Evacuation Eight should return as a body.)

(Diary B.) "April 2. Making individual orders cet jour authorizing wearing of [second] service stripe. . . ."

(Diary C.) "April 4. Bright day. Col. Bruggeman left, leaving Major Dale our C.O. . . . Pay day, large doings. Final inspection tomorrow."

(Diary B.) "April 5. Lined up for company inspection at 9 and then at 10 for final inspection. Telephone postponed inspection until 2 P.M. when Major gave us a fast once over and said 'fine.' All we are waiting for now is orders . . .

"April 6. Very quiet in A.M. getting ready for trip to Nantes. At 1, Van, Janow, Adams, and I started for Vertou and outside of train being ½ hour late, arrived on

time in Nantes. After going to headquarters building and then to a P.M. for our theater pass we purchased orchestra seats for the 'Grand Mogul' at the Opera. Went for a walk and dropped into a small bakery with all sorts of fancy cream puffs, etc. We had some hot chocolate and two platters of assorted 'goods.' It was a fine treat. After this we went to a carnival and into a boxing match. During a wrestling match one of the men was almost choked to death but finally recovered. We tried three places to eat but didn't like the looks any too well, so wound up in Prevost's, one of the swellest cafés in Nantes. For a second course we ate a French collection of snails, sardines, potato salad, and ten other things. Had a great steak and Roquefort cheese. Fine stuff and a fine price, but worth the experience. [Lest the reader be dazzled by the careless affluence of this party, it had better be added that they were all sergeants first class, two days after pay day.] We started out for a wash before the opera, but could find no café or hotel with a public wash house, so finally hired a room for the sake of a wash. Engaged a taxi to meet us after the opera but only after much persuasion and 40 francs. Finally went to opera and as far as possible understood and enjoyed the performance. Came out at 11.30 and there was only one taxi in sight, which was ours. It seemed very funny not to see more cabs around but all the people seemed to prefer walking. Arrived home at 11.55 in Vertou."

(Diary A.) "April 9. Clear but later rain. Hospitals 36 & 25 left for boat. We still await orders. . . .

"April 12. Rain. Good eats but I stuck pretty close to

fire all the time. Company physical inspection, then rumors of moving, but all we got was orders to report for inspection Sunday [at St. Sebastien, to be reviewed by General Pershing]."

(Diary B.) "April 13. Up early and ready at 8.30 for inspection. Lined up at 9.30, but the affair was postponed to 1 P.M. Arrived encore at St. Sebastien [by trucks] at 12.45 and Gen. Pershing arrived promptly at 12.50. After inspection the General spoke to the boys. . . ."

(Diary A.) "April 14. More rain & windy oh the time passes like years. Slept most of day. No work but no word of moving either . . ."

Just a month after the company arrived at Vertou, the process of disruption began:

(Diary A.) "April 17. Beautiful day & again on structural iron detail. At noon 75 men left, for transport service so it was said. A sad parting and the breaking up of E.H. #8. Guess the balance will never get out now."

(Diary C.) "A wonderful day, at noon the Embarkation Adjutant from Nantes came out in his car, wanted 1 officer and 75 men at 2 P.M. for convoy work. Maj. Foote, Sgt. 1cl Smyth, Tissell, Hines & a great many other fellows gone now. How we miss them all. Wonder who will get to the states first?"

(Diary A.) "April 19. Warm and clear. Work some on bldg. [the structural iron detail already mentioned]. No word of moving yet, I've almost lost all hope.

"April 20. Easter Sunday. Up at 8 A.M. and to 10.30 mass Vertou. Sermon on Resurrection, good music and

plenty of incense. . . . Sat with French girls in cafe until 5 P.M. . . .

"April 22. Beautiful day and more work on hanger [the "bldg." aforesaid]. Will we ever get orders to sail. . . .

"April 24. Fair. Rest all day. No word of leaving and I walked around the country. By supper time 75 more men ordered to transport work and my name was there. Hurrah. . . ."

(Diary C.) "April 25. Well the 75 got off at 1 P.M. among them were Hennion, Graham, Donahue, Schill and a lot of my other buddies. Such yelling! We got orders to move to St. Sebastien tomorrow at 8 A.M.

"April 26. Moved to St. Sebastien at 11 A.M. As soon as we arrived there we got orders to detach 6 medical officers. Maj. Dale, Capts. Alleman, Tupper, Webb, Toulson, and Lt. Reier left, leaving Lt. Emery in charge, and also Maj. Lore, Q.M.C. He expects to be detached tomorrow."

The men who were detached and departed in such glee proved to be less lucky than the small group left behind. Both detachments, instead of proceeding at once to a port, were sent to Savenay, where they hiked out to Casual Camp No. 1. Savenay seems to have been a rather brutal place, gloomy, cold, and rainy, where the men were put to work tearing down tents. It is impossible after the end of April to trace in detail what happened to the different groups, for they were further broken up, and came home on many different boats. A few representative cases will show the extent of the dis-

persion. One man was sent on April 30 to Base Hospital 214 at Savenay, where he did clerical work. This hospital handled "mental" cases. On May 10 he left Savenay on a hospital train in charge of 75 patients, proceeded with them to Base Hospital 65 near Brest, and on May 19 sailed on board the R.M.S. *Saxonia*. He landed in New York on May 30, and was discharged at Camp Upton on June 10. Another man remained at Savenay until May 21, and then sailed on the U.S.S. *Pocahontas*, which had four hundred "mental" patients on board. He landed at Hampton Roads on June 1, and was discharged at Camp Meade on June 13. The man whose diary I have quoted as "Diary A" reached Savenay on April 25. On May 4 he was still there, serving as K.P. in the casual camp, and wrote: "Sunday. Am feeling quite blue. 1 year ago today I was home and living high. Today a casual, still I trust God to take us home soon." He left St. Nazaire on board the U.S.S. *Mercury*, and was discharged at Camp Dix on June 12. The tiny group still called Evacuation Eight is represented by the man whose record I have called "Diary C." On May 5 he moved from Vertou to St. Nazaire, boarded the *Manchuria* on May 13, struck very heavy weather on the passage, and landed at New York on May 24. He records the fact that the last survivors of Evacuation Eight were dispersed at Camp Upton on June 1, and that he himself was discharged at Camp Dix on June 9. By whatever route they returned, the members of the enlisted force seem nearly all to have been out of the army by the middle of June, 1919.

So much for the chronicle. But I find it impossible by

mere compilation to transmit the reality of that last chapter. As I fell back upon a detailed personal narrative to give the feeling of Slocum and of getting into the army, I shall venture now to employ the same method in making an end. The chronicle of events presented in this narrative will actually fit only one man, but the core of the experience, the feeling of it, should be representative.

June 14, 1919. Beaune, Côte d'Or, France. We have eaten our breakfast early, and are waiting in the dewy dawn between two rows of barracks for the order to march. Most of us have thrown our packs on the ground; no use to carry them until you have to. I have an infantry pack now, like the rest, and find it pleasant to carry a pack like a doughboy's and to march in squads. We are all here. There is the big bolshevik from Idaho; he is trying to sing "Cristofo Colombo," but he knows only one stanza—at least he sings only one, over and over. There is the brilliant but savage Marine. There is my one buddy from Evacuation Eight.

We are marching down the highway now, the great city of wooden and concrete barracks well behind us. Our departure leaves them practically empty. Their doors flap in the wind; they begin already to have an air of desolation and ruin. Here is the place where the M.P. cursed me so and threatened to arrest me for wearing my shirt collar outside my blouse. Never mind now. The train: long lines of box cars, most of them already filled with soldiers, soldiers almost frantic with joy and trying

to hide it by ribaldry. The bolshevik prompts them, and they all roar together:

"We'll pull Old Glory to the top of the pole,
And we'll all reënlist ** * **** ********!"

There was a college of art at the A.E.F. University, where some of the men have at least learned to letter signs. Great streamers with inscriptions on them decorate many of the cars. One huge placard reads, FROM BEAUNE TO T-BONE. Pretty poor wit, but the sentiment is all right.

The engine has coupled on and we are jostling out of Beaune. I liked it. I want so to get home that I can't feel homesick at leaving any other place. But I did like it. Shall I be able to remember it always? The red and yellow gillyflowers that grew under the windows and made the air so sweet? The terraced vines on the golden slopes, and the dusty incense of their bloom? The avenues of pink-flowered horse-chestnuts, and the nightingales that sang from them so piercingly sweet as you hurried home to camp at midnight? The Avenue de l'Aigue, and the Aigue itself, a pretty little weedy brook which runs between stone walls all the way along one side of the street? There is a house on that side which you reach over a little arched bridge. There is a gray gate with a bell, and inside are people who let you eat with them *en famille,* who let you climb their great cherry tree and pick for yourself big cherries so red that they look black. Madame Gros washed your clothes and always gave you a carefully itemized bill in which she

cheated herself in the addition. And Germaine, whom you used to wait for at the milliner's shop where she worked; will you forget her?

Tell me, dear, do you ever care
As you sit to sup at the close of day,
Where I am, or how I fare?
Does the Côte d'Or gleam in the same old way
Where the vines go terraced up, far away?
As you eat alone your *potage au pain,*
"Where is he"—do you ever say—
"Le p'tit soldat du pays lointain?"

Are the chestnut and plane trees still as fair
Where we used to stroll *au jardin anglais?*
Do the nightingales sing as sweetly there
As after the *cinéma au Pathé?*
Do you dream of those moments of happy play,
Play, but sweet with forevisioned pain,
When you laughed and kissed in that flaming May
Le p'tit soldat du pays lointain?

Are the little round tables waiting where
The sidewalk goes by the gay café?
Does the town seem sad, do the streets seem bare
Since the khaki-clad soldiers went away
With their foreign song and their laughter gay?
Do you wish them back, *les américains?*
And spring, and me—come this time to stay—
Le p'tit soldat du pays lointain?

Dear, never dream that that happy day
For you or me can e'er come again:
You, the *midinette,* and I, far away,
Le p'tit soldat du pays lointain.

Bounce and jostle of the cars, and rhythmic click of the wheels on the rails. Reading, eating, sleeping, watching the countryside, not talking much. Mersault: they make even better wine here than at Beaune. Macon. Lyons: I was here once for a week-end leave. There is the place where the French ticket collector threw my ticket on the ground and stamped on it because another soldier had already ridden on it. I knew it, but I didn't expect him to look at the date. Miles and miles and miles. There are Red Cross canteens at the stations where you can get coffee and jam sandwiches. Ah! a strange old lovely city, white as though it had just been washed, across the great river. What is it? Avignon? I never really expected to see Avignon; I thought it was only a town in a story by Daudet.

The green fertile fields have vanished. The grass even has disappeared. The sun is hot and bright, the sky cloudless and dazzling. A bare dusty-white landscape, like what one fancies the surface of the moon is like, shimmers in the heat; dusty-gray old olive trees cling here and there to its surface like gnarled and tough old leeches sucking for water. Off there an encampment of squat brown barracks comes in sight, isolated in the midst of that desolate plain; American, clearly, and there is a high wire fence all around it. A prison camp. Poor chaps. Well, at any rate, we're going home.

Marseilles is a city where people speak Italian instead of French. So dusty a place! The American barracks are very low, with two-tier bunks and no floor. A thick layer of powdery dust covers everything. There is no grass at all. As you walk, you pad softly along in dust two inches

deep. Packs must be inspected at once. Shall we unroll them in the dust? Sure, why not? There are so many of us that when we get our blankets spread out they cover the whole ground. Now roll them up again. The dust makes the ground so soft that you can't make a good roll, but it is so dry that it seems clean.

The army insists that soldiers returning to the United States be free from cooties and other varieties of vermin. At some camps they delouse you in spite of your protests; here they are more intelligent. We line up in our undershirts outside a large, low-posted building and enter in single file. We pass a long table like a counter, behind which several soldiers with shaded eyes hold high-powered electric bulbs with metal reflectors on extension cords. "Throw your shirt flat on the table." You strip it off, spread it out, and with the light the soldier runs rapidly up the seams searching for cooties. "Turn it over." Another quick scrutiny. "O.K." You pass the end of the counter; here sits another soldier with shaded eyes and high-powered light. "Lift your arms over your head." The light bathes your armpits. You drop down your breeches and the warm light continues its search. "O.K." It makes you think of Slocum, but the whole spirit of the place is different. In France soldiers are generally decent to each other. These men must be tired, and the work is unpleasant. But they smile and joke with you; they tell you how lucky you are to be getting home.

As we march to the waterfront the sun is hot and bright, but the breeze blows fresh and strong from the Mediterranean. We are soon marching out on a long

narrow white causeway with the sea beneath us. It is a blue sea, dark blue, and tossed by the breeze into little white-caps. Our progress is slow, and Red Cross girls come out to cheer us with cold chocolate. Off there is a little island with a fortress. The man in front of me says it is the Château d'If of Dumas's *Count of Monte Cristo*. The long file of soldiers with their bumpy packs stretches ahead nearly a mile on the causeway; it looks like a column of brown ants moving slowly into their nest. The place of the nest is taken by a small vessel, which in the distance looks very white and trim on the blue waves. As we draw nearer, I begin to be sure that it is the *Caserta*. No, the name is *America,* but for all that it is the *Caserta* over again. I learn later that she is the *Caserta's* twin ship. It certainly is bad luck to come over in the *Caserta* and go home in the *America*. There is some consolation: this time I am lodged just below the main deck, with plenty of light from the portholes. The *America* has two-tier metal bunks, which look cleaner than those of the *Caserta,* but on the first night I learn that they are full of bugs.

Sailing on the blue Mediterranean, as smooth and peaceful as a lake. I, who am a bad sailor, can sit in the very peak of the prow and watch the dolphins sport in front of us. One swims steadily for hours, apparently without moving a fin, just six feet in front of the vessel. We sight another ship, steaming slowly across our course. As she nears, we see that she is a troop vessel too. We have a chance to see what our boat must look like. Soldiers in olive drab cover every inch of the deck, and swarm over the superstructure and low spars, which

look like twigs of a plant badly infested with brown lice. But why are they sailing east? The boat has to come much nearer before we learn the reason. Their faces have been strangely indistinct; now we see that they are all coal-black negroes. It is a French transport carrying colonial troops back to Algeria.

We pull into Gibraltar Bay just before sunset. A sudden shower bursts. The sun hardly disappears, but for a moment the rain dashes and skips upon the waves which the squall has kicked up. A brilliant rainbow appears against the great mass of the rock, where some of our number are vainly looking for the Prudential sign. Early next morning we are awakened by shrill shouts from the surface of the water. Tousled heads pop out of all the portholes of the ship. There are several small dories below, with men in them who plainly have something to sell, though we cannot understand anything of what they are shouting. It looks like something to eat. But how are we going to get down to them? Again the shrill cries, and lines of thin rope come twisting through the air. Most of them slap back in the water, but some are caught from the portholes. More shrieking and gesticulation. The line, when pulled up, is found to terminate in a pouch of woven rope. Somebody takes a chance, puts a franc in the pouch, and lowers it down. The vendor in the boat fills the pouch with something, and signals to hoist; it is a quart or so of large ripe strawberries. Business now goes on briskly. But some of us have no money, not even a franc. Somebody suggests glumly that we see whether we can't swap corned wullie with the wops. Nobody thinks it will work, but we try it.

Our packs are rifled for reserve rations, and square blue cans with red labels waved from the portholes, with shouts and gesticulations as wild as those from below. There are loud cries of assent; canned corned beef seems even to be preferred to francs. Down goes can after can of Uncle Sam's solid rations, and up come the strawberries. We were not sure afterward that we had made a good exchange. The strawberries tasted good, but they gave us cramps.

We have stopped at Gibraltar for coal. A dingy barge pulls up and anchors beside us, and a gangway is thrown across between the two vessels. For the whole of one day and most of the next an endless line of coal carriers emerges from the hold of the barge, each carrying on his head a flat basket filled with soft coal. They trot wearily over the gangway, dump the contents of the baskets down into our coal bunkers, and trot back. Many of them are women. Hour after hour, a scene amazing to modern eyes. One might fancy himself back in the days of the Pharaohs. In what way are these men and women better off than the slaves that built the pyramids? The coal dust has grimed their faces to the color of negroes'; their clothes are saturated with coal dust. Coal dust spreads over everything on board the *America*.

Now we are off the Azores. The wind is fresh and the sea is roughening. I think I will go up and sit on the prow. It is a fine day, but I feel only brief delight in watching the sea. I think I will not stay so long this time. I think I will go below and lie down. I feel dull this morning. Not dull. Sick. I think I had better get to the porthole; perhaps I need fresh air after all. I get to the

porthole, but it was not really fresh air that I went for. I crawl weakly up into my bunk and lie flat. I should like to groan. Some one *is* groaning. Just across from me is a burly farmer from Iowa. He groans like a sick ox. Between groans he tells me about it. Before he left France he had stocked up on dainties to eat on board ship. He was especially fond of Crackerjack, and had bought several boxes. This morning early he ate an entire box of Crackerjack. Now he loathes Crackerjack. He thinks he will die unless he can get rid of that Crackerjack. But it won't come up; it only ties him in knots. He groans. My unwilling thoughts go to the contents of my own pack. I too had laid out all my cash in the commissary at Beaune before we left. I have no Crackerjack, but I have a dozen chocolate bars and half a box of strong cigars. Cigars!!! Oh, why did I get that fool talking? I make another fast trip to the porthole.

Fourteen days it takes a transport from Gibraltar to New York. The trip to France all over again, plus bugs. The same boat, the same food, the same unhappy feeling in the stomach. But we do have more freedom. There are fewer officers aboard, so they let us go up on the stateroom deck and sit in the sun. But if you doze, people trample on your legs.

Late on the afternoon of July 1 we get our first glimpse of the low-lying shore of the United States. We are too hardboiled to make much of a demonstration; instead of saying, with tears in our eyes, how glad we are to be back, we only curse the ship. Oh, to be off it! But we cannot get in tonight. We anchor in the harbor opposite the gay lights of Coney Island. It seems some-

how unfair. What right had Coney Island to be running full blast while we were away at war? The engines stop, the ventilating system ceases to operate. The air stagnates. The heat below is intolerable. If you strip off your clothes, the bugs bite you worse; if you keep them on, you swelter.

July 2, and we are landing at last. We did not see the Statue of Liberty when we sailed out, but we see her now. She is smaller than I expected, and more streaked, but she couldn't look better. A tug comes blaring out to meet and escort us to the pier. On it are two or three brass bands, all playing lustily at different tunes. Noise, cheerful noise, is all that matters. When it is still a long distance from us it begins to bombard us with oranges. The reception committee has hired a major-league baseball star to toss fruit to us. In the abandonment of his enthusiasm, or perhaps through professional pride, he is accomplishing feats of speed and distance which even the committee could hardly have reckoned on. Half the oranges sail in superb arcs clean over the ship; those within reach are travelling with such velocity that if one could catch them he would only get a shower of juice in the face. The nearer he gets, the harder he hurls; we duck the oranges, which spatter and splash on the cabins and spars, and shout back to encourage him. There are committees of all sorts on board; signs, WELCOME HOME and WELL DONE, OUR HEROES; one that reads, IS JAMES BROWN ON THAT BOAT? The bands blare and we let ourselves go; it is the old intoxication we have not known for months.

The *America* pulls up to the pier; we all rush to one

side and almost capsize her. Western Union boys are everywhere waving yellow blanks and beseeching us to notify our families that we are home. I write out a telegram trustfully, hoping that the Western Union is doing this free, or maybe the Y.M.C.A. pays for it. No. But I have no money. "Aw, send it collect!" Collect it goes.

Camp Merritt has changed in the last thirteen months. It would be hard to say how; here are the same comfortable barracks, the same Hostess House, the same Merritt Hall, the same good mess. But it is different. One hates to admit it, but it has become a little like Slocum. We are casuals again and feel the lack of confidence that always comes upon a soldier when he is away from his outfit. The men of the post patronize us. Their uniforms look very trim and soldierlike as compared with our baggy and wrinkled garments, and they are all wearing smart garrison caps that look so much like officers' that we salute the first we meet. Even from civilians one gets surprises. The farmer from Iowa rushes to the barber shop to get a haircut and comes back cursing. The barber had been importunate in offering other attentions and had finally announced crossly that at least the soldier ought to pay for a shampoo as well as a haircut: "he couldn't afford to waste his time just giving a plain haircut." It is now eight months since the Armistice and people are getting a little fed up with returning heroes.

Here, lice or no lice, you get deloused and no words about it. You file into a building like a gymnasium, strip off your clothes and put them in wire baskets, to which you tie your identification tags. Then, one of a long line of naked men, you move slowly forward to the showers.

After a bath with hot water and soap, you claim your clothes again. While you were bathing, they were in a steam cooker, and they still steam like a pudding. If you were careless and put your blouse or breeches into the basket wrinkled, the wrinkles now are steamed in so that no pressing will ever get them out again. Did you put in your beloved French cap with the leather sweat band? Too bad. Leather that goes through the decooteizer comes out looking like chewing gum.

Late in the afternoon our casual company is broken up. We have been together since March and have become very friendly. We line up, the roll is perfunctorily called, and our top-sergeant reports to our detachment commander, not in the consecrated formula, "Sir, all present or accounted for," but with an equivalent of jocular obscenity. The detachment commander is a pleasant young lieutenant. He does not like it, but it would be pedantic to make a fuss over discipline at this juncture. I think he was going to say something to us, but he changes his mind and dismisses us curtly. No farewell speech. No flag-waving. No heroics. It comes over me that getting into the army was much the same.

A moment of frantic rushing about to say goodbye to our particular friends, and we are hurried off into new casual groups according to the geographical location of our homes. I find myself in a group of men from Maine and Massachusetts. When there are enough of us, we shall be sent to Camp Devens. But it won't be for a few days.

July 4; a year ago I heard the Bishop of Meaux and marched out to the American cemetery at Juilly. Did it

really happen? Today Dempsey is fighting Willard; it is the only fight, apparently, in which anyone is interested. It is too hot to go outdoors. I lie on my cot and think how Slocum is coming back. Two hardboiled Irish sergeants are terrorizing the barrack. They contradict everything and sneer at everybody. Someone says he hopes Dempsey gets his because he dodged the draft. The sergeants rend him; Dempsey went after what money he could get, and anybody but a fool would have done the same. The talk turns to differences between the British and American armies. Someone says he has heard that in the British Army a man is not really enlisted until he has accepted a shilling from the recruiting officer. Bunk. They know better.

Soldiers from Maine and Massachusetts do not collect so fast as we should like. On July 6 I get an all-day pass to visit people I know in Yonkers. It is the first American home I have been in since the day I enlisted—nearly eighteen months ago. I am disappointed to find that I have not forgotten how to behave. Eighteen months in the army is only an episode, after all; as soon as I get into civilian clothes again people will not notice that I am any different. I am surprised and embarrassed to discover that they think me a hero. They want me to sit on the veranda most of the time. Of course, it is cooler there, but the real reason is that they want the neighbors to see that they have a soldier visiting them. A nice boy of ten or twelve from next door comes over and bashfully asks if he can talk with me. He really doesn't want to talk; he wants to sit and worship me with his eyes. And I served in the Medical Corps!

July 8, and I leave Camp Merritt forever. North to Albany, where the train stops for a while and a crowd of women and children gather to cheer and ask us questions. I write a note to Bill Smith and give it to a woman who promises to mail it. He must be home by now.

Camp Devens is quite unlike any camp I have been in yet. Here are the usual low wooden barracks, but the soil is sand, clear brownish sand. There are many scrubby hard pines, and the barracks are weathered until they look as though they had soaked pitch from the trees. We casuals from the train line up in the late afternoon, where a golden blaze of sun shoots athwart the low buildings, which have that strange air of being already deserted that I noticed at Merritt. An elderly officer addresses us. Tomorrow we will turn in what few articles of equipment we have not left at Merritt, and "go through the mill." We think he means the delouser again and groan in chorus; then we forget discipline so far as to shout. "We don't need to go through the mill! We don't want to go through the mill!" A look of blank amazement covers his face; then he understands and smiles. "We call getting discharged here going through the mill. But if you don't want to ——"

Next day we learn why getting discharged is called "going through the mill." In single file we pass into a barrack with booths and wickets all the way around like a bank. So many papers have to be filled out before a man can be let out of the service. Final entries on my service record. My last month's pay has to be figured, with my $60 bonus, and the commutation of my transportation home. At last I see that breath-taking docu-

ment, my discharge, actually being made out. Born, so and so. Age, so and so. Height, so and so. Eyes, blue. "Hell, your eyes aren't blue!" The bottom drops out of life. How many months will my discharge be held up now? "I know my eyes aren't blue. The service record is wrong. It's always been wrong." I cannot believe it, but he is scraping out the entry. Eyes, brown. Complexion, ruddy. All complexions in the army are ruddy. Marksmanship? Not classified. Horsemanship? Not mounted. No AWOL under G.O. 31-12 or G.O. 45-14. Battles: Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne. Everything is filled in except the signature at the end and the one entry: CHARACTER. "Aren't you going to fill that in?" "Not until just before you go. You might do something before tomorrow."

July 9, my last day in the army. I have turned in everything now, and have no baggage at all. Only the clothes on my back. As I sit on my bunk after breakfast, my blouse hanging on the wall, a sergeant comes in looking for a K.P detail. Devens must be a hard place for making up details, the men come and go so fast. "Buddy, will you help out by being kitchen police?" I could point at the two wretched stripes on the sleeve of my blouse, but I don't. He has asked me so sweetly. And it will be fitting to serve on kitchen police on my last day in the Army. It rounds things out somehow. I follow him to the kitchen and peel potatoes all the forenoon, two bushels of potatoes. I help dish out the mess. Right after dinner the sergeant comes back. My discharge is ready. Nothing to pack. Nothing to forget. Dry my hands. Pull on my blouse. Try to stop my heart from

thumping so. The same building as yesterday. My money is counted out: $83.13. There through the wicket I see my discharge all made out. The space opposite "Character" has been filled in in another hand: EXCELLENT. The soldier behind the window looks at it, looks at me, asks me one last question, and reluctantly slides it across the ledge. With trembling hands I button it inside my blouse. I'm out of the Army. Out of the Army! OUT OF THE ARMY! I hurry out of the building and down the wooden steps. There is the man from Turner who lent me three dollars. I pay him. A group of boys from Maine see me and rush over. A man has offered to take six of us by car to Portland tonight, *now,* for $8 apiece. It is four times the railroad fare, but who cares? Wait at camp after you have your discharge? Off we run for the car. Portland tonight, and tomorrow forenoon—HOME.

Evacuation Hospital Eight was one of the first units of its kind to arrive in France, and the first of all to go into action behind a portion of the front where American troops were suffering heavy casualties. At Juilly it placed its name in history by being for a time the only advanced surgical hospital caring for the wounded from Belleau Woods and Château-Thierry. At Petit Maujouy it planned and erected a hospital which was regarded throughout the A.E.F. as a model of speed and efficiency. Of all the American boys wounded during the entire War, six in every hundred received surgical treatment at our hands. "I am sure that all members of Evacuation Eight know how highly I regarded the work

of that unit," writes Surgeon General Ireland, who was Chief Surgeon of the A.E.F. until a month before the armistice. "It had a wonderful *esprit de corps* and an uncanny knack of getting things done in the face of almost insuperable difficulties that entitled it to be ranked with the leading medical units of the A.E.F."

A Postscript Concerning Books.

AS I have said in my Preface, it was my intention to write the history of an army hospital from intimate and unpublished sources. I made my first draft in the country during the summer vacation, away from all books; partly because I had to do it then if I was to do it at all, but also because I wished the tone to be personal and anecdotal, and I knew that extensive reference to books before I began to write would make it difficult to secure such a tone. After the first draft was entirely written, I read a good many works bearing on the subject, and modified some of my statements in the light of what I found. I could, perhaps, have made the book a more useful historical study by working in more of this material, but I am sure that by so doing I should have lost something more important. I should like, however, to mention a few books which I can confidently recommend to the ordinary reader who wishes more information on certain of the matters I have treated.

For an account of the engagements of the combatant troops, I like Dale van Every's *The A.E.F. in Battle* (New York, Appleton, 1928), because, though vivid in style, it is clear, concise, and (I believe) accurate. My history of the Collège de Juilly is abstracted from a little pamphlet written for members of Evacuation Hospital No. 8 by Mlle La Favre, an official of the Collège, and presented to us as a part of the fête which the French gave us on July 4, 1918. I shall be happy to fur-

nish a typewritten copy at cost to anyone who will ask me for it. All members of army medical units which saw service in the field will find much of interest in the eighth volume of the Surgeon General's report to the Secretary of War, entitled *The Medical Department of the United States Army in the World War* (Washington, Government Printing Office, 1925). Copies of this thousand-page, beautifully illustrated book may be obtained for $3.00 from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. It contains a good many references to Evacuation Hospital No. 8, though the sketchiness of the index makes it necessary to go through the book page by page to find them. In particular, it gives a full account (pp. 323 ff.) of the stirring early days at Juilly, and a detailed description, submitted by Colonel Hall, of the organization of the hospital at Petit Maujouy (pp. 818-822). On p. 169 is a ground plan. Chapter Three of *Wade in, Sanitary!* by Richard Derby, Division Surgeon of the Second Division (New York, Putnam, 1919) is a good supplement to my Juilly chapters, for though Colonel Derby frequently mentions the hospital at Juilly, he is naturally more interested in the units between us and the line; viz., the dressing stations, the triage manned by Field Hospital No. 1 at Bézu-le-Guéry, the operative unit for non-transportables (Field Hospital No. 23) at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, and the gas hospital (Field Hospital No. 16) at Luzancy. *The History of American Red Cross Nursing* (New York, Macmillan, 1922) prints some interesting letters by Mary Elderkin, nurse on Navy Operating Team No. 1, concerning the work at

Juilly and also at Petit Maujouy (pp. 741-745, 754-755, 982). On p. 754 she is kind enough to say, "I do not believe there was a better organized operating room in the American Expeditionary Forces than at Evacuation Hospital No. 8."

My chapter on war surgery should be taken as the statement of a layman with a fair amount of scientific training who worked for some months in an army operating room and has taken pains to verify his remarks by reference to the literature of the subject, but who has had no opportunity to follow personally the progress of surgical science since 1918. The Carrel-Dakin treatment has proved to be less useful in civilian surgery than was once hoped, and many surgeons now would probably not be so enthusiastic about its use in war as I seem to be, but my chapter represents accurately what was thought and said about it by leading authorities at the time. The general reader who wishes to follow the subject farther should read Dr. William W. Keen's lecture, "Before and after Lister," in his *Selected Papers and Addresses* (Philadelphia, Jacobs, 1923), and will find much of interest in *The Treatment of War Wounds* (Philadelphia, Saunders, 1917, second edition 1918) by the same author. Doctor Keen has the extraordinary record of having served as an army surgeon through the whole of the Civil War, and also of having published one of the most useful elementary manuals for the use of surgeons in the World War. It contains many interesting illustrations, especially (pp. 192-196) Cushing's diagrams of his technique in wounds of the head. *The Treatment of Infected Wounds,* translated by Herbert Child from the French

of Carrel and Dehelly (New York, Hoeber, 1917) is somewhat technical, but should be looked into by anyone who wishes to know what the Carrel-Dakin treatment really was like. The plates from photographs of actual large wounds soon after operation and again after suture (pp. 188, 192) are the best I have seen in an easily accessible book. I have some photographs of the same kind which were made from cases in our own hospital, but it seemed best not to include them in a book intended for general circulation.

The story of the work of the Smith College Relief Unit among its villages on the Somme is attractively told by Ruth Gaines in *Ladies of Grécourt* (New York, Dutton, 1920). *The Smith Alumnae Quarterly* for November, 1917, February, 1919, and May, 1919, contains letters from various members of the Unit concerning their work with army hospitals.

08-BLB-560